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THE JACOBITE RELICS OF Scotland;

BEING

THE SONGS, AIRS, AND LEGENDS,

OF THE

Adherents to the House of Stuart.

COLLECTED AND ILLUSTRATED

BY

JAMES HOGG,

AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S WAKE," &c. &c.

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TO THE

MOST NOBLE AND HONOURABLE

PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS

OF THE

HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON.

To the sons of the men who ne'er flinched from their faith,
But stood for their sovereign to ruin and death,
These Songs I consign, as memorials that tell
Of the poets that sung, and the heroes that fell,
Whom interest ne'er moved their true king to betray,
Whom threat'ning ne'er daunted, nor power could dismay:
They stood to the last, and, when standing was o'er,
All sullen and silent they dropped the claymore,
And yielded, indignant, their necks to the blow,
Their homes to the flame, and their lands to the foe.
Then flowed the wild strains to the rock and the wood,
Of the fall of the mighty, the Royal, and good;
So plaintive and sweet, all were moved by the tone,
From the child of the cot to the prince on the throne:
The fates of the heroes they learned to deplore,
For our rocks never echoed such wailings before.
These strains, which a Shepherd has travailled to save,
With joy he consigns to the sons of the brave:
He lov'd them when fancy was ardent, and young,
Even then of the clans of the Highlands he sung;*

* The Editor's first song was DONALD MACDONALD.

And oft has he journeyed the dwellings to view,
And the graves of the heroes so gallant and true:
Yes, oft o'er their mountains, unnoted, unknown
All weary and barefoot, he wandered alone;
For his Whiggish heart, with its Covenant tie,
Was knit to the Highlands, he could not tell why—
Was knit to the cause they espoused to their cost,
And grieved that the name of the STUART was lost!

Then blest be the hands that have pointed the way
To rescue these relics from utter decay!
On the brink of oblivion all trembling they hung,
To die with the names of the loyal that sung;
And wild though they be to the ear and the eye,
They still are the carols of ages gone by,
The strains of our country, unshackled and strong,
The lays of the land of proud honour and song.

When kings were degraded, to ruffians a prey,
Or driven from the thrones of their fathers away,
Who then could sit silent? Alas for the while,
That now there are myriads, the worst of the vile,
Whose highest ambition is bent to defame
All greatness and sovereignty, order and name!
But whether in high or in humble degree,
My country, such spirit dishonours not thee!

Ah! wo to the nation, its honours fall low,
When mendicant meddlers dare Majesty brow,
And turn up the snout of derision and scorn
At those who to honour or titles are born!
All beggarly power is the bane of mankind:
"It leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind."

And now, Noble Highlanders, sons of the North,
That land of blue mountains, and birth-place of worth,
These strains that were chanted o'er many a wild heath,
These strains of your fathers, to you I bequeath;
And with them this blessing, the best that I may:
O, long be you loyal and gallant as they!

INTRODUCTION.

It has always been admitted, that our Jacobite songs and tunes are the best that the country ever produced. The apophthegm is so well established in popular opinion, that it is never controverted, and has become in a manner proverbial; yet to this day scarcely any attempt has been made to collect these together, and give them to the public in their original spirit and simplicity. Ritson gave a few of them, with the melodies. Cromek added a number of beautiful ones to the list; and though some of these are evidently of modern manufacture, yet have they been copied with avidity into many subsequent collections: such is their influence over the mind, and such a charm do they possess above songs composed on light or imaginary evils.

When we calculate on the thousands of volumes of songs and ballads that have been published in every size and form imaginable, it appears not a little extraordinary that the attempts at collecting those party songs should have been so feeble, especially if it is considered what an animated picture they give of the battles and times to which they allude. They actually form a delightful though rude epitome of the history of our country during a period highly eventful, when every internal movement was decisive toward the establishment of the rights and liberties which we have since enjoyed; and they likewise furnish us with

a key to the annals of many ancient and noble families, who were either involved in ruin by the share they had in those commotions, or rose on that ruin in consequence of the support they afforded to the side that prevailed.

These songs are, moreover, a species of composition entirely by themselves. They have no affinity with our ancient ballads of heroism and romance; and one part of them far less with the mellow strains of our pastoral and lyric muses. Their general character is that of a rude energetic humour, that bids defiance to all opposition, in arms, sentiments, or rules of song-writing. They are the unmasked effusions of a bold and primitive race, who hated and despised the overturning innovations that prevailed in church and state, and held the abettors of these as dogs, or something worse—drudges in the lowest and foulest paths of perdition—beings too base to be spoken of with any degree of patience or forbearance. Such is their prevailing feature; but there are amongst them specimens of sly and beautiful allegory. These last seem to have been sung openly and avowedly in mixed parties, as some of them are more generally known, while the others had been confined to the select social meetings of confirmed Jacobites, or hoarded up in the cabinets of old Catholic families, where to this day they have been preserved as their most precious lore. Many of these beloved relics have been given up to me with the greatest liberality; yet I have reason to believe, that in some distant counties numbers still remain; for a locality prevails in many of them, that gives them an interest only in certain families and districts.

It is for this reason that I have published only a portion of the songs at this time, confining myself to those that are apparently of the earliest date, concerning which authentic anecdotes could

not now be so easily collected. I have subjoined such of these in the notes as I have been able to come at; and I take this opportunity of requesting the descendants of those families that rose in support of the Stuarts, to furnish me with such songs and anecdotes as still remain in their possession, and are not generally known to the public. The most grateful attention will be paid to all information of this kind, whether contained in original letters or statements of traditionary facts, and the manuscripts returned carefully, if desired. Now, when all party feelings on that score are at an end—when the only representative of our ancient and revered race of kings fills their chair—such reminiscences are honourable, and are so estimated by every one of our princes of the blood royal. Indeed, had it not been rendered necessary for our kings of the house of Brunswick to maintain the sovereignty to which they were called by the prevailing voice of the nation, they seem never to have regarded those the law denominated rebels otherwise than with respect; which one or two instances which I shall here copy will sufficiently serve to prove.

When the princess of Wales, mother of his present majesty, mentioned, with some appearance of censure, the conduct of Lady Margaret M'Donald, who harboured and concealed Prince Charles, when, in the extremity of peril, he threw himself on her protection; "And would not you, madam," answered Prince Frederick, "have done the same, in the same circumstances? I am sure—I hope in God you would." Besides the great measure of restoring the forfeited estates to the chiefs, our venerable sovereign shewed, on every occasion, how little his heart was capable of nourishing any dislike against those who had acted upon principle against the authority of his house. The support which he afforded to the exiled branch of the Stuarts will form a bright trait in his

history; and secluded as he now is from his government and people, we may, as of a deceased monarch, relate one of those trifling traits which marked the generous kindness of his disposition, as well as his sentiments of those who stood for the cause of his unfortunate relative. His majesty having been told of a gentleman of family and fortune in Perthshire who had not only refused to take the oath of allegiance to him, but had never permitted him to be named as king in his presence; "Carry my compliments to him," said the king—"but—what—stop—no; he may perhaps not receive my compliments as king of England—Give him the elector of Hanover's compliments, and tell him that he respects the steadiness of his principles." The same kindness to the memory of those who hazarded themselves in the cause of the Stuarts has been inherited by the present administrator of royal authority; and to him, as to his father, their descendants have been ever prompt to repay it. He was heard to express himself one day before a dozen of gentlemen of both nations, with the greatest warmth, as follows: "I have always regarded the attachment of the Scots to the Pretender—I beg your pardon, gentlemen—to Prince Charles Stuart, I mean—as a lesson to me whom to trust in the hour of need."

But to put this matter beyond the chance of being disputed, I have only to add, that the first proposal for the rescuing of these Jacobite relics from oblivion emanated from the royal family. It was made by the Highland Society of London, while one royal duke was in the chair and another present, to Colonel Stuart of Garth, who, as may well be supposed, readily engaged in the promotion of a scheme so congenial with his feelings; and it was in consequence of his immediate application to Mr George Thomson of Edinburgh, that the task of selection devolved on me. Captain

Stuart of Invernahoyle's singular remark was not, it seems, quite without foundation. A gentleman, in a large company, gibed him for holding the king's commission, while, at the same time, he was a professed Jacobite. "So I well may," answered he, "in imitation of my master: the king himself is a Jacobite." The gentleman shook his head, and remarked, that the thing was impossible. "By G—," said Stuart, "but I tell you he is, and every son that he has. There is not one of them who (if he had lived in my brave father's days) would not to a certainty have been hanged."

Upon the whole, I conceive that the cruelties complained of, and not without cause, on the suppression of the two rebellions, proceeded rather from the natural dispositions of those in whose hands the executive power was placed, than from any exterminating intentions on the part of the reigning monarchs; so that, all things considered, there has not been much to blame on either side. And now, when the horrors of the Catholic religion have ceased to oppress the minds of men, there is but one way of thinking on the rights of the Stuarts throughout the realm.

In order, therefore, that as much curious and authentic matter may be recovered as possible, I have confined myself, in this volume, to the songs previous to the battle of Sheriffmuir, with the exception of a few general ones that may be of later date, but which relate to no particular period. Indeed there is no scarcity of them during that era. In the reign of Queen Anne, the hopes of the Jacobites were at the full, and they seem to have adopted the sentiment lately expressed by a modern lawyer, "Suffer us to make the songs of our country, and do you make its laws." Every muse that could string a rhyme must certainly have then been put in requisition; for of the songs which I have received, that

have apparently been written about that time, I have not thought proper to admit above *one-fifth*, and yet I am sure the peruser will think that there is enough of them in all conscience. It was not on account of any inferiority in point of merit that I excluded so many, but because, when they were all together, there was such an endless repetition of the same sentiments, a chime on terms and epithets, that was quite intolerable. Nor is it possible to obviate this altogether in such a collection; but, as they now appear, it will not be much felt; for they are considerably varied, and many of them highly spirited and whimsical, and altogether extraordinary for such an age.

With regard to the music, it is requisite for me to state, that though I am perhaps better acquainted with the Lowland melodies of Scotland, as sung by the peasantry, than any person now living, yet I am so little of a musician, that I can scarcely be said to understand the first principles of the art. But having been directed by the Society to preserve such of the Jacobite airs as are still extant, I set about it with great diligence and greater delight, but with very slender prospects of success; for I found that the people of every county in the eastern parts of Scotland sung them to their own favourite tunes. The Galloway people's music appears to be, like themselves, a kind of Irish, mixed with something else, nobody knows what it is. So that, on my first general application to rural musicians, I began to suspect that my efforts would in a great measure be unavailing. On looking more narrowly into my old manuscripts, I found that, of three manuscript volumes of unpublished Jacobite songs that I had from John Steuart, Esq. younger of Dalguise, almost every one had the name of the air marked to which they were composed or sung. The Honourable Miss Rollo's old manuscripts had the

same advantage: so that, in adapting these, I had only to turn up our oldest collections of music. But the modern fashion of changing the name and style of these old tunes has been the cause of much perplexity and confusion of ideas to me. I look upon this as extremely reprehensible, if not disgraceful, in the collectors of our national airs. It is scarcely possible to ascertain the original name of one tune from these modern collections.

On the other hand, of all the innumerable songs that I got from Mr Walter Scott (which he must have picked out of every cabinet and portfolio in the kingdom), as well as those sent me from Aberdeenshire by Mr Wallace, Mr Buchan, and Mr Graham, scarcely one had the name of the air mentioned; and unless the tune and song chanced to be coeval, and bore the same name, which is the case in many instances, for all these I was forced to take the country at large, a very uncertain standard to go by. It has had, however, this advantage, that a great number of skeletons of old tunes will be found, that have never been published before, which, if improven by accompaniments, and set upon proper keys, will be found not unworthy of the delightful class of music to which they belong. As I make no pretensions to science in music, I have attempted nothing farther than the preservation of these old airs in their most naked and primitive style; well knowing, that, should any of them become favourites with the public, it would be an easy matter for any composer, or professional player on the piano, to harmonise them.

I have searched in vain for the songs of the other party, in order to contrast them with those of the Cavaliers. There are but few of them existing in Scotland, worthy of preservation, previous to 1715. Such as remain will be found in the appendix. In the succeeding era there are a few indifferent ones. I would

fain have had a larger portion of them, as a counterpart to the others; but it is impossible to preserve that which is not. Though the government and revolutionary principles of the house of Hanover have always been popular in the Lowlands of Scotland, yet the Caledonian Muse, with a romantic attachment, has all along clung to exiled royalty, and kindled at the injuries sustained by the sufferers, and their heroical deportment, in its cause; at the same time loading the inflictors of these sufferings with every opprobrium that bitterness of soul could suggest. Whoever is versant in the national poetry of Scotland will readily subscribe to this position. The generosity displayed by these unfortunate men will always be remembered to the honour of the nation, and it even powerfully interested those who were adverse to their cause. The national feeling was strongly roused, and its bards partook of the common sympathy. It would therefore have been doing injustice to our country, to its heroes as well as its poets, to have suffered these effusions to have perished. To offer any apology now for their publication, would only be to insult those who might be expected to require it. The rival claims of Stuart and Brunswick are not more to the present generation than those of Bruce and Baliol, or York and Lancaster. The question of *right* has been submitted to the arbitration of the sword, and is now invariably decided. But neither that decision, nor any other motive, should deter the historian from doing justice to the character of those men who fell in a cause which they at least judged to be right, and which others, perhaps, only thought wrong as it proved unsuccessful.

> "Treason does never prosper. What's the reason?
> For if it prosper, none dare call it treason."

I have in no instance puzzled myself in deciding what reading of each song is the most genuine and original, but have constantly taken the one that I thought the best; judging, that in ten instances the song loses by the abridgements and interpolations of those who sing it, for once that it is improved. For that reason, though I have often got a great many copies of the same song, I have not only always taken the best, but the best verses of each, as far as I could judge; and this renders it impossible for me to acknowledge the songs individually, as I am generally indebted to many for the same song, and almost every copy differing from another. I have followed the same course with regard to the illustrations, picking them up wherever I could find them, without confusing the narrative with individual acknowledgments.

An extensive appendix is subjoined, consisting of such Scottish Jacobite songs as had no tunes remaining that I could find; and also of great numbers beside, that appear to be of English composition. Many of these are likewise excellent in their kind, and certainly much above the general effusions of the nation at that period. Of all the Whig songs subjoined, there is not one that I can trace to be of Scottish original.

The collection and arrangement of the songs, airs, and corresponding anecdotes and characteristics, has proved a task so difficult and complex, that perfect accuracy can scarcely be expected, even with the best assistance and advice; and of these I have had as good as any that the nation afforded, both in choosing the songs and correcting the music. For the latter I have been much indebted to my friend William Stenhouse, Esq. accountant in Edinburgh, a gentleman whose science, good taste, and general information of all that relates to Scottish song and music, is not perhaps equalled by any contemporary.

In collecting the songs, my friends have exerted themselves in no ordinary degree. Such numbers have I collected, that I actually grew terrified when I heard of a MS. volume of Jacobite songs. Among my principal contributors I must mention Walter Scott, Esq. my constant and unbiassed friend; John Steuart, Esq. younger of Dalguise; Mr David Laing, Mr John Moir, Mr James Hardy, junior, Glasgow; Mr John Wallace, Mr P. Buchan, Mr John Graham, Mr William Gordon, Mr David Bridges, junior, and the Honourable Miss Rollo. These sent me volumes; but to enumerate all that have sent me single songs is impracticable. Many of those sent were bespoke by Colonel David Steuart, who has taken an anxious and most friendly concern in the publication. A number of Charlie Stuart songs are still lacking, both Gaelic and English. May I hope that I shall have many others, both gentlemen and ladies, to add to my next list?

J. H.

ALTRIVE LAKE,
September 6th, 1819.

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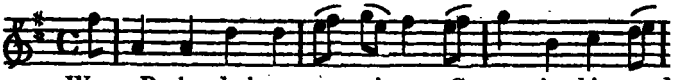
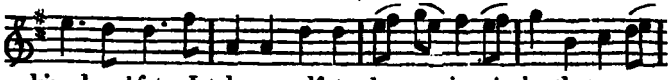
SONG I.

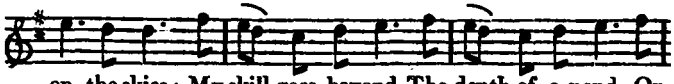
The King shall enjoy his own again.



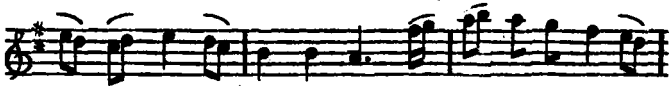
WHAT Booker doth prog-nos-ti-cate, Con-cerning kings and



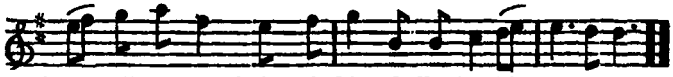
kingdoms' fate; I take myself to be as wise As he that gazes



on the skies; My skill goes beyond The depth of a pond, Or



riv--ers in the sor-est rain; Where-by I can tell All



things will be well, When the king shall enjoy his own again.

There's neither Swallow, Dove, nor Dade,
Can soar more high, or deeper wade,
Or show more reasons from the stars,
What causes peace, what causes wars.
    The man in the moon
    May wear out his shoon,
By running after Charles' wain;
    But all to no end,
    For the times will never mend
Till the king shall enjoy his own again.

For forty years our royal throne
Has been his father's and his own,
Nor is there any one but he,
With right can there a sharer be;
    For who better may
    Our high sceptre sway,
Than he whose right it is to reign:
    Then look for no peace,
    For the wars will never cease
Till the king shall enjoy his own again.

Though for a time we see Whitehall
With cobwebs hanging on the wall,
Instead of gold and silver bright,
That glanc'd with splendour day and night,
    With rich perfume
    In every room,
All to delight that princely train;
    These again shall be,
    When the time we see
That the king shall enjoy his own again.

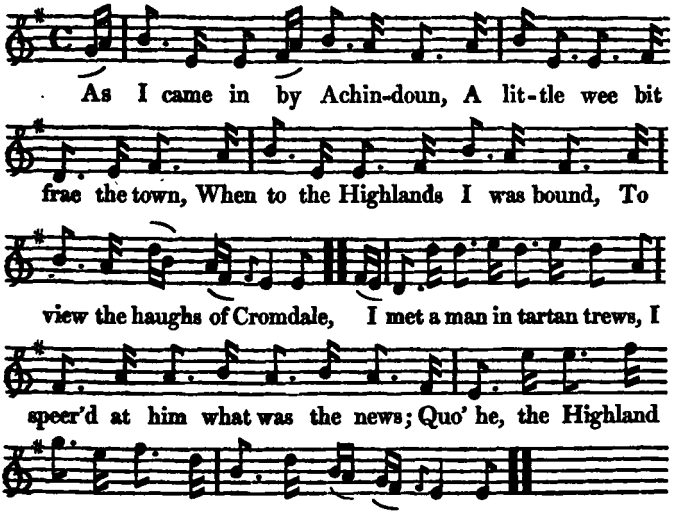
Did Walker no predictions lack,
In Hammond's bloody almanack?
Foretelling things that would ensue,
That all proves right, if lies be true;
    But why should not he
    The pillory see,
Wherein poor Toby once was ta'en?
    And also foreknow,
    To the gallows he must go,
When the king shall enjoy his own again?

Then far upon the northern hill,
My hope shall cast her anchor still,
Until I see some peaceful dove
Bring home the branch I dearly love;

And there will I wait
Till the waters abate,
Which now surround my swimming brain,
For rejoice will never I,
Till I hear the joyful cry,
That the king enjoys his own again.

SONG II.

The Haughs of Cromdale.



We were in bed, sir, every man,
When the English host upon us came;
A bloody battle then began,
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
The English horse they were so rude,
They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood,
But our brave clans, they boldly stood
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

But, alas! we could no longer stay,
For o'er the hills we came away,
And sore we do lament the day
That e'er we came to Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
Can you direct the nearest way?
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And view the haughs of Cromdale.

Alas, my lord, you're not so strong,
You scarcely have two thousand men,
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,
Stand rank and file on Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
I say, direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And see the haughs of Cromdale.

They were at dinner, every man,
When great Montrose upon them came;
A second battle then began,
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
The Grant, Mackenzie, and M'Ky,
Soon as Montrose they did espy,
O then, they fought most valiantly!
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

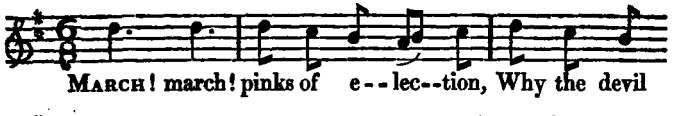
The M'Donalds they return'd again,
The Camerons did their standard join,
M'Intosh play'd a bloody game
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
The M'Gregors fought like lions bold,
M'Phersons, none could them controul,
M'Lauchlins fought, like loyal souls,
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

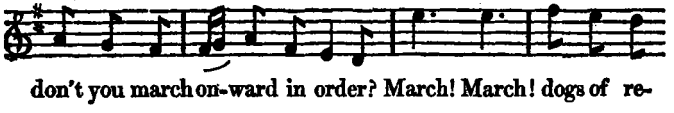
M'Leans, M'Dougals, and M'Neils,
So boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield,
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
The Gordons boldly did advance,
The Frasers fought with sword and lance,
The Grahams they made the heads to dance,
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

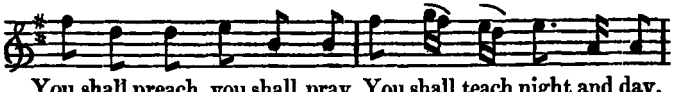
The loyal Stewarts, with Montrose,
So boldly set upon their foes,
And brought them down with Highland blows,
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
Of twenty thousand, Cromwell's men,
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
The rest of them lie on the plain,
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

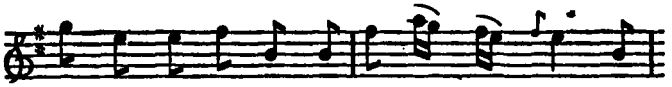
SONG III.

Lesley's March to Scotland.

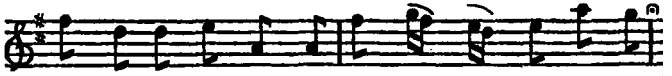






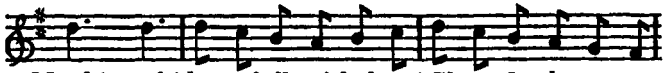


You shall pre-vail o'er the kirk gone a whor--ing;

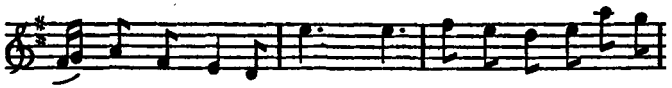


Dance in blood to the knees, Blood of God's e--ne-mies,!

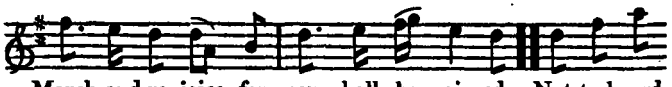
The daughters of Scot-land shall sing you to spor--ing.



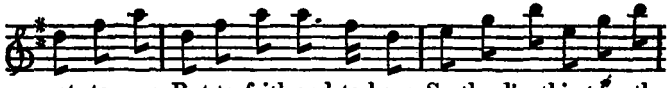
March! march! dregs of all wickedness! Glo-ry that low-er you



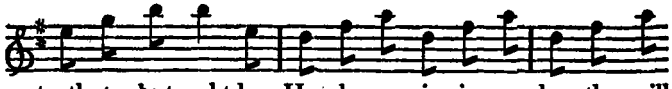
can't be de--bas-ed! March! march! dunghills of blessedness!



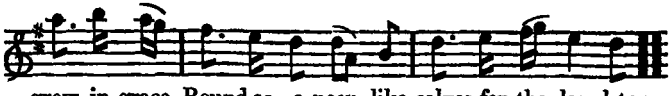
March and re-joice, for you shall be rais-ed, Not to board,



not to rope, But to faith and to hope, Scotland's athirst for the



truth to be taught her; Her cho-sen vir-gin race, how they will



grow in grace, Round as a neep, like calves for the slaughter.

March!—march!—scourges of heresy!
Down with the kirk and its whilliebaleery!
March!—march!—down with supremacy
And the kist fu' o' whistles, that maks sic a cleary;

Fife-men and pipers braw,
Merry deils, tak them a',
Gown, lace, and livery—lickpot and ladle;
Jockey shall wear the hood,
Jenny the sark of God—
For codpiece and petticoat, dishclout and daidle.

March!—march!—blest ragamuffins!
Sing, as ye go, the hymns of rejoicing!
March!—march!—justified ruffians!
Chosen of Heaven! to glory you're rising.
Ragged and treacherous,
Lousy and lecherous,
Objects of misery, scorning, and laughter;
Never, O happy race!
Magnified so was grace;
Host of the righteous! rush to the slaughter!

SONG IV.

Lesley's March to Longmaston Moor.

TO THE FOREGOING AIR.

MARCH!—march!—why the devil don't you march?
Stand to your arms, my lads; fight in good order!
March!—march!—why the devil don't you march?
Stand to your arms, my lads; fight in good order!
Front about, front about, ye musketeers all,
Until ye come to the English Border:
Stand till't, and fight like men,
True gospel to maintain,
The parliament's blythe to see us a-coming.

* * * *

When to the kirk we come,
We'll purge it ilka room,
Frae popish relics and a' innovation.

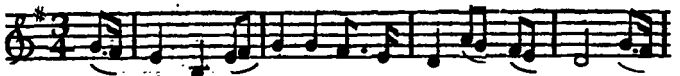
That all the world may see
There's nane in the right but we,
Of the sons of the auld Scottish nation.

* * * *

Jenny shall wear the hood,
Jocky the sark o' God!
And the kist fu' o' whistles that maks sic a cleary,
Our pipers braw shall have them a',
Whate'er comes on it;
Busk up your plaids, my lads,
Cock up your bonnets.

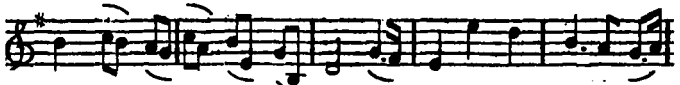
SONG V.

The Restoration.



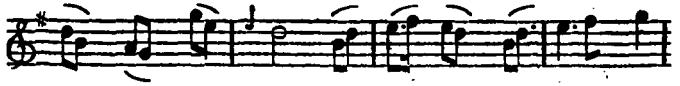
To curb u-sur-pa-tion by th'as-sistance of France, With

love to his country see Charlie advance! He's welcome to

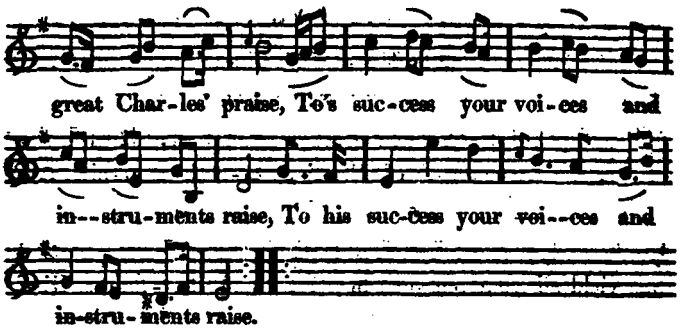


grace and distinguish this day, The sun brighter shines and all

na--ture looks gay. Your glass-es charge high, 'tis



in great Charles' praise, In praise, in praise, 'tis in



Approach, glorious Charles, to this desolate land,
And drive out thy foes with thy mighty hand;
The nations shall rise, and join as one man,
To crown the brave Charles, the Chief of the Clan.
Your glasses, &c.

In his train see sweet Peace, fairest queen of the sky,
Ev'ry bliss in her look, ev'ry charm in her eye,
Whilst oppression, corruption, vile slav'ry, and fear,
At his wish'd-for return never more shall appear.
Your glasses, &c.

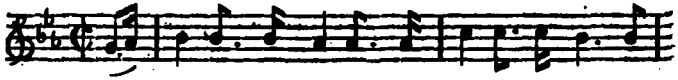
Whilst in pleasure's soft arms millions now court repose,
Our hero flies forth, though surrounded with foes;
To free us from tyrants ev'ry danger defies,
And in liberty's cause he conquers or dies!
Your glasses, &c.

How hateful's the tyrant who lives by false fame,
To satiate his pride sets our country in flame!
How glorious the prince, whose great generous mind
Makes true valour consist in relieving mankind!
Your glasses, &c.

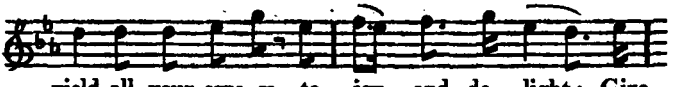
Ye brave Clans, on whom we just honour bestow,
O think on the source whence our dire evils flow!
Commanded by Charles, advance to Whitehall,
And fix them in chains who would Britons enthral.
Your glasses, &c.

SONG VI.

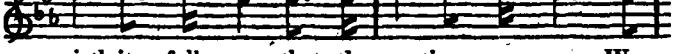
The Royal Oak Tree.



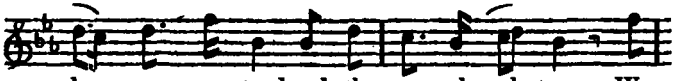
Ye true sons of Sco-tia, to-geth-er u-nite, And



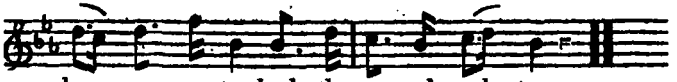
yield all your sens-es to joy and de--light; Give



mirth its full scope, that the na-tions may see, We

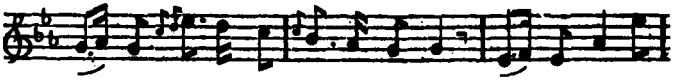


hon--our our stand-ard, the roy-al oak tree, We

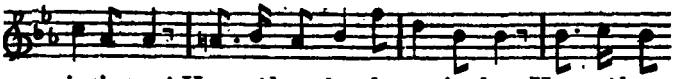


hon-our our standard, the roy-al oak tree.

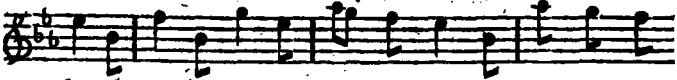
All shall yield to the roy---al oak tree,



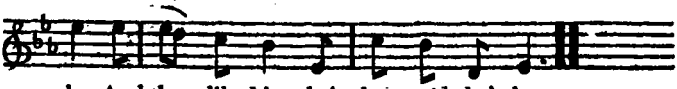
All shall yield to the roy-al oak tree; Bend to thee, ma-



jestic tree! Honour'd was he who sat in thee, Honour'd was



he who sat in thee, And thou, like him, thrice honour'd shalt



be, And thou, like him, thrice honour'd shalt be.

When our great sovereign, Charles, was driv'n from his throne,
And dared scarce call kingdom or subjects his own,
Old Pendril the miller, at the risk of his blood,
Hid the King of our Isle in the king of the wood.
All shall yield, &c.

In summer, in winter, in peace, and in war,
'Tis known to ourselves, and to nations afar,
That the oak of our forest can screen us from harm,
Can shield our protectors, and ride out the storm.
All shall yield, &c.

Let gard'ners and florists of foreign plants boast,
And cull the poor trifles of each distant coast;
There's none of them all, from a shrub to a tree,
Can ever compare, great royal oak, with thee.
All shall yield, &c.

SONG VII.

Tree of Friendship;

A CANTATA,—IN SIX AIRS.

Air I.—"Welcome, brother Debtor."

Many are the toils of mankind,
Num'rous are the toils we bear;
Let us then unite in friendship,
And each other's troubles share;
For men were made to help each other,
To share alike their grief and joy;
Let us then, when toil is over,
In harmless mirth our time employ.

Air II.—"The Hounds are all out," &c.

Without friendship in mankind society's lost,
And life is a bubble of air;
But though fortune should drive us on Greenland's black coast,
We're contented, if friendship comes there,
My brave boys, &c.

It happened once, that a king, without friends,
Was plagued by a hard-hearted crew;
When he look'd round the fields, to make him amends,
The oak rose with grace to his view.
My brave boys, &c.

Air III.—"Rule Britannia."

The trees that in the woods are seen,
Struck by the winter's blast, shall fall;
Whilst thou shall flourish on the green,
The mighty monarch of them all.
Hail to the royal—hail to the royal tree!
Protector of our liberty.

Air IV.—"Lillibulero."

This much-honoured tree such wonders hath done,
That Britain still names it as her greatest boast;
There is nothing can equal it under the sun;
Without it our lives and our liberty's lost.
Abroad it does sail before the brisk gale,
And brings home the spices and juices divine;
Then, sing round the great tree with friendship and glee;
Around it, around it, like woodbines let's twine.

Air V.—"Belleisle's March."

From the east to the west,
By all men 'tis confest,
That the oak is the best of all trees;
There's not one, we are sure,
Can such hardships endure,
Or brave with more courage the seas.

Should any pretend,
To affront our great friend,
Let the foe be a duke, lord, or clown,
With our oaks fast in hand;
By our friends we'll firm stand,
And then knock the proud boasters down.

Air VI.—"Hearts of Oak."

CHORUS.

Then shaded beneath this great royal tree,
Let us from all strife, from all discord, be free;
Though hardships surround us, let this make amends,
A friend in our need is the surest of friends.
Firm as the oak let us stand, friends sincere let us be,
Our purses are ready,
Open to the needy,
In this let all Britons,—all mankind agree.

SONG VIII.

The Drowning of Care,

A MEDLEY,—IN FOUR AIRS.

Air I.—"The Yellow-hair'd Laddie."

THOUGH winter may fright us, and chill us with cold,
Bright Phœbus can cheer us with rays pure as gold;
Then let us not murmur, nor dare to complain,
For *he* that took sunshine can give it again.

The oak, that all winter was barren and bare,
Again spreads his branches to wave in the air;
All nature, rejoicing, appears clad in green;
Then let mirth and friendship enliven the scene.

The true Sons of Freedom together are met,
And each by his neighbour in order is set;
While mirth and true friendship give life to the song,
The voice of Contentment the notes shall prolong.

Air II.—"Once I was blind."

A lady once her husband lost,
And, sighing, look'd around,
And saw her children sadly cross'd,
And deep in sorrow drowned.

But thus assuaged their grief and pain,
" Your father will return again,"
With my fa, la, &c.

Though he has left you for a day,
Be not sunk in despair,
For orphans, as the Scriptures say,
Are Heav'n's peculiar care:
Then, fear not, boys, you'll get command,
As broken a ship has come to land,
With a fa, la, &c.

Then throw your grief and care away,
Let mirth your hours employ,
This is the *twenty-ninth of May*,
My heart o'erflows with joy!
So bid adieu to grief and pain,
And drink the Laird's return again!
With my fa, la, &c.

The lads took heart, and dressed themselves
In rural garments gay,
And round about, like fairy elves,
They danced the live-long day;
Around, around an oaken tree,
They danced with joy, and so do we,
With my fa, la, &c.

Air III.—" The Lass of Patie's Mill."

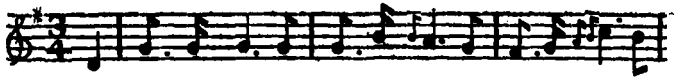
The sprightly dance now done,
They all, as was their use,
Upon the grass sat down
To taste the balmy juice:
The sparkling goblet smiled,
And went the circle round,
While Mirth (Contentment's child),
Cried, " Care in joy is drowned."

Air IV.—"Let our mirth still abound."

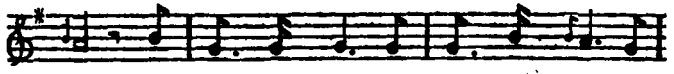
Let us, as well as they, be merry while we may,
For we know not how long we may sing, brave boys!
Let us still be content with whatever is sent,
Or what providence pleases to bring, brave boys!
For I love, from my soul, a friend and a bowl,
So here goes a health to our king, brave boys!
Here's a health to the king;
Let every true man sing
Long live our noble king.

SONG IX.

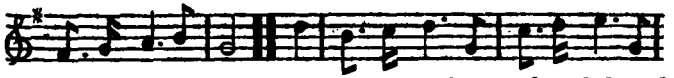
Hey, then, up go we.



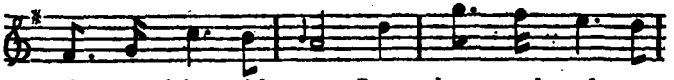
Know this, my brethren, heav'n is clear, And all the clouds are



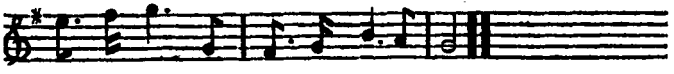
gone; The right-eous man shall flou-rish now, Good



days are coming on. Come then, my brethren, and be glad, And



eke re-joice with me; Lawn sleeves and roch-ets



shall go down, *And hey, then, up go we.*

We'll break the windows, which the whore
Of Babylon hath painted,

And when the Popish saints are down,
  Then Burges shall be sainted.
There's neither cross, nor crucifix,
  Shall stand for men to see;
Rome's trash and trumpery shall go down,
  And hey, then, up go we.

Whate'er the Popish hands have built,
  Our hammers shall undo,
We'll break their pipes, and burn their copes,
  And burn down churches too;
We'll exercise within the groves,
  And preach beneath the tree;
We'll make a pulpit of a cask,
  And hey, then, up go we.

We'll down with all the versities,
  Where learning is profest,
Because they practise and maintain
  The language of the Beast;
We'll drive the doctors out of doors
  And parts whate'er they be;
We'll cry all arts and learning down,
  And hey, then, up go we.

We'll down with deans and prebends too,
  And I rejoice to tell ye,
How that we will eat pigs our fill,
  And capon by the belly;
We'll burn the fathers' learned books,
  And make the schoolmen flee;
We'll down with all that smells of wit,
  And hey, then, up go we.

If once the antichristian crew
  Be crush'd and overthrown,
We'll teach the nobles how to stoop,
  And keep the gentry down:

Good manners have an ill report,
  And turn to pride we see,
We'll therefore cry good manners down,
  And hey, then, up go we.

The name of Lord shall be abhorr'd,
  For every man's a brother;
No reason why, in church or state,
  One man should rule another.
But when the change of government
  Shall set our fingers free,
We'll make the wanton sisters stoop,
  And hey, then, up go we.

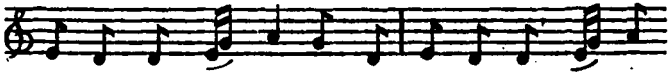
What though the king and parliament
  Do not accord together,
We have more cause to be content;
  This is our sunshine weather;
For if that reason should take place,
  And they should once agree,
Who would be in a roundhead's case?
  And hey, then, up go we.

What should we do then in this case?
  Let's put it to a venture;
If that we hold out seven year's space,
  We'll sue out our indenture.
A time may come to make us rue,
  And time may set us free,
Except the gallows claim his due,
  And hey, then, up go we.

SONG X.

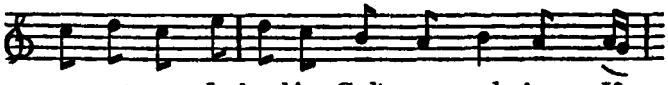
You're welcome, Whigs, from Bothwell Brigs.

You're wel-come, Whigs, from Both--well Brigs, Your

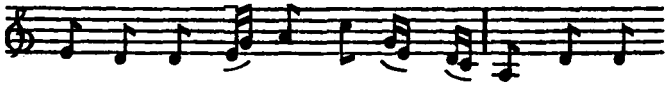


ma-lice is but zeal, boys; Most ho--ly sprites, the hy-

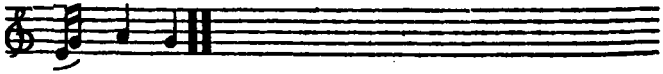
po-crites, 'Tis sack ye drink, not ale, boys; I must a-ver, you



can-not err, In breaking God's com-mands, boys, If



ye in-fringe bish--ops or kings, You've heav-en in



your hands, boys.

Suppose ye cheat, disturb the state,
  And steep the land with blood, boys;
If secretly your treachery
  Be acted, it is good, boys.
The fiend himsel', in midst of hell,
  The pope, with his intrigues, boys,
You'll equalize in forgeries;
  Fair fa' you, pious Whigs, boys.

You'll God beseech in homely speech,
  To his coat-tail you'll claim, boys;

Seek lippies of grace frae his gawcie face,
  And bless and not blaspheme, boys.
Your teachers they can kiss and pray,
  In zealous ladies closets;
Your wits convert by Venus' art;
  Your kirk has holy roset.

Which death will tie promiscuously,
  Her members on the vail, boys,
For horned beasts the truth attest,
  That live in Annandale, boys.
But if one drink, or shrewdly think
  A bishop ere was saved,
No charity from presbytrye,
  For that need once be craved.

You lie, you lust, you break your trust,
  And act all kinds of evil,
Your covenant makes you a saint,
  Although you live a devil.
From murders too, as soldiers true,
  You are advanced well, boys;
You fought like devils, your only rivals,
  When you were at Dunkeld, boys.

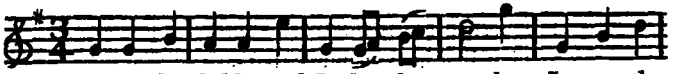
Your wondrous things great slaughter brings,
  You kill'd more than you saw, boys;
At Pentland-hills ye got your fills,
  And now you seem to craw, boys.
Let Websters preach, and laddies teach
  The art of cuckoldry, boys,
When cruel zeal comes in their tail,
  Then welcome presbytrye, boys.

King William's hands, with lovely bands,
  You're decking with good speed, boys;
If you get leave, you'll reach his sleeve,
  And then have at his head, boys.

You're welcome, Jack, we'll join a plack,
To drink your last confusion,
That grace and truth we may possess
Once more without delusion.

SONG XI.

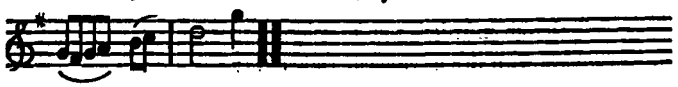
Cakes o' Croudy.



CLUNIE the deddy, and Rethy the mon-key; Le-ven the

he-ro, and lit-tle Pit-cunkie; O where shall ye

see such, or find such a sou--dy? Bannocks of bear meal,



cakes of crou-dy.

Deddy on politicks dings all the nation,
As well as Lord Huffie does for his discretion;
And Crawford comes next, with his Archie of Levy,
Wilkie, and Webster, and Cherrytrees Davy.

There's Greenock, there's Dickson, Houston of that ilkie,
For statesmen, for taxmen, for soldiers, what think ye?
Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy?
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

There's honest Mass Thomas, and sweet Geordie Brodie,
Weel kend Mr Wm Veitch, and Mass John Goudy,
For preaching, for drinking, for playing at noudy—
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

There's Semple for pressing the grace on young lassies,
There's Hervey and Williamson, two sleeky asses,
They preach well, and eat well, and play well at noudy—
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Bluff Macky for lying, lean Lawrence for griping,
Grave Bernard for stories, Dalgleish for his piping,
Old Ainslie the prophet for leading a dancie,
And Borland for cheating the tyrant of Francie.

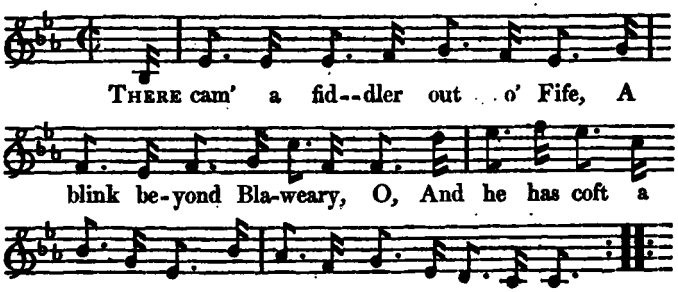
There's Menie the daughter, and Willie the cheater,
There's Geordie the drinker, and Annie the eater,
Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy?
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

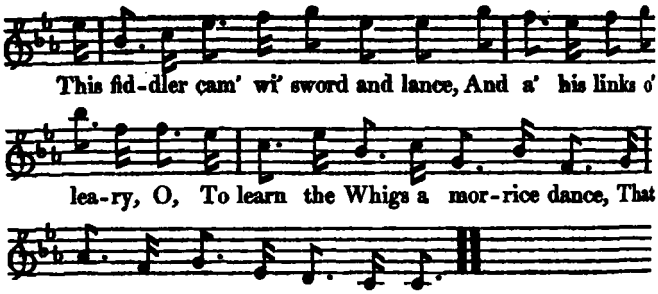
Next comes our statesmen, these blessed reformers,
For lying, for drinking, for swearing enormous,
Argyle and brave Morton, and Willie my Lordie—
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

My curse on the grain of this hale reformation,
The reproach of mankind and disgrace of our nation;
Deil hash them, deil smash them, and make them a soudy,
Knead them like bannocks, and steer them like croudy.

SONG XII.

There cam' a Fiddler out o' Fife.





Now he has danced the lads frae hame,
  Out o'er the hills o' Seiry, O,
An' may the deil ride after them,
  Upon his good gray meary, O:
They grew sae bauld on sturt an' strife,
  That nae man durst gang neary, O,
Until the fiddler cam' frae Fife,
  That bang'd them wi' his geary, O.

* * * *

SONG XIII.

Ne'er to Return.

Tune.—"There cam' a Fiddler out o' Fife."

Ne'er to return, let Whigs be sent
  Out o'er the hills of Syria,
Our nation's plague and punishment,
  Since first we gowns did weary, O!
No more in Britain shall ye stay,
  Nor pulpits ere come neary, O!
Swith, pack, begone, without delay,
  There's ane at hand will fear ye, O!

Now your false principles decay,
  As treacherous base deliria;
Lo! once more you must out of play,
  An' take the transporteary, O.

No more shall villany defile
  Our sacred church most deary, O!
Nor you most holy folks be styled,
  Who God nor king do feary, O!

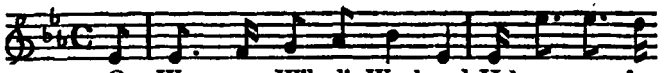
Away, ye holy cheats, begone!
  No more our kirk come neary, O!
For you must to the hills anon,
  Dear Cameronianeary, O!
Rear treason and rebellion,
  To put folks in a steary, O!
But Christians all shall join in one,
  To turn you tapselteary, O!

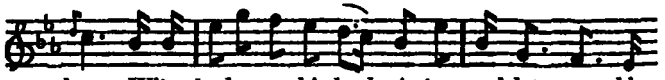
That cursed usurping Orange, you
  Your saviour styled most deary, O!
Soon to the Stygian shade withdrew,
  And left you in a feary, O!
That treacherous reign did you support,
  In all your wild deliry, O;
Now by the hand of vengeance struck,
  We'll hang you by the eary, O!

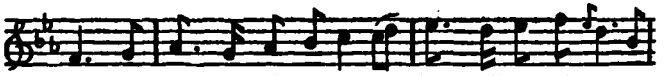
When your weak sandy fabrick shook,
  Whilk put you in a feary, O,
His life, like's nose, had mony a crook,
  Till he went tapselteary, O!
But let the villanous wretch begone,
  And Heaven our just prayers heary, O!
That royal James may mount the throne,
  Nor thief nor knave come neary, O.

SONG XIV.

King William's March.







O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
  He's awa to ride,
Wi' a bullet in his bortree,
  And a shabble by his side;
But some will white wi' Willie's knife,
  Some will kiss Willie's wife,
Some will wear his bonnet
  Or he come again.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
  He's awa to sail,
Wi' water in his waygate,
  An' wind in his tail;
Wi' his back boonermost,
  An' his kyte downermost,
An' his flype hindermost,
  Fighting wi' his kail.

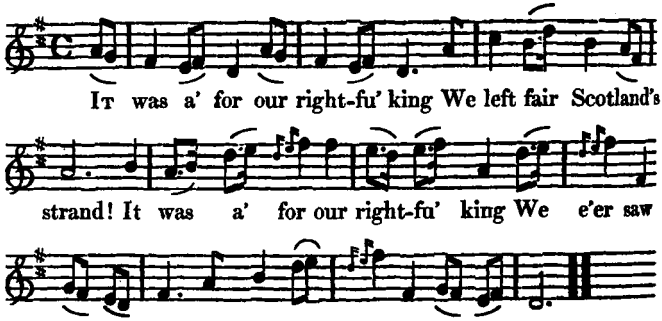
O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
  He's awa to fight;
But fight dog, fight bane,
  Willie will be right:
An' he'll do, what weel he may,
  An' has done for mony a day,
Wheel about, an' rin away,
  Like a wally wight.

O saw ye Willie Wanbeard
  Riding through the rye?
Or saw ye Daddy Duncan
  Praying like to cry?
That howe in a 'tato fur
  There may Willie lie,
Wi' his neb boonermost,
  An' his doup downermost,
An' his flype hindermost,
  Like a Pesse pie.

Play, piper, play, piper,
  Play a bonny spring,
For there's an auld harper
  Harping to the king,
Wi' his sword by his side,
  An' his sign on his reade,
An' his crown on his head,
  Like a true king.

SONG XV.

It was a' for our rightfu' King.



Now a' is done that men can do,
  An' a' is done in vain:
My love an' native land, fareweel,
  For I maun cross the main, my dear,
  For I maun cross the main.

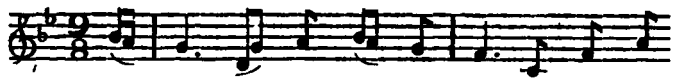
He turn'd him right an' round about,
  Upon the Irish shore,
An' ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
  With, Adieu for evermore, my dear,
  With, Adieu for evermore.

The sodger frae the wars returns,
  The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
  Never to meet again, my dear,
  Never to meet again.

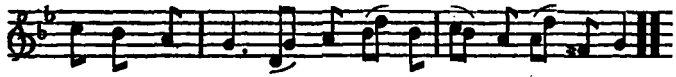
When day is gane, an' night is come,
  An' a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa,
  The lee-lang night, an' weep, my dear,
  The lee-lang night, an' weep.

SONG XVI.

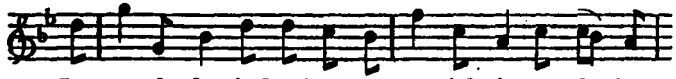
Three good Fellows ayont yon Glen.



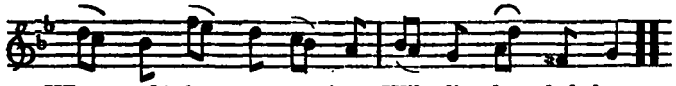
THERE's three true good fel-lows, Three brave loy--al



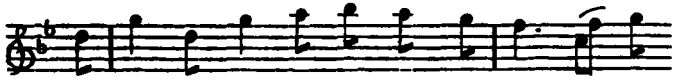
fellows, There's three true good fellows, Down ayont yon glen.



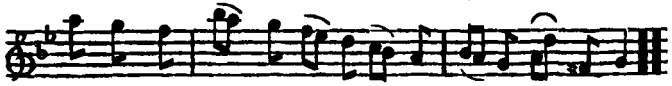
It's now the day is daw'ing, But ere night is a--fa'-ing,



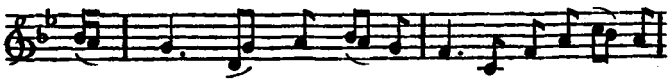
Whase cock's best at crawing, Wil--lie, thou shalt ken.



There's three true loy--al fel-lows, There's three true good



fellows, There's three true loyal fellows, Down ayont yon glen.



There's Graham, Graham and Gordon, Brave Lindsay is coming,

D. C.

Ken ye wha is running, Wi' his Highlandmen?

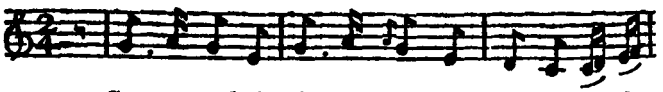
'Tis he that's ay the foremost
When the battle is warmest,
The bravest and the kindest
Of all Highlandmen.
There's three true good fellows, &c.

There's Sky's noble chieftain,
Hector, and bold Evan
Reoch, Bane Macrabrach,
And the true Maclean.
There's three true good fellows, &c.

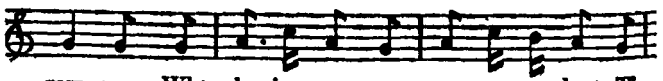
There's now no retreating,
For the clans are waiting,
And every heart is beating,
For honour, and for fame!
There's three true good fellows,
Whate'er they may tell us,
Thrice three good fellows
Down ayont yon glen.

SONG XVII.

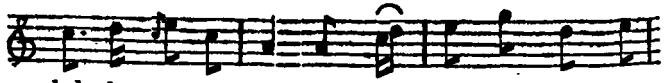
The Battle of Killicrankie.



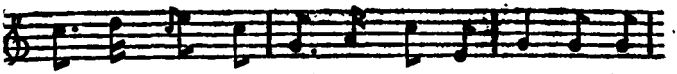
CLAVERS and his Highlandmen Came down up-on the



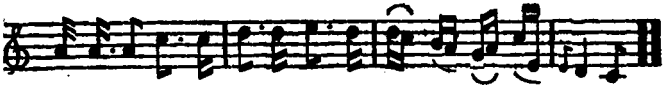
raw, man, Who, be-ing stout, gave mo-ny a clout, The



lads be--gan to claw, then. Wi' sword and targe in-



to their hand, Wi' which they were na slaw, man, Wi'



mo-ny a fearfu' heavy sigh, The lads be-gan to claw, then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er stank,
She flang amang them a', man;
The Butter-box got mony knocks,
Their riggings paid for a', then.
They got their pails, wi' sudden straiks,
Which to their grief they saw, man;
Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,
The lads began to fa', then.

Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,
And flang amang them a', man;
The English blades got broken heads,
Their crowns were cleav'd in twa, then;
The durk and door made their last hour,
And prov'd their final fa', man:
They thought the devil had been there,
That play'd them sic a paw, then.

The solemn league and covenant
Came whigging up the hills, man,
Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
For to subscribe their bills, then:
In Willie's name they thought nae ane
Durst stop their course at a', man;
But hur nain sell, wi' mony a knock,
Cried, "Furich, Whigs awa, man."

Sir Evan Dhu, and his men true,
Came linking up the brink, man;

The Hogan Dutch they feared such,
They bred a horrid stink, then.
The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
Came in amang them a', man;
Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
A' fled and ran awa, then.

Oh on a ri! oh on a ri!
Why should she lose King Shames, man?
Oh rig in di! oh rig in di!
She shall break a' her banes, then;
With *furichinish*, and stay a while,
And speak a word or twa, man,
She's gie a straik out-o'er the neck,
Before ye win awa, then.

O fie for shame, ye're three for ane!
Hur nain sell's won the day, man;
King Shames' red-coats should be hung up,
Because they ran away, then.
Had bent their brows, like Highland trues,
And made as lang a stay, man,
They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing,
And Willie'd run away, then.

SONG XVIII.

Prælium Gillicrankianum.

TO THE FOREGOING AIR.

GRAHAMIUS notabilis coegerat Montanos,
Qui clypeis et gladiis fugarunt Anglicanos;
Fugerant Vallicolæ, atque Puritani,
Cacavere Batavi et Cameroniani.

Grahamius mirabilis, fortissimus Alcides,
Cujus Regi fuerat intemerata fides,
Agiles Monticolas marte inspiravit,
Et duplicatum numerum hostium profligavit.

Nobilis apparuit Fermilodunensis,
Cujus in rebelles stringebatur ensis;
Nobilis et sanguine, nobilior virtute,
Regi devotissimus intus et in cute:
Pitcurius heroicus, Hector Scoticanus,
Cui mens fidelis fuerat, et invicta manus,
Capita rebellium, is excerebravit,
Hostes unitissimos ille dimicavit.

Glengarius magnanimus atque bellicosus,
Functus ut Eneas, pro rege animosus,
Fortis atque strenuus, hostes expugnavit,
Sanguine rebellium campos coloravit;
Surrexerat fideliter Donaldus Insulanus,
Pugnaverat viriliter, cum copiis Skyanis,
Pater atque filii, non dissimularunt,
Sed pro rege proprio, unanimes pugnarunt.

Macleanius, circumdatus tribo martiali,
Semper, devinctissimus familiæ regali,
Fortiter pugnaverat more Atavorum,
Deinde dissipaverat turmas Batavorum,
Strenuus Lochielius, multo Camerone,
Hostes ense peremit, et abrio pugione,
Istos et intrepidos Orco dedicavit,
Impedimento hostium Blaro reportavit.

Nacneillius de Bara, Glencous Kepochanus,
Ballechinus, cum fratre Stewartus Apianus,
Pro Jacobo Septimo, fortiter gessere,
Pugiles fortissimi feliciter vicere.

Canonicus clarissimus, Gallovidianus,
Acer et indomitus, consilioque sanus,
Ibi dux adfuerat, spectabilis persona,
Nam pro tuenda patria, hunc peperit Bellona;

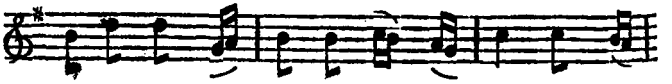
Ducalidoni dominum spreverat gradivus,
Nobilis et juvenis, fortis et activus,
Nam cum nativum, principem, exulem, audiret,
Redit ex Hungaria, ut regi inserviret;
Illic et adfuerat, tutor Ranaldorum,
Qui strenue pugnaverat cum copiis virorum,
Et ipse Capetaneus, ætate puerili,
Intentus est ad prælium, spiritu virili.

Glenmoristonus junior, optimus bellator,
Subito jam factus, hactenus venator;
Perduelles Whiggeos, ut pecora prostravit,
Ense et fulmineo Mackaium fugavit.
Regibus et legibus Scotici constantes,
Vos clypeis et gladiis pro principe pugnantes;
Vestra est victoria, vestra est et gloria:
In cantis et historia perpes est memoria.

SONG XIX.

Killicrankie.

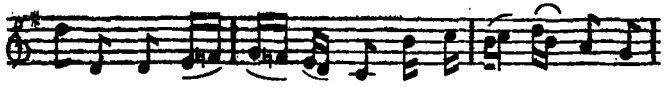
WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad? Whare hae ye been sae



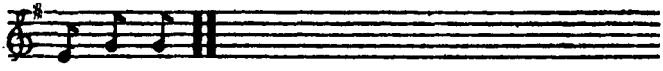
brankie, O? Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad? Came

ye by Kil-li-cran-kie, O? An ye had been whare

I hae been, Ye wad-na been sae can-tie, O; An



ye had seen what I hae seen, I' the braes o' Kil-li-



crankie, O.

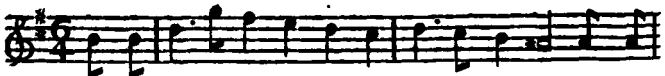
I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my auntie, O;
But I met the devil and Dundee
On the braes o' Killicrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
And Clavers gat a clankie, O,
Or I had fed an Athol gled
On the braes o' Killicrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

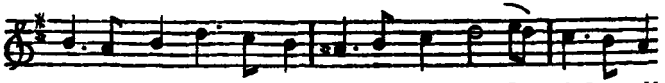
O fie, Mackay, what gart ye lie
I' the bush ayont the brankie, O?
Ye'd better kiss'd King Willie's loof,
Than come to Killicrankie, O.
It's nae shame, it's nae shame,
It's nae shame to shank ye, O;
There's sour slaes on Athol braes,
And deils at Killicrankie, O.

SONG XX.

The Devil o'er Stirling.

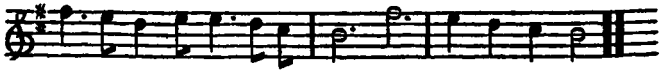


As the de-vil o'er Stirling was looking one day (For when



Sa-tan looks sharp, he can see a great way), He spied an odd

figure on Bloomsbury steeple, With his horns high ex-alt-ed, sur-



veying the people. Derry down, down, down, derry down.

"How now!" quoth the devil, "what spy I at London?
"Should I suffer a rival, myself will be undone."
And whilst a man scarce could toss off his flaggon,
The devil was mounted on Bow steeple dragon.
Derry down, &c.

From thence Satan kenn'd the sweet face of the creature;
He knew his old friend in each line and each feature:
Without further preface he address'd his ally,
With a "How the plague, Willie, came you mounted so high?
Derry down, &c.

"Speak—How got you up?—I shall humble your pride:
"What a pox! have you learnt on a broomstick to ride?"
"No, softly," quoth Willie, "you be vastly mistaken,
"Me be ne'er for de vitch nor de conjuror taken.
Derry down, &c.

"But, to tell you de true, vas plac'd here by my brewer,
"Ven I vas as ignorant of it as you are:
"But though I'm a fool, as you plainly may see,
"You have not von more humble servant dan me.
Derry down, &c.

"Do your highness have place your own council about me,
"Yet still you must acknowledge you can't do vidout me;
"'Tis I who to all your damn'd projects give birt,
"And each plot form'd in hell go in my name on eart.
Derry down, &c.

"Vat has lately been done may convince you full vell,
"Dat in my reign you should ne'er vant subjects in hell:
"Our late swearing act, you'll allow, vas a trapa;
"Me leave not a loophole for von to escapa.
Derry down, &c.

"Vat divel could e'er have done more in my station,
"Since, vit von single acta, me damn de vole nation?
"Men of every degree; vomen, rich and mean,
"From de street-valking lass to her highness de queen.
Derry down, &c.

"Vere it not for me you'd be plagued vit de clergy,
"And some of dem, sir, would confoundedly scourge ye:
"Should me souffre deir dam convocation to sitta,
"Oh den, broder Satan, ve bote might be bitta.
Derry down, &c.

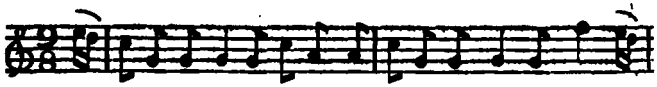
"But my bishops from all deir attempts vill secure ye,
"And dey are your best vriends on eart, I'll assure ye;
"Dere is but very few on dat reverend bench,
"But adore you as much, sir, as me do my vench."
Derry down, &c.

"These, these are brave souls, worthy Satan's alliance;
"With such troops I'd boldly bid Heaven defiance.
"Since you make such bishops, Willie, you may reign on,
"For the devil can't find such a pack when they're gone."
Derry down, &c.

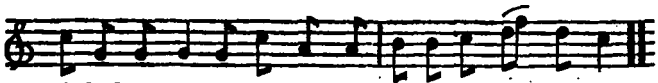
The monarch of hell flew away in a trice;
The monarch of Britain look'd wondrous wise.
Thus ended their treaty, as most people say;
He'd be glad to come off half so well at Cambray.
Derry down, &c.

SONG XXI.

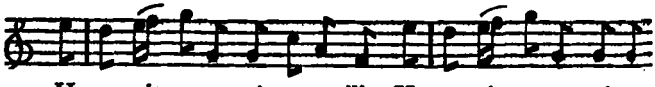
Willie the Wag.



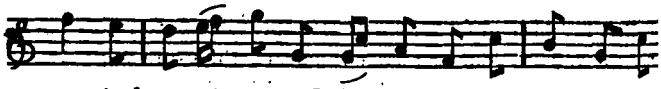
O, I had a wee bit mailin, And I had a good gray mare, And



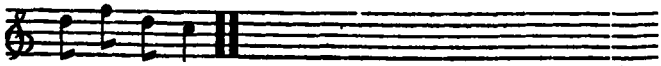
I had a braw bit dwalling, Till Willie the wag came here.



He waggit me out o' my mailin, He waggit me out o' my



gear, And out o' my good black gowny, That ne'er was the



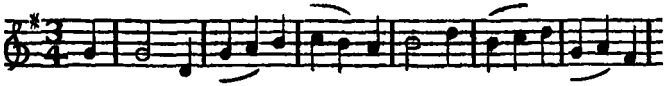
waur o' the wear.

He fawn'd, and he waggit his tail,
  Till he poison'd the true well-e'e,
And wi' the wagging o' his fause tongue,
  He gart the brave Monmouth die.
He waggit us out o' our rights,
  And he waggit us out o' our law,
And he waggit us out o' our king,
  That grieves me warst of a'.

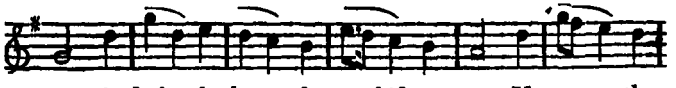
The tod rules o'er the lion,
  The midden's aboon the moon,
And Scotland maun cower and cringe
  To a fause and a foreign loon.
O walyfu' fa' the piper
  That sells his wind sae dear!
And walyfu' fa' the time
  Whan Willie the wag came here!

SONG XXII.

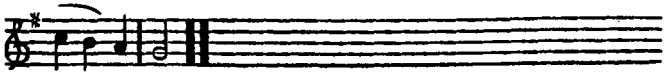
The Cameronian Cat.



THERE was a Ca--me-ro-nian cat Was hunting for a



prey, And in the house she catch'd a mouse, Up--on the



Sabbath-day.

The Whig, being offended
  At such an act profane,
Laid by his book, the cat he took,
  And bound her in a chain.

" Thou damn'd, thou cursed creature,
  " This deed so dark with thee,
" Think'st thou to bring to hell below,
  " My holy wife and me?

" Assure thyself, that for the deed
  " Thou blood for blood shalt pay,
" For killing of the Lord's own mouse
  " Upon the Sabbath-day."

The presbyter laid by the book,
  And earnestly he pray'd,
That the great sin the cat had done
  Might not on him be laid.

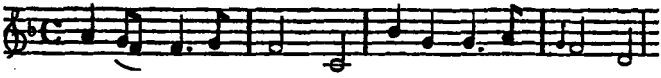
And straight to execution
  Poor baudrons she was drawn,
And high hang'd up upon a tree;
  Mess John he sung a psalm.

And when the work was ended,
  They thought the cat near dead;
She gave a paw, and then a mew,
  And stretched out her head.

" Thy name," said he, " shall certainly
  " A beacon still remain,
" A terror unto evil ones,
  " For evermore. Amen."

SONG XXIII.

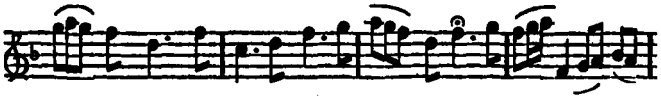
Carle, an the King come.



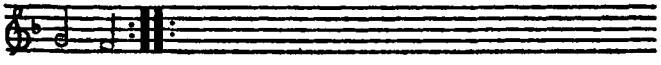
CARLE, an the king come, Carle, an the king come,

Thou shalt dance, and I will sing, Carle, an the king come.

An some-bo-dy were come a-gain, Then some-bo-dy maun



cross the main, And ev'ry man shall hae his ain, Carle, an the



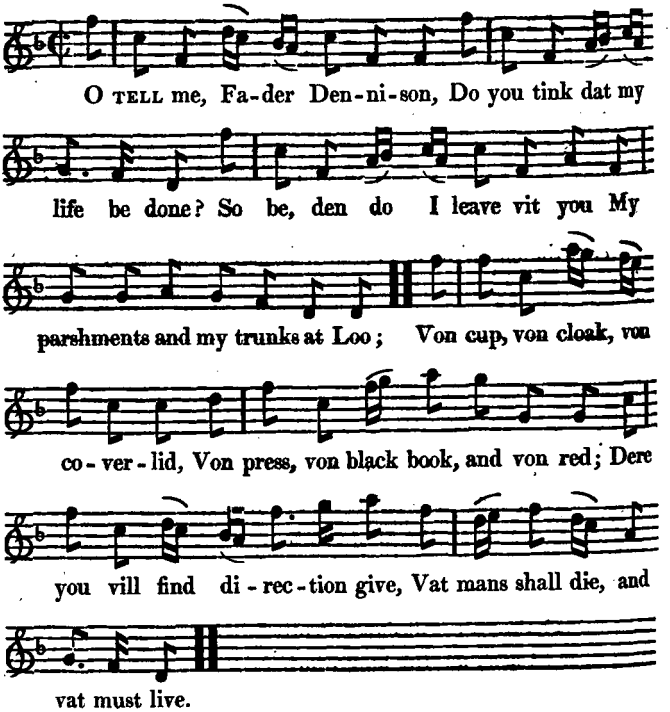
king come.

I trow we swapped for the worse,
We ga'e the boot and better horse,
And that we'll tell them at the cross,
  Carle, an the king come.
When yellow corn grows on the rigs,
And a gibbet's built to hang the Whigs,
O then we will dance Scottish jigs,
  Carle, an' the king come.

Nae mair wi' pinch and drouth we'll dine,
As we ha'e done—a dog's propine,
But quaff our waughts o' bouzy wine,
  Carle, an the king come.
Cogie, an the king come,
Cogie, an the king come,
I'se be fou, and thou'se be toom,
  Cogie, an the king come.

SONG XXIV.

Willie Winkie's Testament.



Dere you vill find it in my vill,
Vat kings must keep deir kingdoms still,
And, if dey please, who dem must quit;
Mine good vench Anne must look to it.
Voe's me, dat I did ever sat
On trone!—But now no more of dat.
Take you, moreover, Dennison,
De cursed horse dat broke dis bone.

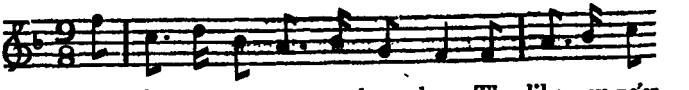
Take you, beside, dis ragged coat,
And all de curses of de Scot,
Dat dey did give me vonder vell,
For Darien and dat Macdonell.
Dese are de tings I fain vold give,
Now dat I have not time to live:
O take dem off mine hands, I pray!
I'll go de lighter on my vay.

I leave unto dat poor vench Anne,
Von cap vold better fit von man,
And vit it all de firebrands red,
Dat in dat cap have scorch'd mine head.
All dis I hereby do bequeath,
Before I shake de hand vit death.
It is de ting could not do good,
It came vit much ungratitude.

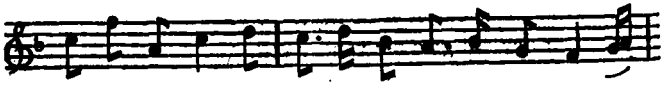
And tell her, Dennison, vrom me,
To lock it by most carefully,
And keep de Scot beyond de Tweed,
Else I shall see dem ven I'm dead.
I have von hope, I have but von,
'Tis veak, but better vit dan none;
Me viss it prove not von intrigue—
De prayer of de selfish Whig.

SONG XXV.

The Act of Succession.

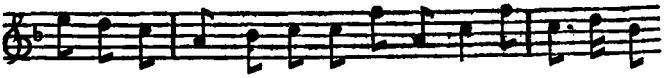


I'LL sing you a song, my brave boys, The like you ne'er

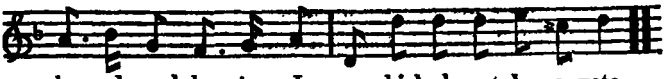


heard of be-fore; Old Scotland at last is grown wise, And

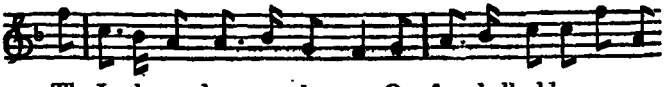
England shall bul-ly no more. Succession, the trap for our



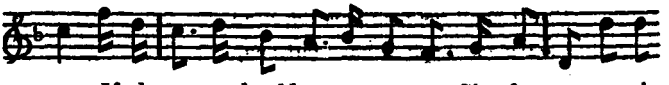
slav'ry, A true Pres-by-te-ri-an plot, Ad-vanced by



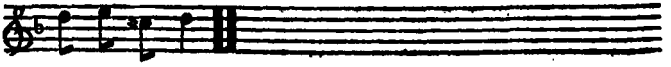
by-ends and knav'ry, Is now kicked out by a vote.



The Lutheran dame may be gone, Our foes shall address us no



more; If the treaty should ne-ver go on, She for e--ver is



kick'd out of door.

To bondage we now bid adieu,
  The English shall no more oppress us;
There's something in every man's view,
  That in due time, we hope, shall redress us.
This hundred years past we have been
  Dull slaves, and ne'er strove to mend;
It came by an old barren queen,
  And now we resolve it shall end.
But grant the old woman should come,
  And England with treaties should woo us,
We'll clog her before she comes home,
  That she ne'er shall have power to undo us.

Then let us go on and be great,
  From parties and quarrels abstain;
Let us English councils defeat,
  And Hanover ne'er mention again.
Let grievances now be redress'd;
  Consider, the power is our own:
Let Scotland no more be oppress'd,
  Nor England lay claim to our crown:
Let us think with what blood and what care
  Our ancestors kept themselves free;
What Bruce and what Wallace could dare:
  If they did so much, why not we?

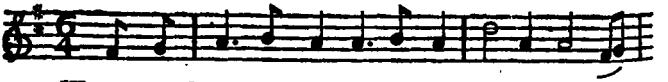
Let Montrose and Dundee be brought in,
  As later examples before you;
And hold out but as you begin,
  Like them, the next age will adore you.
Here's a health, my brave lads, to the duke, then,
  Who has the great labour begun;
He shall flourish, whilst those who forsook him,
  To Holland for shelter shall run.
Here's a health to those that stood by him,
  To Fletcher, and all honest men;

Ne'er trust the damn'd rogues that belie 'em,
Since all our just rights they maintain.

Once more to great Hamilton's health,
The hero that still keeps his ground;
To him we must own all our wealth:—
Let the Christian liquor go round.
Let all the sham tricks of the court,
That so often have foil'd us before,
Be now made the country's sport,
And England shall fool us no more.

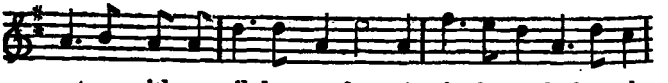
SONG XXVI.

Would you know what a Whig is.

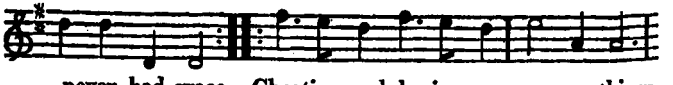


WOULD you know what a Whig is, and always was? I'll

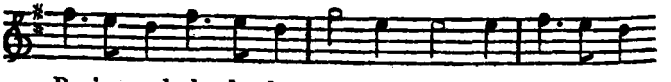
shew you his life, as it were in a glass: He's a re-bel by



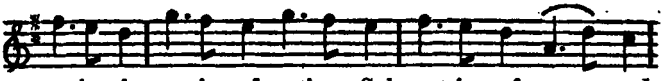
nature, with a vil-lan-ous face, A saint by profession, who



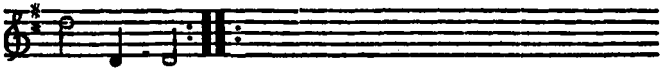
never had grace. Cheating and ly-ing are pu-ny things,



Rapine and plunder but ve-nial sins; His dear oc-cu-



pation is ru-in of nations, Sub-vert-ing of crowns, and



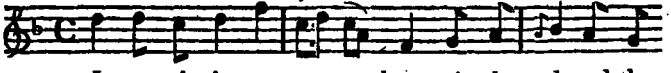
murd'ring kings.

To shew that he came from a wight of worth:
'Twas Lucifer's pride that bore the elf;
'Twas bloody barbarity gave him birth;
Ambition the midwife that brought him forth;
Judas his tutor was, till he grew big;
Hypocrisy taught him to care not a fig
For all that was sacred: so thus was created,
And brought to the world, what you call a Whig.

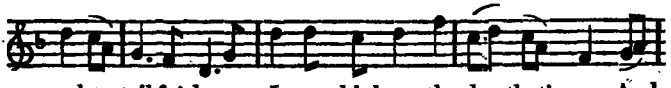
Spew'd up among mortals from hellish jaws,
He suddenly strikes at religion and laws,
With civil dissensions, and bloody inventions,
And all for to push on the good old cause.
Still cheating and lying he plays his game,
Always dissembling, yet still the same,
Till he fills the creation with crimes of damnation,
Then goes to the devil, from whence he came.

SONG XXVII.

When the King comes o'er the Water.

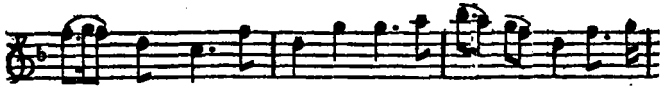


I MAY sit in my wee croo house, At the rock and the

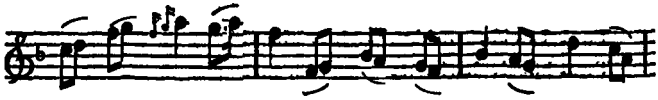


reel to toil fu' dreary; I may think on the day that's gane, And

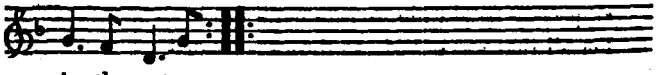
sigh and sab till I grow weary. I ne'er could brook, I



ne'er could brook, A foreign loon to own or flatter; But



I will sing a rantin sang, That day our king comes



o'er the water.

O gin I live to see the day,
  That I hae begg'd, and begg'd frae Heaven,
I'll fling my rock and reel away,
  And dance and sing frae morn till even.
For there is ane I winna name,
  That comes the beingin bike to scatter;
And I'll put on my bridal gown,
  That day our king comes o'er the water.

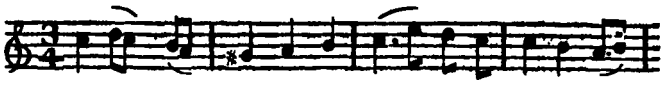
I hae seen the gude auld day,
  The day o' pride and chieftain glory,
When royal Stuarts bare the sway,
  And ne'er heard tell o' Whig nor Tory.
Though lyart be my locks and gray,
  And eild has crook'd me down—what matter?
I'll dance and sing ae ither day,
  That day our king comes o'er the water.

A curse on dull and drawling Whig,
  The whining, ranting, low deceiver,

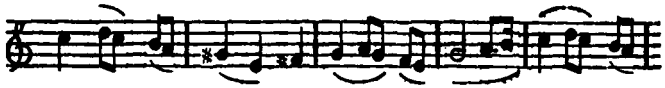
Wi' heart sae black, and look sae big,
  And canting tongue o' clishmaclaver!
My father was a good lord's son,
  My mother was an earl's daughter,
And I'll be Lady Keith again,
  That day our king comes o'er the water.

SONG XXVIII.

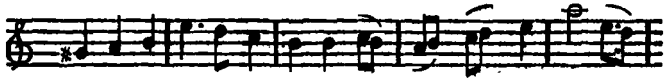
Freedom's Farewell.



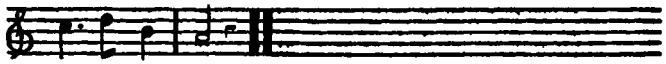
BRITONS, where now is your great magna-ni-mi-ty?



Where is your boast-ed cour--age flown? Quite per-



verted to pu-sil-la-ni-mi-ty, Scarce dare you say your



souls are your own.

What your ancestors won so victoriously,
  Crown'd with laurels in many a field,
You have relinquish'd, and O, most ingloriously,
  To foreign oppression thus tamely to yield!

Freedom now for her flight makes preparative,
  Weeping she'll quit her once-loved shore;
Then shall our loss be past all reparative;
  Once she leaves us, we see her no more.

Gracious Heaven, to assist us excurgitate,
We look for thy mighty vindictive hand,
To make our oppressors their plunder disgorgitate,
And yet preserve a poor sinking land.

SONG XXIX.

Come, fill your Bowls.

Air—"*The King shall enjoy his own again.*" See p. 1.

Come, fill your bowls, come, fill them high,
While these are here we'll scorn to fly;
Shall honest Tories fear disgrace,
When loyalty glows in the face?
Great laurels have been won
On the glorious tenth of June,
By the force of Burgundy and Champaigne:
While bumpers go in rounds,
There's nought but blood and wounds,
And the king shall enjoy his own again.

Were our glasses but turn'd into swords,
Or our actions half as great as our words;
Were our enemies turn'd into quarts,
How nobly we should play our parts!
The least that we would do,
Each man should kill his two,
Without the help of France or Spain;
The Whigs should run a tilt,
And their damn'd blood be spilt,
And the king should enjoy his own again.

SONG XXX.

The King shall enjoy his own.

For the Air, see p. 1.

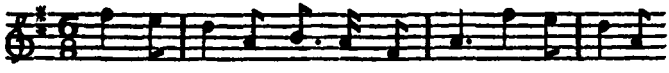
In a summer's day, when all was gay,
  The lads and lasses met
In a flowery mead, when each lovely maid
  Was by her true love set.
Dick took the glass, drank to his lass,
And Jamie's health around did pass.
Huzza, they cried; Huzza, they all replied,
  God bless our noble king.

"To the queen," quoth Will. "Drink it off," says Nell;
  "They say she's wondrous pretty."
"And the prince," says Hugh. "That's right," says Sue.
  "God send him home," says Katy;
"May the powers above this tribe remove,
"And send us back the man we love."
        Huzza, they cried, &c.

The liquor spent, they to dancing went;
  Each youngster took his mate:
Ralph bow'd to Moll, and Hodge to Doll;
  Hal took out black-eyed Kate.
"Name your dance," quoth John. "Bid him," says Anne,
"Play, The king shall enjoy his own again."
        Huzza, they cried, &c.

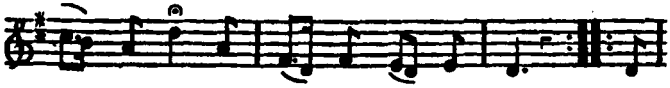
SONG XXXI.

Here's a Health to them that's away.

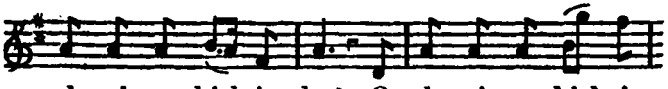


HERE's a health to them that's a-way, Here's a health to

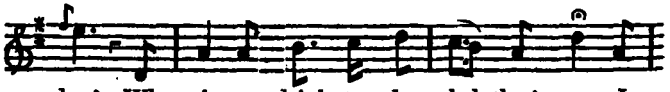
them that's a--way, Here's a health to him that was



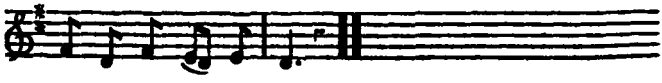
here yestreen, But durst-na bide till day. O



wha win-na drink it dry? O wha win-na drink it



dry? Wha win-na drink to the lad that's gane, Is

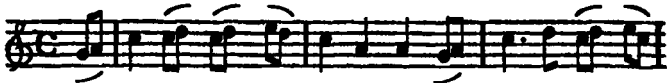


nane o' our com-pa-ny.

Let him be swung on a tree,
Let him be swung on a tree;
Wha winna drink to the lad that's gane,
Can ne'er be the man for me.
It's good to be merry and wise,
It's good to be honest and true,
It's good to be aff wi' the auld king,
Afore we be on wi' the new.

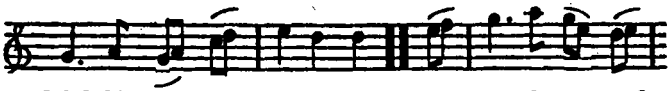
SONG XXXII.

Over the Seas and far awa.

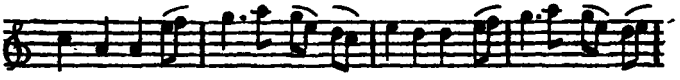


Come, all fast friends, let's jointly pray, And pledge our vows on

this great day; And of no man we'll stand in awe, But



drink his health that's far a--wa. He's o'er the seas and



far a-wa, He's o'er the seas and far a-wa; Yet of no man we'll

stand in awe, But drink his health that's far a-wa.

Though he was banish'd from his throne
By parasites who now are gone
To view the shades which are below,
We'll drink his health that's far awa.
He's o'er the seas, &c.

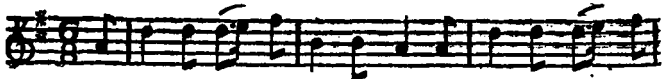
Ye Presbyterians, where ye lie,
Go home and keep your sheep and kye;
For it were fitting for you a'
To drink his health that's far awa.
He's o'er the seas, &c.

But I hope he shortly will be home,
And in good time will mount the throne;
And then we'll curse and ban the law
That keepit our king sae lang awa.
He's o'er the seas, &c.

Disloyal Whigs, despatch, and go
To visit Noll and Will below:
'Tis fit you at their coal should blaw,
Whilst we drink their health that's far awa.
He's o'er the seas, &c.

SONG XXXIII.

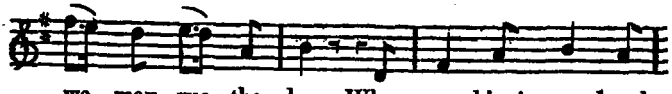
I hae nae Kith, I hae nae Kin.



I HAE nae kith, I hae nae kin, Nor ane that's dear to

me, For the bonny lad that I lo'e best, He's far ayont the

sea. He's gane wi' ane that was our ain, And



we may rue the day, When our king's ae daugh-

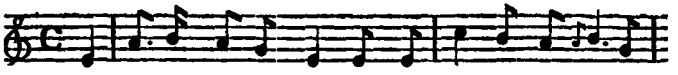
ter came here, To play sic foul play.

O gin I were a bonny bird,
  Wi' wings that I might flee,
Then I wad travel o'er the main,
  My ae true love to see:
Then I wad tell a joyfu' tale
  To ane that's dear to me,
And sit upon a king's window,
  And sing my melody.

The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,
  Aneath the corbie's wame,
And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood
  Shall blaw our good king hame.
Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,
  Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
O bring the lad that I lo'e best,
  And ane I darena name!

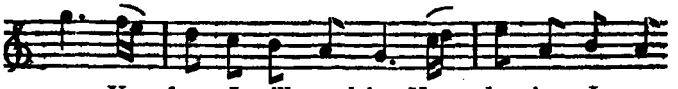
SONG XXXIV.

Ye Jacobites by Name.

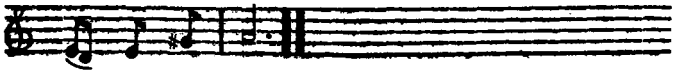


Ye Ja-cob-ites by name, give an ear, give an ear, Ye

Ja-cob-ites by name, give an ear; Ye Ja-cob-ites by



name, Your fautes I will proclaim, Your doctrines I maun



blame, You shall hear.

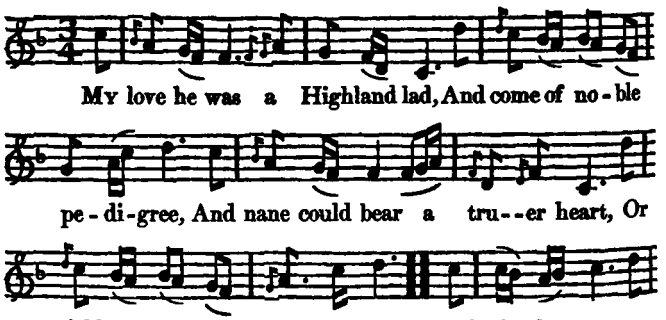
What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrang, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrang?
A short sword and a lang,
A weak arm and a strang,
For to draw.

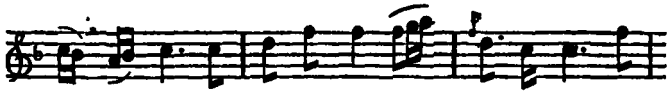
What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a parent's life
Wi' bloody war.

Then let your schemes alone in the state, in the state;
Then let your schemes alone in the state:
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate.

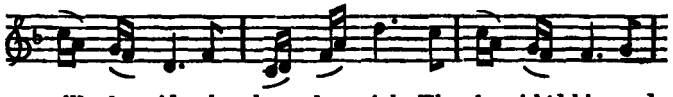
SONG XXXV.

My Love he was a Highland Lad.

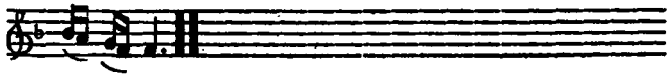




bon - ny lad, The bravest lad that e'er I saw! May



ill be - tide the heart-less wight That ba-nish'd him and



his awa.

But had our good king kept the field,
  When traitors tarrow'd at the law,
There hadna been this waefu' wark,
  The weariest time we ever saw.
My love he stood for his true king,
  Till standing it could do nae mair:
The day is lost, and sae are we;
  Nae wonder mony a heart is sair.

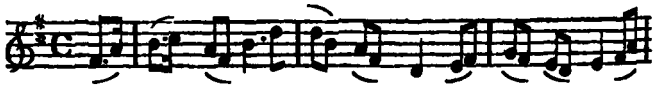
But I wad rather see him roam
  An outcast on a foreign strand,
And wi' his master beg his bread,
  Nae mair to see his native land,
Than bow a hair o' his brave head
  To base usurper's tyrannye;
Than cringe for mercy to a knave
  That ne'er was own'd by him nor me.

But there's a bud in fair Scotland,
  A bud weel kend in glamourye;
And in that bud there is a bloom,
  That yet shall flower o'er kingdoms three;

And in that bloom there is a brier,
Shall pierce the heart of tyrannye,
Or there is neither faith, nor truth,
Nor honour left in our countrye.

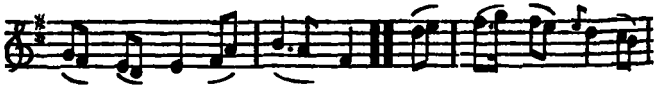
SONG XXXVI.

Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation.

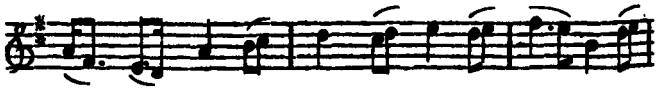


FAREWEEL to a' our Scottish fame, Fareweel our ancient

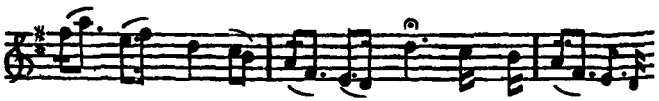
glo--ry, Fare-weel ev'n to the Scot-tish name, Sae



fam'd in mar-tial sto--ry. Now Sark rins o'er the



Sol--way sands, And Tweed rins to the o--cean, To



mark where England's province stands: Such a par-cel of

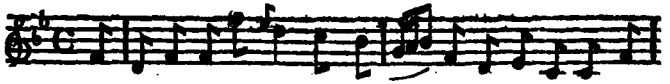
rogues in a na-tion!

What force or guile could not subdue,
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station,
But English gold has been our bane:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

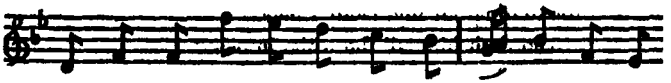
O would, or I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lain in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour
I'll make this declaration,
We're bought and sold for English gold:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

SONG XXXVII.

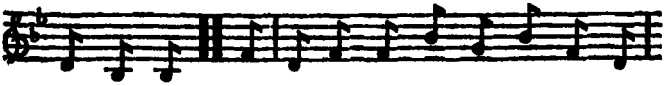
This is no my ain House.



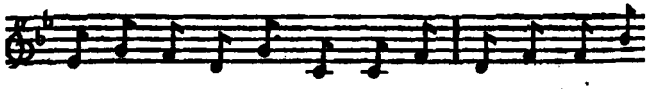
O THIS is no my ain house, I ken by the biggin o't; For



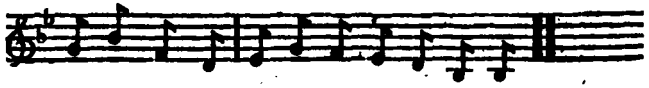
bow-kail thrave at my door cheek, And thristles on the



rig-gin o't. A carle came wi' lack o' grace, Wi'



un--co gear and un--co face; And sin' he claim'd my



daddy's place, I downa bide the triggin o't.

Wi' routh o' kin and routh o' reek,
My daddy's door it wadna steek;
But bread and cheese were his door-cheek,
And girdle-cakes the riggin o't.
O this is no my ain house, &c.

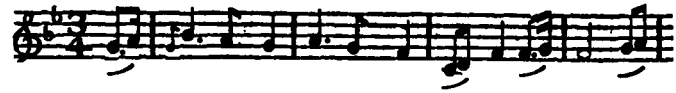
My daddy bag his housie weel,
By dint o' head and dint o' heel,
By dint o' arm and dint o' steel,
And muckle weary priggin o't.
O this is no my ain house, &c.

Then was it dink, or was it douce,
For ony cringing foreign goose
To claucht my daddy's wee bit house,
And spoil the hamely triggin o't?
O this is no my ain house, &c.

Say, was it foul, or was it fair,
To come a hunder mile and mair,
For to ding out my daddy's heir,
And dash him wi' the whiggin o't?
O this is no my ain house, &c.

SONG XXXVIII.

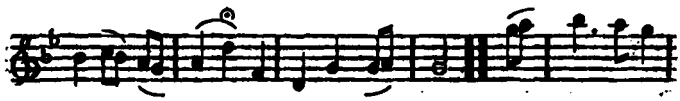
There'll never be Peace till Jamie comes hame.



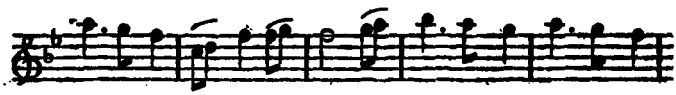
By yon cas-tle wa', at the close o' the day, I

heard a man sing, tho' his head it was gray; And

as he was sing-ing, the tears down came, There'll

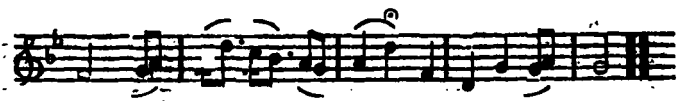


never be peace till Jamie comes hame. The church is in



ruins, the state is in jars, De-lu-sions, oppressions, and

murderous wars: We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to



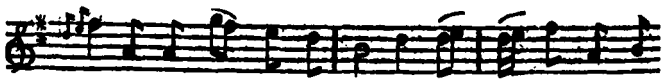
blame; There'll ne-ver be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame:
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

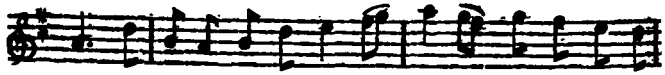
SONG XXXIX.

The Awkward Squad.

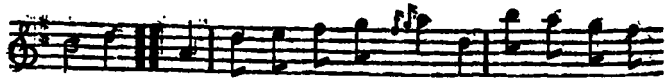
SHAME fa' my een, If e'er I have seen Such a



par-cel of rogues in a nation! The Campbell and the

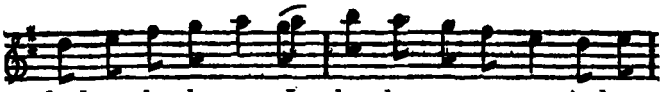


Graham Are e-qual-ly to blame, Seduc'd by strong in-fa-tu-

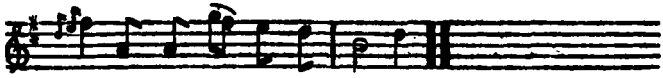


ation. The Squadronie and Whig Are uppish and look

big, And mean for to rule at their pleasure; To



lead us by the nose Is what they now propose, And en-



hance to themselves all our treasure.

The Dalrymples come in play,
Though they sold us all away,
And basely betrayed this poor nation;
On justice lay no stress,
For our country they oppress,
Having no sort of commiseration.
No nation ever had
A set of men so bad,
That feed on its vitals like vultures:
Bargeny, and Glenco,
And the Union, do show
To their country and crown they are traitors.

Lord Annandale must rule,
Though at best a very tool,
Hath deceiv'd every man that did trust him;
To promise he'll not stick,
To break will be as quick;
Give him money, you cannot disgust him.
It happen'd on a day,
"Us cavaliers," he'd say,
And drink all their healths in a brimmer;
But now he's chang'd his note,
And again has turn'd his coat,
And acted the part of a limmer.

Little Rothes now may huff,
And all the ladies cuff;
Coully Black must resolve to knock under;

Belhaven hath of late
Found his father was a cheat,
And his speech on the Union a blunder;
Haddington, that saint,
May roar, blaspheme, and rant,
He's a prop to the kirk in his station;
And Ormiston may hang
The Tories all, and bang
Every man that's against reformation.

Can any find a flaw
To Sir James Stuart's skill in law,
Or doubt of his deep penetration?
His charming eloquence
Is as obvious as his sense;
His knowledge comes by generation.
Though there's some pretend to say
He is but a lump of clay,
Yet these are malignants and Tories,
Who to tell us are not shy,
That he's much inclin'd to lie,
And famous for coining of stories.

Mr Cockburn, with fresh airs,
Most gloriously appears,
Directing his poor fellow-creatures;
And who would not admire
A youth of so much fire,
So much sense, and such beautiful features?
Lord Pollworth need not grudge
The confinement of a judge,
But give way to his lusts and his passion,
Burn his linens every day,
And his creditors ne'er pay,
And practise all the vices in fashion.

Mr Bailey's surly sense,
And Roxburgh's eloquence,
Must find out a design'd assassination;
If their plots are not well laid,
Mr Johnstoun will them aid,
He's expert in that nice occupation.
Though David Bailey's dead,
Honest Kersland's in his stead;
His Grace can make use of such creatures;
Can teach them how to steer,
'Gainst whom and where to swear,
And prove those he hates to be traitors.

Lord Sutherland may roar,
And drink as heretofore,
For he's the bravo of the party;
Was ready to command
Jeanie Man's trusty band,
In concert with the traitor M'Kertney.
Had not Loudon got a flaw,
And been lying on the straw,
He'd been of great use in his station:
Though he's much decay'd in grace,
His son succeeds his place,
A youth of great application.

In naming of this set,
We by no means must forget
That man of renown, Captain Monro;
Though he looks indeed asquint,
His head's as hard as flint,
And he well may be reckon'd a hero.
Zealous Harry Cunninghame
Hath acquir'd a lasting fame
By the service he's done to the godly:

A regiment of horse
Hath been given away much worse
Than to him who did serve them so boldly.

The Lord Ross's daily food
Was on martyrs' flesh and blood,
And he did disturb much devotion:
Although he did design
To o'erturn King Willie's reign,
Yet he must not want due promotion.
Like a saint sincere and true,
He discover'd all he knew,
And for more there was then no occasion.
Since he made this godly turn,
His breast with zeal doth burn
For the king and a pure reformation.

The Lady Lauderdale,
And Forfar's mighty zeal,
Brought their sons very soon into favour:
With grace they did abound,
The sweet of which they found,
When they for their offspring did labour.
There's Tweeddale and his club,
Who have given many a rub
To their honour, their prince, and this nation;
Next to that heavy drone,
Poor silly Skipness John,
Have establish'd the best reputation.

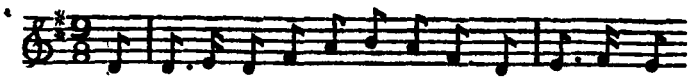
In making of this list,
Lord Ilay should be first,
A man most upright in spirit;
He's sincere in all he says,
A double part ne'er plays,
His word he'll not break, you may swear it.

Drummond, Warrender, and Smith,
Have serv'd with all their pith,
And claim some small consideration.
Give Hyndford his dragoons,
He'll chastise the Tory loons,
And reform ev'ry part of the nation.

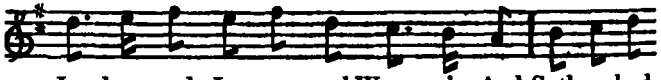
Did ever any prince
His favours thus dispense
On men of no merit nor candour?
Would any king confide
In men that so deride
All notions of conscience and honour?
Hath any been untold,
How these our country sold,
And would sell it again for more treasure?
Yet, alas! these very men
Are in favour now again,
And do rule us and ride us at pleasure.

SONG XL.

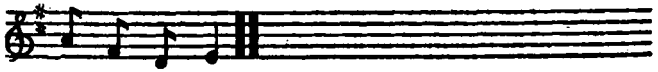
The Union.



Mar, sir, And Mor--ton comes in, by the bye; There's



Loudon, and Le-ven, and Weems, sir, And Suth-er-land,



fre-quent-ly dry.

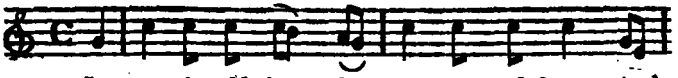
There's Roseberry, Glasgow, and Duplin,
  And Lord Archibald Campbell, and Ross;
The president, Francis Montgomery,
  Wha ambles like ony paced horse.
There's Johnstoun, Dan Campbell, and Ross, lad,
  Whom the court hath had still on their hench;
There's solid Pitmedden and Forgland,
  Wha design'd jumping on to the bench.

There's Ormistoun and Tillicoultrie,
  And Smollett for the town of Dumbarton;
There's Arniston, too, and Carnwathie,
  Put in by his uncle, L. Wharton;
There's Grant, and young Pennicook, sir,
  Hugh Montgomery, and Davy Dalrymple;
There's one who will surely bear bouk, sir,
  Prestongrange, who indeed is not simple.

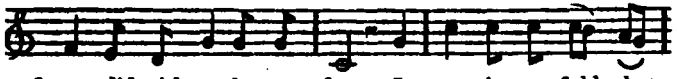
Now the Lord bless the jimp one-and-thirty,
  If they prove not traitors in fact,
But see that their bride be well drest, sir,
  Or the devil take all the pack.
May the devil take all the hale pack, sir,
  Away on his back with a bang;
Then well may our new-buskit bridie
  For her own first wooer think lang.

SONG XLI.

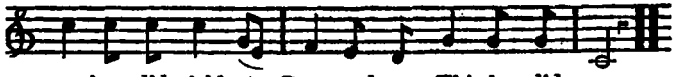
The Thistle and Rose.



It was in old times, when trees compos'd rhymes, And

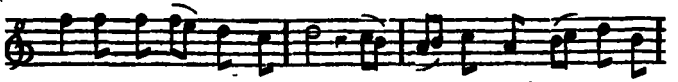


flowers did with e - le - gy flow; It was in a field, that

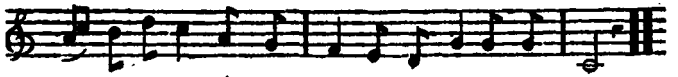


various did yield, A Rose and a Thistle did grow.

In a sun-shi-ny day, the Rose chanc'd to say, "Friend



Thistle, I'll be with you plain; And if you would be but u-



nited to me, You would ne'er be a Thistle a - - gain."

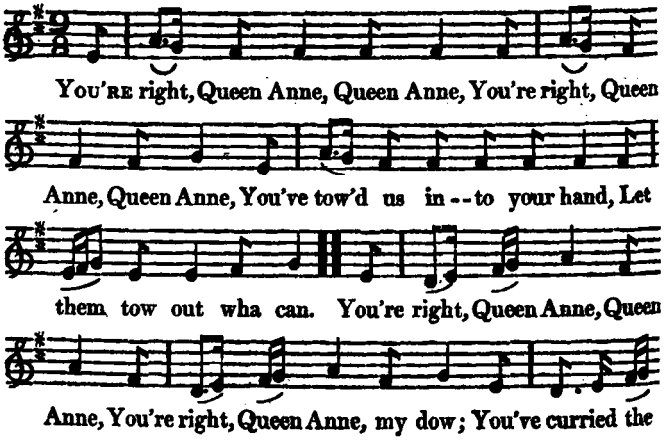
Says the Thistle, " My spears shield mortals from fears,
" Whilst thou dost unguarded remain;
" And I do suppose, though I were a Rose,
" I'd wish to turn Thistle again."
" O my friend," says the Rose, " you falsely suppose;
" Bear witness, ye flowers of the plain!
" You would take so much pleasure in beauty's vast treasure,
" You would ne'er be a Thistle again."

The Thistle at length, preferring the Rose
  To all the gay flowers of the plain,
Throws off all her points, herself she anoints,
  And now are united the twain.
But one cold stormy day, while helpless she lay,
  Nor longer could sorrow refrain,
She fetch'd a deep groan, with many Ohon!
  "O were I a Thistle again!

"For then I did stand on yon heath-cover'd land,
  "Admir'd by each nymph and each swain;
"And free as the air I flourished there,
  "The terror and pride of the plain.
"But now I'm the mock of Flora's fair flock,
  "Nor dare I presume to complain;
"Then remember that I do ruefully cry,
  "O were I a Thistle again!"

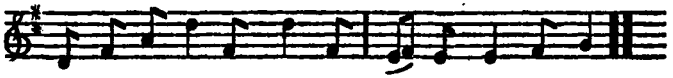
SONG XLII.

Queen Anne; or, the Auld Gray Mare.



auld mare's hide, She'll funk nae mair at you. I'll

tell you a tale, Queen Anne, A tale of truth ye'se hear; It



is of a wise auld man, That had a good gray mare.

He'd twa mares on the hill,
  And ane into the sta',
But this auld thrawart jade,
  She was the best of a'.
This auld mare's head was stiff,
  But nane sae weel could pu';
Yet she had a will o' her ain,
  Was unco ill to bow.
Whene'er he touch'd her flank,
  Then she begoud to glowr;
And she'd pu' up her foot,
  And ding the auld man owre.

And when he graith'd the yaud,
  Or curried her hide fu' clean,
Then she wad fidge and wince,
  And shaw twa glancing een.
Whene'er her tail play'd whisk,
  Or when her look grew skeigh,
It's then the wise auld man
  Was blythe to stand abiegh.
"The deil tak that auld brute,"
  Quo' he, "and me to boot,
"But I sall hae amends,
  "Though I should dearly rue't."

He hired a farrier stout,
  Frae out the west countrye,
A crafty selfish loon,
  That lo'ed the white moneye:
That lo'ed the white moneye,
  The white but and the red;
And he has ta'en an aith
  That he wad do the deed.
And he brought a' his smiths,
  I wat he paid them weel,
And they hae seis'd the yaud,
  And tied her head and heel.

They tow'd her to a bank,
  On pulleys gart her swing,
Until the good auld yaud
  Could nouther funk nor fling.
Ane rippit her wi' a spur,
  Ane daudit her wi' a flail,
Ane proddit her in the lisk,
  Anither aneath the tail.
The auld wise man he leugh,
  And wow but he was fain!
And bade them prod eneugh,
  And skelp her owre again.

The mare was hard bested,
  And graned and rousted sair;
And aye her tail play'd whisk,
  When she dought do nae mair.
And aye they bor'd her ribs,
  And ga'e her the tither switch:
"We'll learn ye to be douce,
  "Ye auld wansonsy b——h."
The mare right piteous stood,
  And bore it patiently;
She deem'd it a' for good,
  Some good she couldna see.

But desperation's force
  Will drive a wise man mad;
And desperation's force
  Has rous'd the good auld yaud.
And whan ane desperate grows,
  I tell ye true, Queen Anne,
Nane kens what they will do,
  Be it a beast or man.
And first she shook her lugs,
  And then she ga'e a snore,
And then she ga'e a reirde,
  Made a' the smiths to glowr.

The auld wise man grew baugh,
  And turn'd to shank away:
"If that auld deil get loose,"
  Quo' he, "we'll rue the day."
The thought was hardly thought,
  The word was hardly sped,
When down came a' the house,
  Aboon the auld man's head:
For the yaud she made a broost,
  Wi' ten yauds' strength and mair,
Made a' the kipples to crash,
  And a' the smiths to rair.

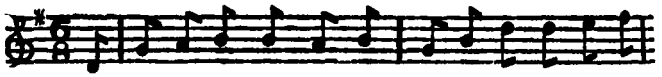
The smiths were smoor'd ilk ane,
  The wise auld man was slain;
The last word e'er he said,
  Was, wi' a waefu' mane,
"O wae be to the yaud,
  "And a' her hale countrye!
"I wish I had letten her rin,
  "As wild as wild could be."
The yaud she 'scap'd away
  Frae 'mang the deadly stoure,

And chap'd away hame to him
That aught her ance afore.

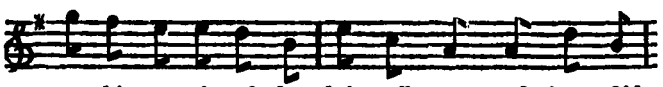
Take heed, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
Take heed, Queen Anne, my dow;
The auld gray mare's oursel',
The wise auld man is you.

SONG XLIII.

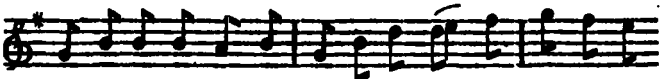
Bishop Burnet's Descent into Hell.



THE devils were brawling at Burnet's descending, But

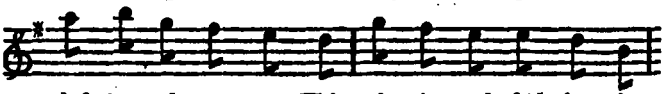


at his ar-ri-val they left off con-tend-ing; Old

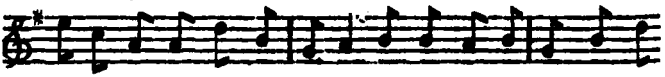


Lu-ci-fer ran, his dear bishop to meet, And thus the arch-

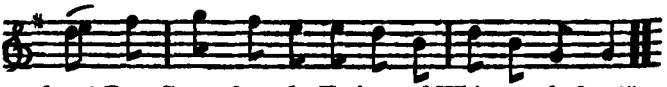
de-vil th' apostate did greet: "My dear Bishop Burnet, I'm



glad beyond measure; This vi--sit, unlook'd for, gives



in-fi-nite pleasure: And O, my dear Sarum, how go things a-



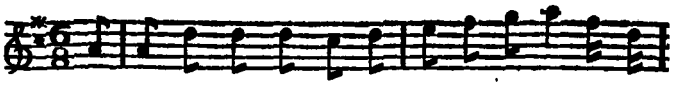
bove? Does George hate the Tories, and Whigs on-ly love?"

"Was your highness *in propria persona* to reign,
"You could not more justly your empire maintain."
"And how does Ben Hoadley?" "Oh! he's very well:
"A truer blue Whig you have not in hell.
"Hugh Peters is making a sneaker within,
"For Luther, Buchanan, John Knox, and Calvin;
"And when they have toss'd off a brace of full bowls,
"You'll swear you ne'er met with honester souls."

"This night we'll carouse, in spite of all pain:
"Go, Cromwell, you dog, King William unchain,
"And tell him, his Gilly is lately come down,
"Who has just left his mitre as he left his crown.
"Whose lives, till they died, in our service were spent;
"They only come hither who never repent.
"Let heralds aloud then our victories tell;
"Let George reign for ever!" "Amen!" cried all hell.

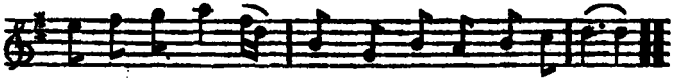
SONG XLIV.

A wicked old Peer.

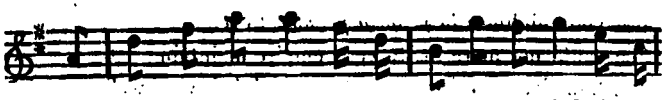


A WICKED old peer, and a bish-op, I hear, About

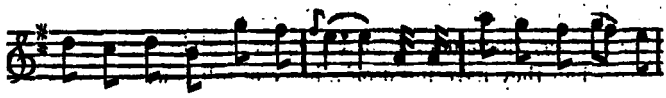
go-ing to hell made a rout: They both had observ'd it was



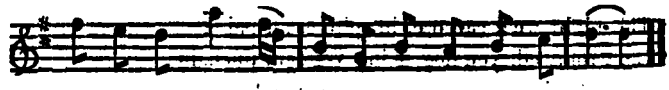
what they deserv'd, But which should go first was the doubt.



This swore, and that lied; both hy--po-cri-sy tried: It was



hard to say which was the worst. Give the de-vil his due, two



worse he ne'er knew; How-e-ver, the bish-op went first.

Affronted in hell, and what I cannot tell,
  He sat musing, ne'er open'd his mouth,
Until the bright marquis, who now in the dark is,
  As usual, began with an oath.
" Damn you, Old Nick, we'll shew you a trick!
  " We monarchy always have hated:
" We both will disown your right to the crown,
  " And swear that you have abdicated."

" Right, Marquis of Wharton, 'tis what I just thought on;
  " His title neither you nor I know:
" It would be a fine thing if he's made a king;
  " I'm sure it's not *jure divino.*"
But straightway the devil, grown wondrous civil
  At the saying of each hopeful imp,
Cried, " Hold up your faces, you both shall have places;
  " Sarum's porter, and Wharton's my pimp."

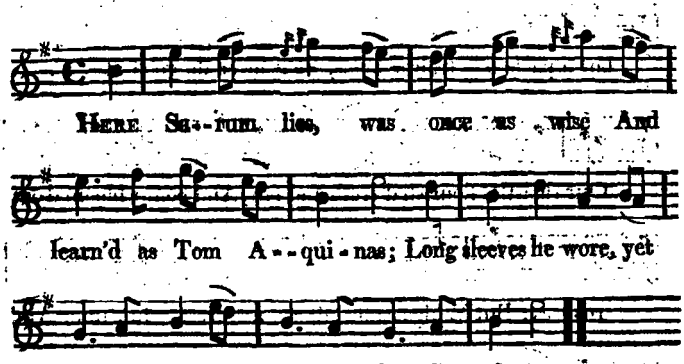
Then they bow'd, and went on, and whisper'd the throng,
  " Now we're in, of the same we'll make use;
" We'll maul the old whelp, if you'll lend us your help:
  " Who knows but all hell may break loose?"

But Wharton did say, "If we can't get away,
"For one thing we give you our words;
"Here will be, by-and-by, with Sarum and I,
"Two-thirds of the bishops and lords.

"With these helps we hope, spite of devil and pope,
"If the honest damn'd would but come over,
"My friend's zeal and mine for the Protestant line
"Might bring in the house of Hanover.
"For where they reign now, you all must allow,
"Though back'd by this true Christian juror,
"Their right to the throne is not half so well pro'en;
"But, once here, my friends *hoc securior*."

SONG XLV.

Sarum's Dirge.



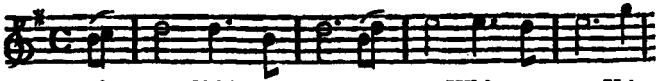
Oaths *pro* and *con.* he swallow'd down,
And gold like any layman;
Wrote, preach'd, and pray'd, and yet betray'd
God's holy church for Mammon.

Of every vice he had a spice,
  Although a reverend prelate:
He liv'd and died, if not belied,
  A true dissenting zealot.

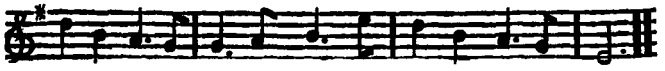
If such a soul to heaven has stole,
  And slipt old Satan's clutches,
You'll then presume there may be room
  For Marlborough and his duchess.

SONG XLVI.

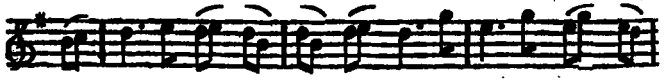
Awa, Whigs, awa.



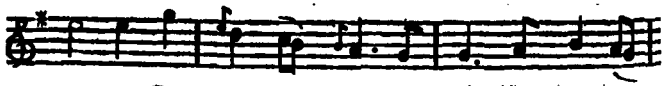
A--wa, Whigs, a--wa, a--wa, Whigs, a--wa, Ye're



but a pack o' traitor loons, Ye'll ne'er do good at a'.



Our thristles flourish'd fresh and fair, And bonny bloom'd our



ro--ses; But Whigs came like a frost in June, And

wither'd a' our posies.

Our sad decay in kirk and state
  Surpasses my descriving;

The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
And we hae done wi' thriving.
Awa, Whigs, awa, &c.

A foreign whiggish loon brought seeds,
In Scottish yird to cover;
But we'll pu' a' his dibbled leeks,
And pack him to Hanover.
Awa, Whigs, awa, &c.

Our ancient crown's fa'n i' the dust,
Deil blind them wi' the stour o't,
And write their names i' his black beuk,
Wha ga'e the Whigs the power o't!
Awa, Whigs, awa, &c.

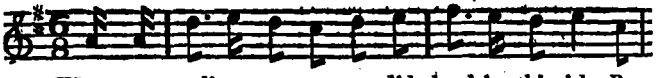
Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken:
Gude help the day, when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin.
Awa, Whigs, awa, &c.

The deil he heard the stour o' tongues,
And ramping came amang us;
But he pitied us sae wi' cursed Whigs,
He turn'd, and wadna wrang us.
Awa, Whigs, awa, &c.

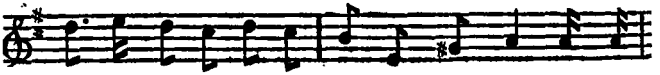
Sae grim he sat amang the reek,
Thrang bundling brunstane matches,
And croon'd, 'mang the beuk-taking Whigs,
Scraps of auld Calvin's catches.
Awa, Whigs, awa,
Awa, Whigs, awa,
Ye'll rin me out o' wun spunks,
And ne'er do good at a'.

SONG XLVII.

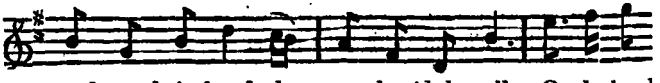
The Broad Swords of Scotland.



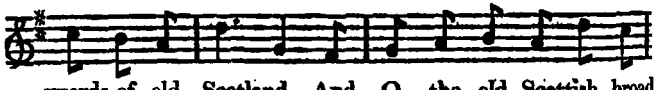
WHEN our valiant an-ces-tors did land in this isle, Brave



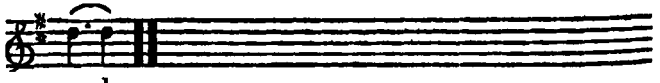
Fer-gus commanded, and vict'ry did smile; With their



broad swords in hand they soon clear'd the soil. O, the broad



swords of old Scotland, And O, the old Scottish broad



swords.

The Romans, the Picts, and the old Britons too,
Us, by fraud and by guile, did attempt to subdue;
But their schemes prov'd abortive, while we prov'd true.
O, the broad swords, &c.

Though some factious nobles, to serve their own end,
Would join with the English, themselves to befriend,
And we lost at first, yet they did in the end.
O, the broad swords, &c.

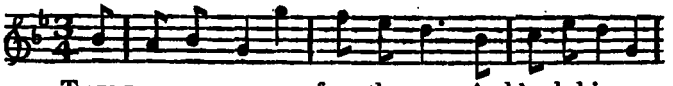
Remember brave Wallace, who boldly did play;
Bruce, at Bannockburn, that glorious day:
The flowers of old England our heroes did slay.
O, the broad swords, &c.

See Edward, their king, take his heels in a fright,
Nor e'er look behind, but in Berwick alight;
In an old fishing-boat he bade Scotland good-night.
O, the broad swords, &c.

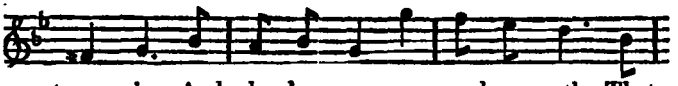
Our Scottish ancestors were valiant and bold,
In learning ne'er beat, nor in battle control'd;
But now—shall I name it?—alas! we're all sold.
O, the broad swords, &c.

SONG XLVIII.

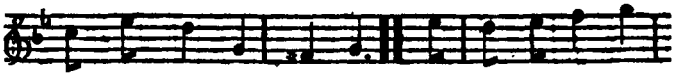
There was a Man came from the Moon.



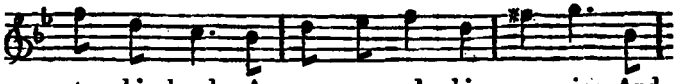
THERE was a man came from the moon, And landed in our



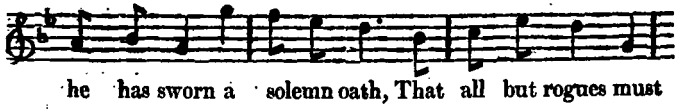
town, sir; And he has sworn a so-lemn oath, That



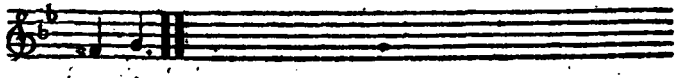
all but knaves must down, sir. He had an ax in-



to his hand, A rope around his crap, sir; And



he has sworn a solemn oath, That all but rogues must



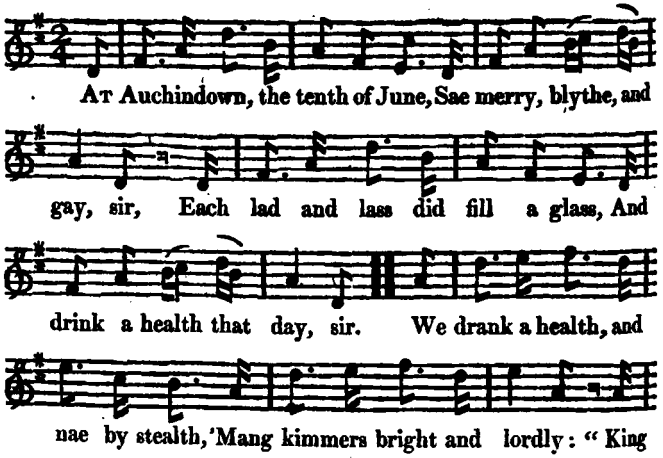
strap, sir.

And first he brought a dozen'd drone,
  And rais'd him up on high, sir,
Who knew not what was right or wrong,
  And neither buff nor sty, sir.
And then he took a maudlin wight,
  A horse-couper by name, sir,
And after him two shallow knights,
  To help to play the game, sir;

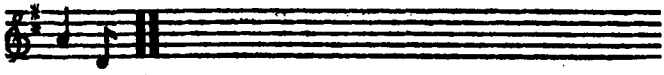
A duke that daddled long in blood,
  A dog without the nose, sir,
And four braw Norland pipers' sons,
  From traitor race that rose, sir.
And when this dog's game will be done,
  There is no one can tell, sir;
Or whether this man came from the moon,
  Or if he came from hell, sir.

SONG XLIX.

At Auchindown.



James the Eighth! for him we'll fight, And down wi' cuckold



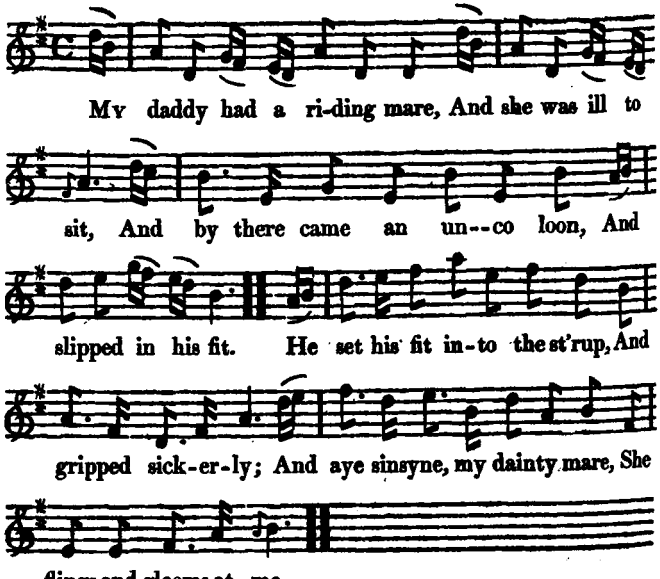
Geordie!"

We took a spring, and danc'd a fling,
And wow but we were vogie!
We didna fear, though we lay near
The Campbells, in Stra'bogie;
Nor yet the loons, the black dragoons,
At Fochabers a-raising:
If they durst come, we'd pack them home,
And send them to their grazing.

We fear'd no harm, and no alarm,
No word was spoke of dangers;
We join'd the dance, and kiss'd the lance,
And swore us foes to strangers,
To ilka name that dar'd disclaim
Our Jamie and his Charlie.
"King James the Eighth! for him we'll fight,
"And down the cuckold carlie!"

SONG L.

The Riding Mare.



This thief he fell and brain'd himsel,
  And up gat couthy Anne;
She gripp'd the mare, the riding gear
  And halter in her hand:
And on she rade, and fast she rade,
  O'er necks o' nations three;
Fient that she ride the aiver stiff,
  Sin' she has geck'd at me!

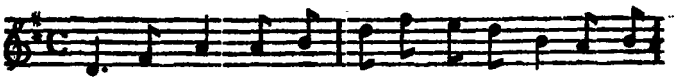
The Whigs they ga'e my auntie draps
  That hasten'd her away,

And then they took a cursed oath,
  And drank it up like whey:
Then they sent for a bastard race,
  Whilk I may sairly rue,
And for a horse they've got an ass,
  And on it set a sow.

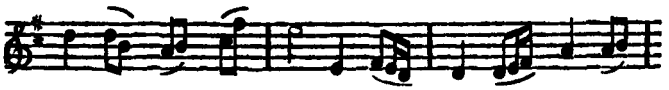
Then hey the ass, the dainty ass,
  That cocks aboon them a'!
And hey the sow, the dainty sow,
  That soon will get a fa'!
The graith was ne'er in order yet,
  The bridle wasna worth a doit;
And mony ane will get a bite,
  Or cuddy gangs awa.

SONG LI.

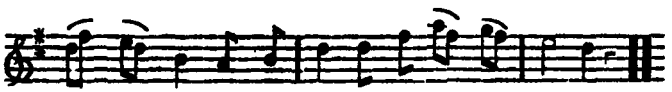
The wee wee German Lairdie.



WHA the deil hae we got-ten for a king, But a

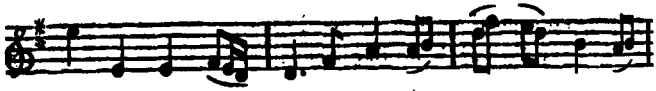


wee wee Ger-man lair-die? And when we gade to

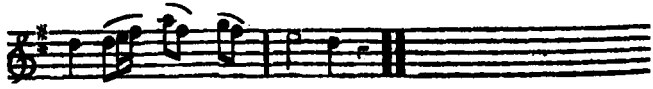


bring him hame, He was delving in his kail-yardie;

Sheughing kail, and lay-ing leeks, With-out the hose, and



but the breeks; And up his beg-gar duds he cleeks, The



wee wee German lairdie.

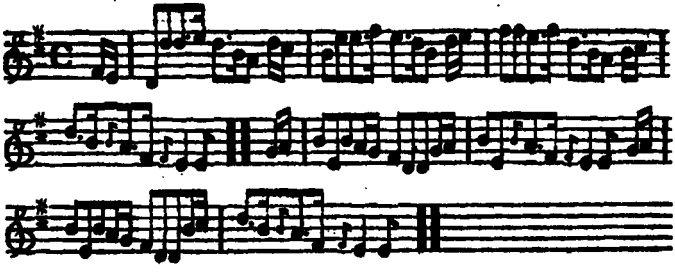
And he's clappit down in our gudeman's chair,
The wee wee German lairdie,
And he's brought fouth o' foreign trash,
And dibbled them in his yardie.
He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
And broken the harp o' Irish clowns,
But our Scots thristle will jag his thumbs,
The wee wee German lairdie.

Come up amang our Highland hills,
Thou wee wee German lairdie,
And see how the Stuarts' lang-kail thrive,
They dibbled in our yardie:
And if a stock ye dare to pu',
Or haud the yoking o' a plough,
We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',
Thou wee bit German lairdie!

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
Nae fitting for a yardie;
And our norland thristles winna pu',
For a wee bit German lairdie;
And we've the trenching blades o' weir,
Wad glib ye o' your German gear,
And pass ye 'neath the claymore's sheer,
Thou feckless German lairdie!

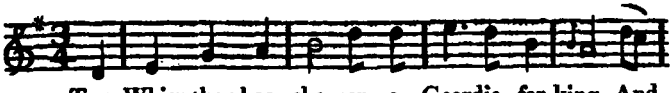
Auld Scotland, thou'rt o'er cauld a hole
For nursing siccan vermin;
But the very dogs o' England's court,
They bark and howl in German.
Then keep thy dibble i' thy ain hand,
Thy spade but and thy yardie;
For wha the deil now claims your land,
But a wee wee German lairdie?

THE OLD SET.

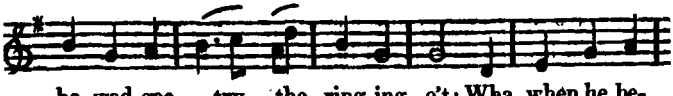


SONG LII.

The Ringing o't.

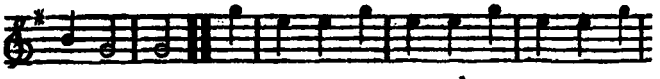


THE Whigs they hae cho-sen a Geordie for king, And

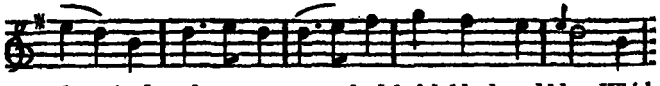


he wad gae try the ring-ing o't; Wha, when he be-

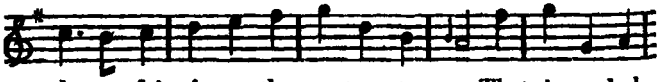
gan, made the best of us swing, And that was an ill be-



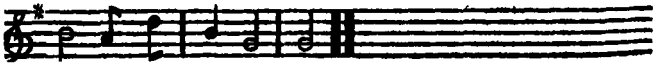
ginning o't. He headed, he hanged, he banish'd, he



slew, And made mo-ny ane look baith black and blue, Which



makes us fu' sair on the creature to rue, That e'er we had



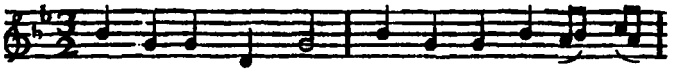
hand in the bringing o't.

We might hae weel kend he wad never do good,
  He was aye sae fond o' the knuckling o't;
At hame, in Hanover, he kill'd, in cold blood,
  A pretty young Swede, for the cuckling o't.
He's witless, he's worthless, he's cruel, he's proud,
He's aye the best pleas'd when he does the least good.
O wae worth the time that ever we should
  Hae had the tid o' the ringing o't!

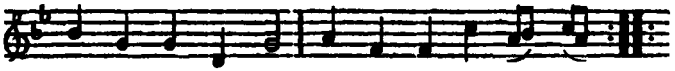
Since we've been sae mad as to choose sic a thing,
  It's time to be wise, and get ridding o't;
We'll send him a-packing, the silly bit king;
  Alack, for the weary striddling o't!
Let's clout him and kick him quite out o' the throne,
Wi' a' his base fry, to the dub that's his own,
And bring hame the lad that's our sov'reign alone:
  Then hey for a blink at the bleeding o't!

SONG LIII.

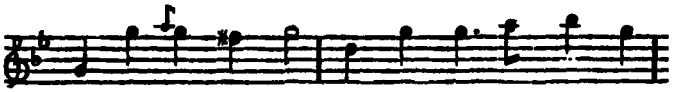
Came ye o'er frae France.



CAME ye o'er frae France? Came ye down by Lun-non?



Saw ye Geordie Whelps, And his bon-ny wo-man?



Were ye at the place Ca'd the Kit-tle Hou-sie?

Saw ye Geordie's grace Riding on a goosie?

Geordie he's a man,
  There is little doubt o't;
He's done a' he can,
  Wha can do without it?
Down there came a blade,
  Linkin like my lordie;
He wad drive a trade
  At the loom o' Geordie.

Though the claith were bad,
  Blythly may we niffer;
Gin we get a wab,
  It makes little differ.
We hae tint our plaid,
  Bannet, belt, and swordie,

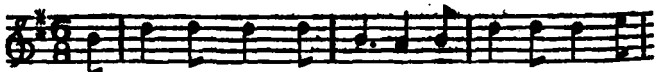
Ha's and mailins braid—
But we hae a Geordie!

Jocky's gane to France,
And Montgomery's lady;
There they'll learn to dance:
Madam, are ye ready?
They'll be back belyve,
Belted, brisk, and lordly;
Brawly may they thrive
To dance a jig wi' Geordie!

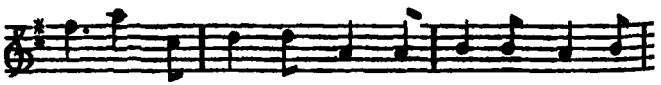
Hey for Sandy Don!
Hey for Cockolorum!
Hey for Bobbing John,
And his Highland quorum!
Mony a sword and lance
Swings at Highland hurdie;
How they'll skip and dance
O'er the bum o' Geordie!

SONG LIV.

Let our great James come over.

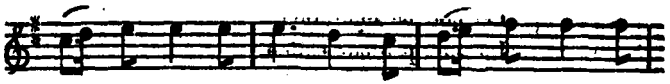


LET our great James come o--ver, And baffle Prince Ha-

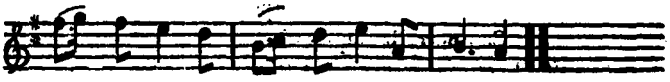


no-ver, With hearts and hands, in loy-al bands, We'll

welcome him at Dover. Of roy-al birth and breeding, In



ev'--ry grace ex-ceed-ing, Our hearts will mourn, till



his return, O'er lands that lie a-bleeding.

Let each man, in his station,
Fight bravely for the nation;
Then may our king long live and reign,
In spite of abjuration.
He only can relieve us
From every thing that grieves us:
Our church is rent, our treasure spent;
He only can reprieve us.

Too long he's been excluded,
Too long we've been deluded:
Let's with one voice sing and rejoice;
The peace is now concluded.
The Dutch are disappointed,
Their whiggish plots disjointed;
The sun displays his glorious rays,
To crown the Lord's anointed.

Away with Prince Hanover!
We'll have no Prince Hanover!
King James the Eighth has the true right,
And he is coming over.
Since royal James is coming,
Then let us all be moving,
With heart and hand at his command,
To set the Whigs a-running.

Let not the abjuration
Impose upon our nation,
Restrict our hands, whilst he commands,
Through false imagination:
For oaths which are imposed
Can never be supposed
To bind a man, say what they can,
When justice is opposed.

The parliament's gone over,
The parliament's gone over,
And all the Whigs run o'er the rigs,
To fetch home Prince Hanover.
And when that he comes over,
O what will ye discover,
When in a rope we'll hang him up,
And so farewell, Hanover.

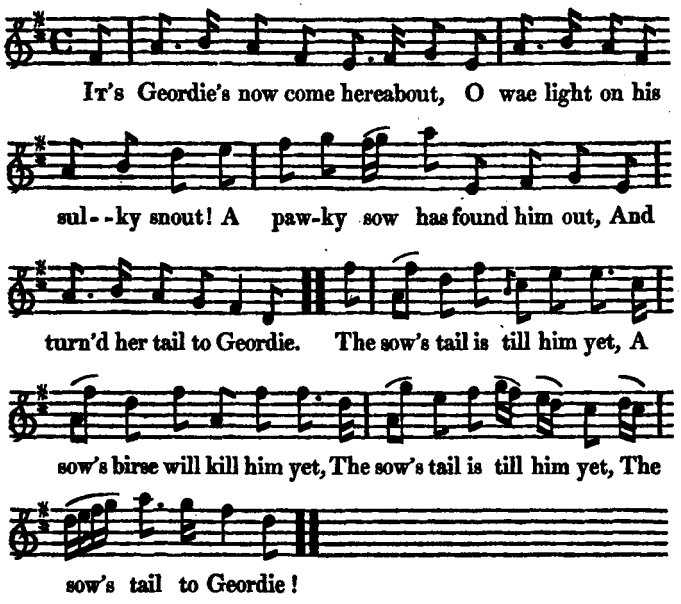
But whom will ye have over?
But whom will ye have over?
King James the Eighth, with all our might,
And land him in our border.
And when that he's come over,
O what will ye discover,
But Whigs in ropes high hanging up,
For siding with Hanover?

A Toast.

To the turners out of the turners out,
And a return to the turned out.
And they that will not drink it out,
It is agreed by all about,
That a mischief light upon their snout,
And they themselves shall be turned out.

SONG LV.

The Sow's Tail to Geordie.



It's Geordie he came up the town,
Wi' a bunch o' turnips on his crown;
"Aha!" quo' she, "I'll pull them down,
"And turn my tail to Geordie."
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

It's Geordie he gat up to dance,
And wi' the sow to take a prance,
And aye she gart her hurdies flaunce,
And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

It's Geordie he gaed out to hang,
The sow came round him wi' a bang:
"Aha!" quo' she, "there's something wrang;
"I'll turn my tail to Geordie."
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

The sow and Geordie set a race,
But Geordie fell and brake his face:
"Aha!" quo' she, "I've won the race,
"And turn'd my tail to Geordie."
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

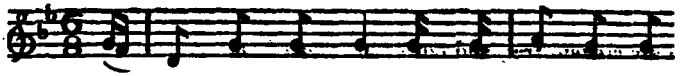
It's Geordie he sat down to dine,
And wha came in but Madam Swine?
"Grumph! Grumph!" quo' she, "I'm come in time;
"I'll sit and dine wi' Geordie."
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

It's Geordie he lay down to die;
The sow was there as weel as he:
"Umph! Umph!" quo' she, "he's no for me,"
And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

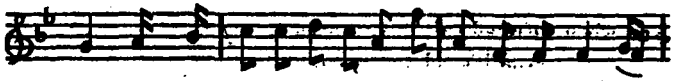
It's Geordie he gat up to pray,
She mumpit round and ran away:
"Uimph! Uimph!" quo' she, "he's done for aye."
And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

SONG LVI.

Plain Truth.

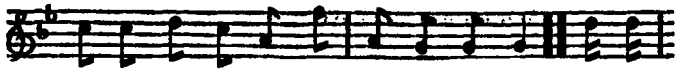


THE Whigs they may brag, but when all's said and

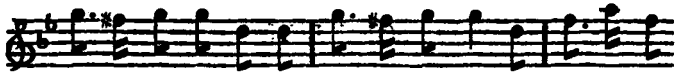


done, They're as blind as an owl in the face of the sun; Their

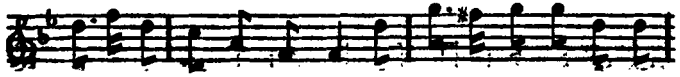
dan-dil-ly Dutch and their Austrians combine To sup-



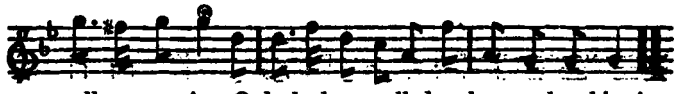
port a base king, of a Pro-test-ant line. And it's



fich away, fie away, well may we sing, It's fich away,



fie away, well may we sing, It's fich away, fie away,



well may we sing, O lackaday, welladay, hey, such a king!

In debt and in danger, and left in the lurch,
No spark of religion, though mad for the church;
While a merciless mob, that in ignorance grope,
Go straight to the devil for fear of the pope.
And it's fich away, &c.

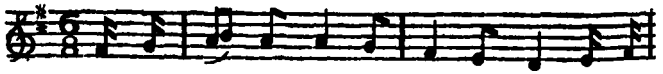
From their cursed tenets good witness they bring,
Their prince to deny, and to banish their king:
'Twixt their politics false and their principles foul,
They'll ruin their country, and damn their own soul.
And it's fich away, &c.

Our citizens fret, and our countrymen foam;
We're half kill'd abroad, and half murder'd at home.
By fatal experience, in time we'll grow wise,
And when we're all ruin'd we'll open our eyes.
And it's fich away, &c.

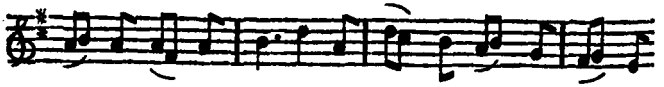
Religion has prov'd our disgrace and our fall;
We have either too much, or else none o't at all.
'Tis the cant and pretext of these politic fiends,
To save their own bacon, and plunder their friends.
And it's fich away, &c.

SONG LVII.

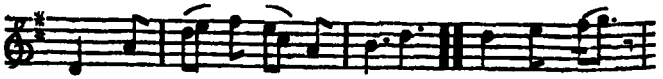
The Pilfering Brood.



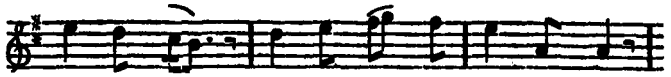
WHAT a cur-sed crew have we got now, From a

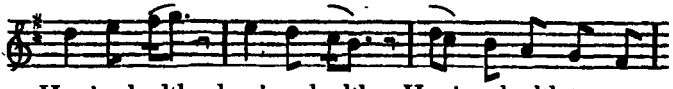


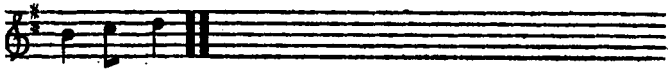
country call'd Ha-no-ver! A wretched race, the land's dis-



grace, Which we too late dis--co-ver. Drive them hence,







Had you seen their public entry,
When first they grac'd the city,
Each did appear in his best gear,
Like pilfering poor banditti.
Drive them hence, &c.

Now they have gotten all our gear,
And our estates are carving;
If they stay here another year,
We'll have no shift but starving.
Drive them hence, &c.

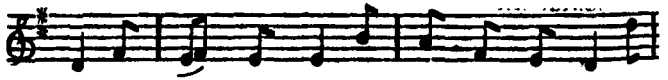
The only way relief to bring,
And save both church and steeple,
Is to bring in our lawful king,
The father of his people.
Let him come, let him come,
Quickly quickly let him come.
Here's his health, here's his health,
Here's his health and safe return.

Ne'er can another fill his place,
O'er rights divine and civil;
But for the horny cuckold's face,
Let's drive him to the devil.
Drive him hence, &c.

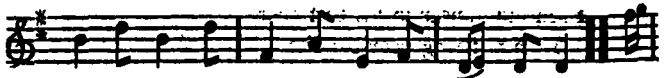
SONG LVIII.

Kirn-Milk Geordie.

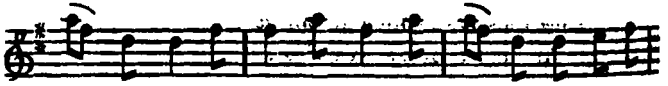
It's James and George they war twa lords, And they've coosten



out a - - bout the kirn; But Geordie he prov'd the



strangest loon, And he's gart Ja-mie stand a-hin'. And



hey now, Geordie, Geordie, Geordie, Ply the cut-ty as

lang as ye can; For Donald the piper will win the butter, And

nought but kirn-milk for ye than.

And aye he suppit, and aye he swat,
  And aye he ga'e the tither a girn,
And aye he fykit, and aye he grat,
  When Donald the piper ca'd round the kirn.
And up wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie,
  He is the king-thief o' them a';
He steal'd the key, and hautit the kirn,
  And siccan a feast he never saw.

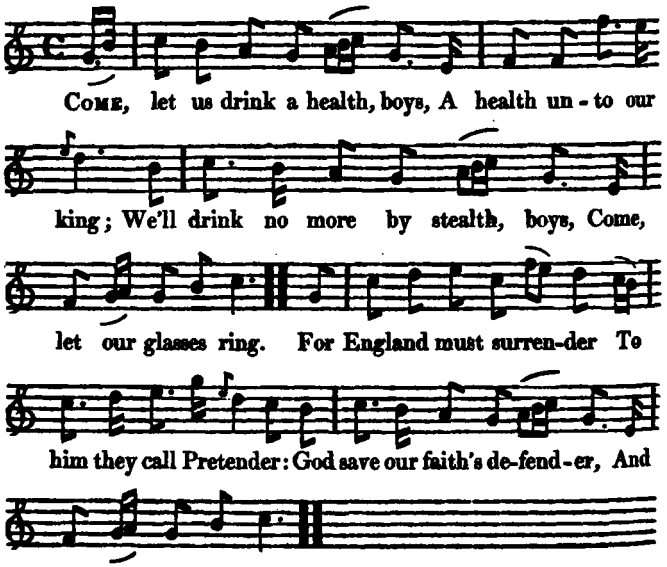
He kicked the butler, hanged the groom,
  And turn'd the true men out o' the ha';
And Jockie and Sawney were like to greet,
  To see their backs set at the wa'.
And up wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie,
  He has drucken the maltman's ale;
But he'll be nickit ahint the wicket,
  And tuggit ahint his gray mare's tail.

Young Jamie has rais'd the aumry cook,
  And Jockie has sworn by lippie and law,
Douce Sawney the herd has drawn the sword,
  And Donald the piper, the warst of a'.
And down wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie;
  He maun hame but stocking or shoe,
To nump his neeps, his sybows, and leeks,
  And a wee bit bacon to help the broo.

The cat has clomb to the eagle's nest,
  And suckit the eggs, and scar'd the dame;
The lordly lair is daubed wi' hair;
  But the thief maun strap, and the hawk come hame.
Then up wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie,
  Up wi' Geordie high in a tow:
At the last kick of a foreign foot,
  We'se a' be ranting roaring fou.

SONG LIX.

Come, let us drink a Health, Boys.



The royal youth deserveth
  To fill the sacred place;
'Tis he alone preserveth
  The Stuarts' ancient race.
Since 'tis our inclination
To call him to the nation,
Let each man, in his station,
  Receive his king in peace.

With heart and hand we'll join, boys,
  To set him on his throne;

We'll all combine as one, boys,
  Till this great work be done.
We'll pull down usurpation,
And, spite of abjuration,
And force of stubborn nation,
  Great James's title own.

We'll no more, by delusion,
  With Hogan Mogan join,
Nor will we, with profusion,
  Waste both our blood and coin:
But for our king we'll fight, then,
Who is our heart's delight, then;
Like Scots, in armour bright, then,
  We'll all cross o'er the Tyne.

Sophia's dead and gone, boys,
  Who thought to have been queen;
The like befall her son, boys,
  Who thinks o'er us to reign.
We'll root out usurpation
Entirely from the nation,
And cause the restoration
  Of James, our lawful king.

But let the Duke of Brunswick
  Sit still upon his bum;
He's but a perfect dunseke,
  If e'er he meant to come.
The rogues who brought him over,
They plainly may discover,
'Twere better for Hanover
  He'd stay'd and drunk his mum.

Ungrateful Prince Hanover,
  Go home now to thy own!

Thou act'st not like a brother
  To him who owns the crown.
There's thirty of that race, man,
Before that thou take place, man;
It was a great disgrace, man,
  Thy title yet to own.

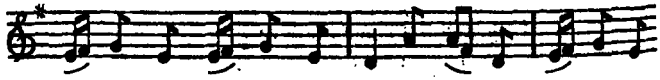
Let our brave loyal clans, then,
  Their ancient Stuart race
Restore with sword in hand, then,
  And all their foes displace.
All unions we'll o'erturn, boys,
Which caus'd our nation mourn, boys.
Like Bruce at Bannockburn, boys,
  The English home we'll chase.

Our king they do despise, boys,
  Because of Scottish blood;
But for all their oaths and lies, boys,
  His title still is good.
Ere Brunswick sceptre wield, boys,
We'll all die in the field, boys;
For we will never yield, boys,
  To serve a foreign brood.

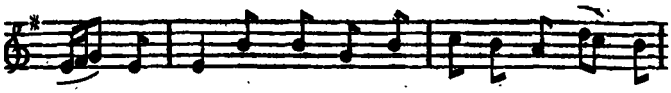
SONG LX.

Donald Macgillavry.

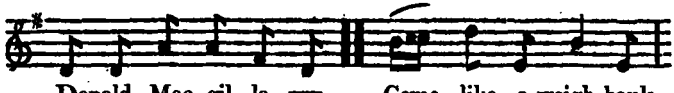
DONALD's gane up the hill hard and hun-gry;



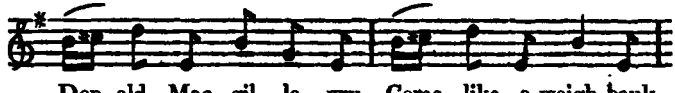
Donald comes down the hill wild and an-gry; Donald will



clear the gouk's nest cle - ver - ly. Here's to the king and

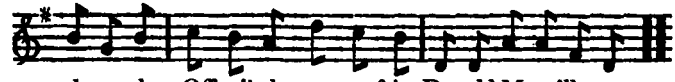


Donald Mac - gil - la - vry. Come like a weigh-bauk,



Don - ald Mac - gil - - la - - vry, Come like a weigh-bauk,

Donald Macgillavry; Balance them fair, and balance them



cle-ver-ly: Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald Macgillavry.

Donald's run o'er the hill but his tether, man,
As he were wud, or stang'd wi' an ether, man;
When he comes back, there's some will look merrily:
Here's to King James and Donald Macgillavry.
Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,
Pack on your back, and elwand sae cleverly;
Gie them full measure, my Donald Macgillavry.

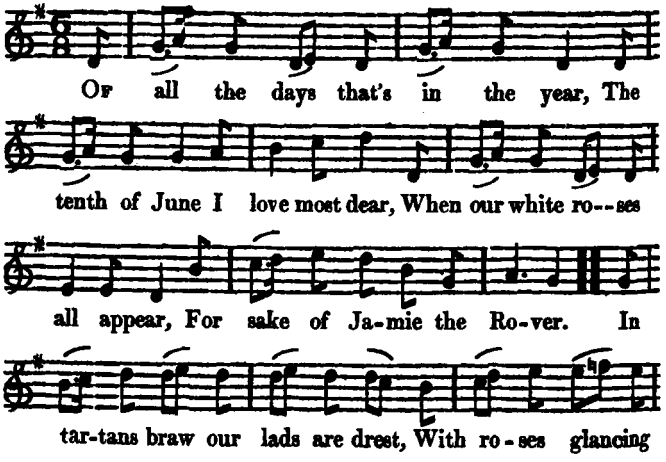
Donald has foughten wi' rief and roguery;
Donald has dinner'd wi' banes and beggary:
Better it were for Whigs and Whiggery
Meeting the devil than Donald Macgillavry.
Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry;
Push about, in and out, thimble them cleverly.
Here's to King James and Donald Macgillavry!

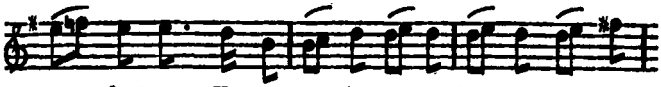
Donald's the callan that brooks nae tangleness;
Whigging, and prigging, and a' newfangleness,
They maun be gane: he winna be baukit, man;
He maun hae justice, or faith he'll tak it, man.
Come like a cobler, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a cobler, Donald Macgillavry;
Beat them, and bore them, and lingel them cleverly.
Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry!

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery;
Donald was blinded wi' blads o' property;
Arles ran high, but makings were naething, man:
Lord, how Donald is flyting and fretting, man!
Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry;
Skelp them and scaud them that prov'd sae unbritherly.
Up wi' King James and Donald Macgillavry!

SONG LXI.

Jamie the Rover.





on the breast; For amang them a' we love him best, Young

Jamie they call the Rover.

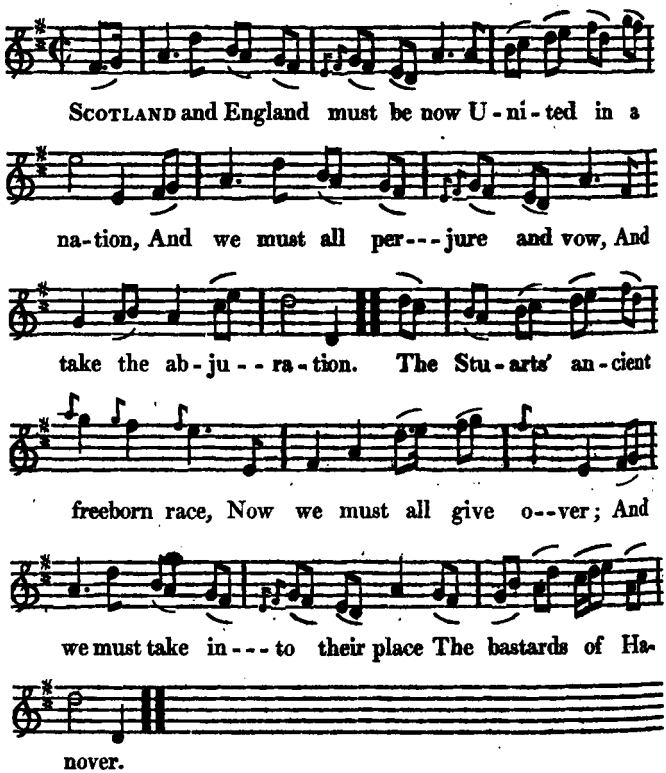
As I came in by Auchindown,
The drums did beat and trumpets sound,
And aye the burden o' the tune
  Was, "Up wi' Jamie the Rover!"
There's some wha say he's no the thing,
And some wha say he's no our king;
But to their teeth we'll rant and sing,
  "Success to Jamie the Rover!"

In London there's a huge black bull,
That would devour us at his will;
We'll twist his horns out of his skull,
  And drive the old rogue to Hanover.
And hey as he'll rout, and hey as he'll roar,
And hey as he'll gloom, as heretofore!
But we'll repay our auld black score,
  When we get Jamie the Rover.

O wae's my heart for Nature's change,
And ane abroad that's forc'd to range!
God bless the lad, where'er he remains,
  And send him safely over!
It's J. and S., I must confess,
Stands for his name that I do bless:
O may he soon his own possess,
  Young Jamie they call the Rover!

SONG LXII.

The Curses.



Curs'd be the Papists, who withdrew
  The king to their persuasion.
Curs'd be that covenanting crew,
  Who gave the first occasion.
Curs'd be the wretch who seiz'd the throne,
  And marr'd our constitution;

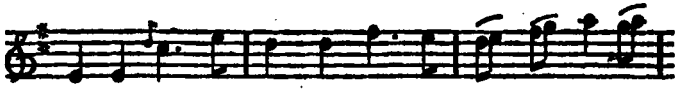
And curs'd be they who helped on
That wicked revolution.

Curs'd be those traiterous traitors who,
By their perfidious knavery,
Have brought our nation now into
An everlasting slavery.
Curs'd be the parliament, that day,
Who gave their confirmation;
And curs'd be every whining Whig,
And damn'd be the whole nation.

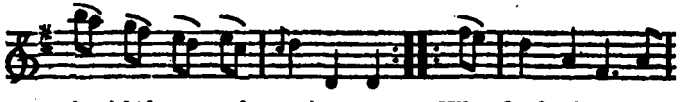
SONG LXIII.

Perfidious Britain.

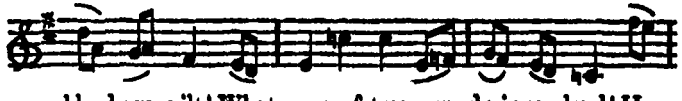
PERFIDIOUS Britain, plung'd in guilt, Rebellious sons of



loy-al race, How long, how long will ye in-sult Your



banish'd monarch su-ing peace? What floods of na-tive



blood are spilt! What sewers of trea-son drain our land! How

An age is past, an age to come,
  In which our bondage is decreed;
Millions, of millions fix the doom,
  Till poverty and shame succeed
Contending power. Ye Gods, declare,
  If hurl their dismal threatening down;
Would ye set by the righteous heir,
  And on a stranger plant the crown?

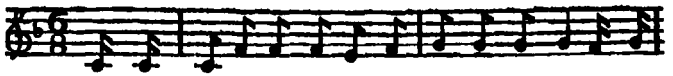
The heavens their vengeance now begin;
  The thunder's dart shall havock bring:
Repent, repent that hell-born sin!
  Call home, call home your injur'd king!
His great progenitors have sway'd
  Your sceptre nigh the half of time,
And his lov'd race will be obey'd,
  Till time its latest ages claim.

O think, ye daring Scots, what right
  This long succession does entail;
Think how your gallant fathers fought,
  That Fergus' line might never fail.
Let England's worthies blush to own,
  How they their only prince withstood
Who now remains to grace the throne
  Of their Edwards' and their Henrys' blood.

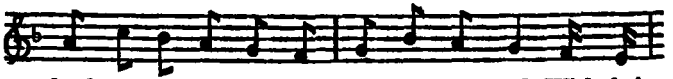
But glorious James, of royal stem,
  Your God's vicegerent and your king,
Your peace, your all combin'd in him,
  Haste, Britons, home your monarch bring;
James, Heaven's darling and its care,
  The brightest youth of mortal frame,
For virtue, beauty, form, and air:
  Call home your rightful king, for shame!

SONG LXIV.

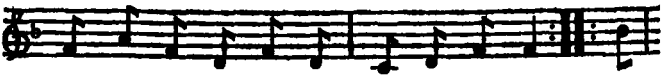
The Thistle of Scotland.



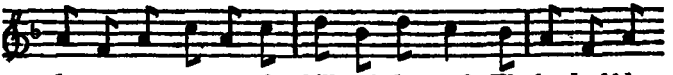
LET them boast of the country gave Patrick his birth, Of the



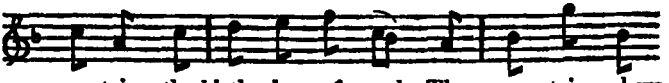
land of the o-cean, the neighbouring earth, With their



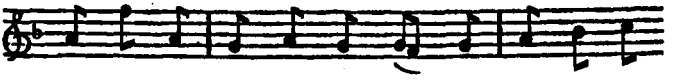
red blushing ro-ses, and shamrock so green: Far



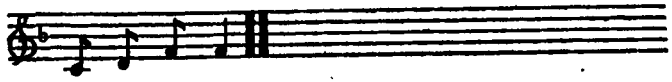
dearer to me are the hills of the north, The land of blue



mountains, the birth-place of worth; Those mountains where



free-dom has fix'd her a--bode, Those wide-spreading



Though rich be the soil where blossoms the rose,
And barren the mountains, and cover'd with snows,
  Where blooms the red heather and thistle so green;
Yet friendship sincere, and loyalty true,
And for courage so bold that no foe can subdue,
Unmatch'd is our country, unrivall'd our swains,
And lovely and true are the nymphs of our plains,
  Where rises the thistle, the thistle so green.

Far fam'd are our sires in the battles of yore,
And many the cairnies that rise on our shore,
  O'er the foes of the land of the thistle so green:
And many the cairnies shall rise on our strand,
Should the torrent of war ever burst on our land.
Let foe come on foe, as wave comes on wave,
We'll give them a welcome, we'll give them a grave
  Beneath the red heather and thistle so green.

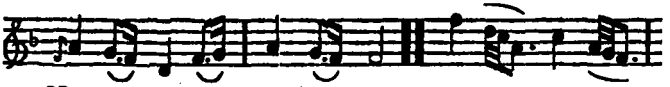
O, dear to our souls are the blessings of Heaven,
Is the freedom we boast, is the land that we live in,
  The land of red heather and thistle so green!
For that land and that freedom our fathers have bled;
And we swear by the blood that our fathers have shed,
No foot of a foe shall e'er tread on their grave;
But the thistle shall bloom on the bed of the brave,
  The thistle of Scotland, the thistle so green.

SONG LXV.

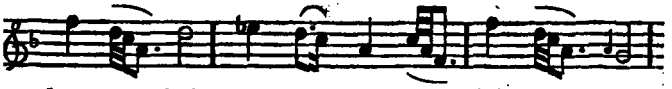
Frae the Friends and Land I love.

FRAE the friends and land I love, Driv'n by Fortune's

fel---ly spite; Frae my best be--lov'd I rove,

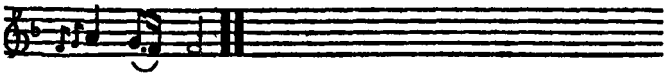


Ne-ver mair to taste de-light: Ne-ver mair maun



hope to find Ease frae toil, re--lief frae care.

When remembrance wracks the mind, Pleasure but un-

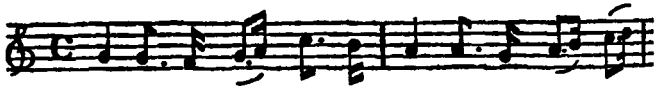


veils despair.

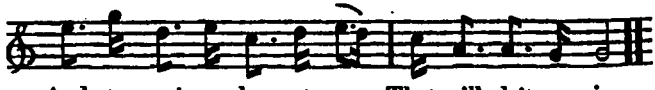
Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
  Desert ilka blooming shore,
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
  Friendship, love, and peace restore;
Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
  Bring our banish'd hame again,
And ilk loyal bonny lad
  Cross the seas and win his ain.

SONG LXVI.

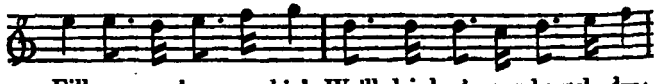
Here's to the King, Sir.



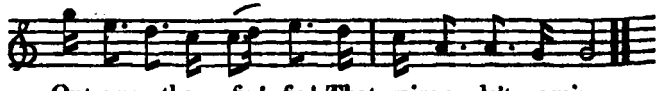
HERE's to the king, sir, Ye ken wha I mean, sir,



And to ev'-ry ho-nest man That will do't a-gain.



Fill up your bumpers high, We'll drink a' your barrels dry;



Out upon them, fie! fie! That winna do't again.

Here's to the chieftains
Of the Scots Highland clans;
They've done it mair than ance,
And will do't again.
Fill up your bumpers high, &c.

When you hear the trumpets sound
Tutti tatti to the drum,
Up your swords, and down your gun,
And to the loons again.
Fill up your bumpers high, &c.

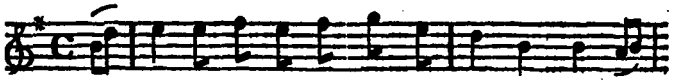
Here's to the king o' Swedes,
Fresh laurels crown his head!

Pox on every sneaking blade
That winna do't again!
Fill up your bumpers high, &c.

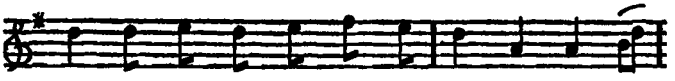
But to make a' things right, now,
He that drinks maun fight too,
To shew his heart's upright too,
And that he'll do't again.
Fill up your bumpers high, &c.

SONG LXVII.

The Cuckoo.

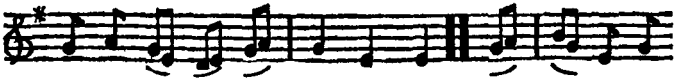


THE cuckoo's a bon-ny bird, when he comes home, The



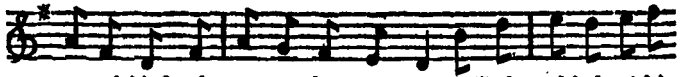
cuc-koo's a bon-ny bird, when he comes home, He'll

fley a-way the wild birds that hank a-bout the throne, My

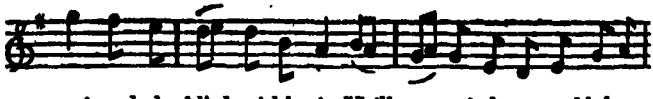


bon-ny cuc-koo, when he comes home. The cuckoo's the

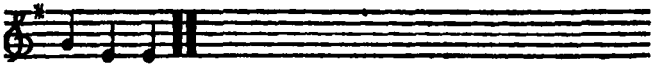
bon-ny bird, and he'll hae his day; The cuckoo's the



roy-al bird, what-e-ver they may say: Wi' the whistle o' his



mou', and the blink o' his e'e, He'll scare a' the unco birds a-

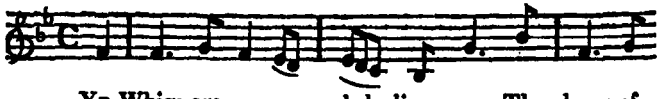


way frae me.

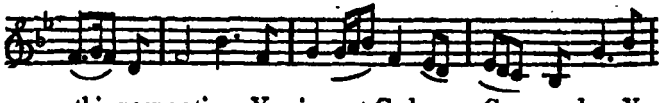
The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,
The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,
He'll fley away the wild birds that hank about the throne,
My bonny cuckoo, when he comes home.
The cuckoo's a bonny bird, but far frae his hame;
I ken him by the feathers that grow upon his kame;
And round that double kame yet a crown I hope to see,
For my bonny cuckoo he is dear to me.

SONG LXVIII.

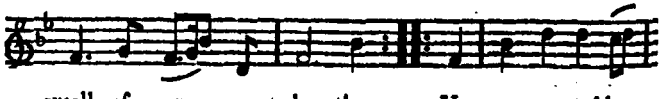
The Rebellious Crew.



Ye Whigs are a re - - - bel - lious crew, The plague of

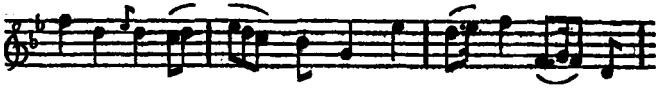


this poor nation; Ye give not God nor Cæ - sar due, Ye

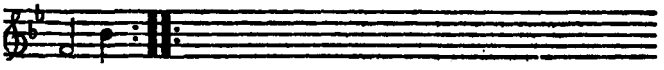


smell of re - - pro - - ba - tion. Ye are a stubborn

perverse pack, Conceiv'd and nurs'd by trea-son; Your



prac-ti-ces are foul and black, Your prin-ci-ples 'gainst



reason.

Your Hogan Mogan foreign things,
  God gave them in displeasure;
Ye brought them o'er, and call'd them kings;
  They've drain'd our blood and treasure.
Can ye compare your king to mine,
  Your Geordie and your Willie?
Comparisons are odious,
  A toadstool to a lily.

Our Darien can witness bear,
  And so can our Glenco, sir;
Our South Sea it can make appear,
  What to your kings we owe, sir.
We have been murder'd, starv'd, and robb'd,
  By those your kings and knav'ry,
And all our treasure is stock-jobb'd,
  While we groan under slav'ry.

Did e'er the rightful Stuarts' race
  (Declare it, if you can, sir,)
Reduce you to so bad a case?
  Hold up your face, and answer.
Did he whom ye expell'd the throne,
  Your islands e'er harass so,

As these whom ye have plac'd thereon,
  Your Brunswick and your Nassau?

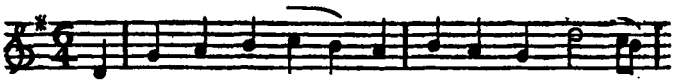
By strangers we are robb'd and sham'd,
  This you must plainly grant, sir,
Whose coffers with our wealth are cramm'd,
  While we must starve for want, sir.
Can ye compare your kings to mine,
  Your Geordie and your Willie?
Comparisons are odious,
  A bramble to a lily.

Your prince's mother did amiss,
  This ye have ne'er denied, sir,
Or why liv'd she without a kiss,
  Confin'd until she died, sir?
Can ye compare your queen to mine?
  I know ye're not so silly:
Comparisons are odious,
  A dockan to a lily.

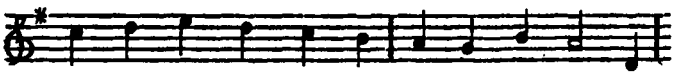
Her son is a poor matchless sot,
  His own papa ne'er lov'd him;
And Feckie is an idiot,
  As they can swear who prov'd him.
Can ye compare your prince to mine,
  A thing so dull and silly?
Comparisons are odious,
  A mushroom to a lily.

SONG LXIX.

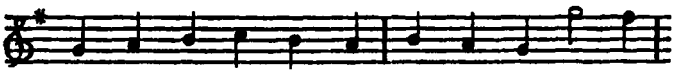
My Laddie.



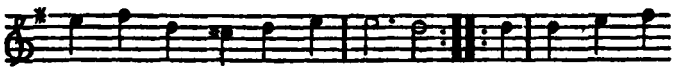
My lad-die can fight, my lad-die can sing, He's



fierce as the north wind, and soft as the spring, His

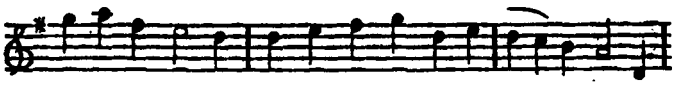


soul was de-sign'd for no less than a king, Such

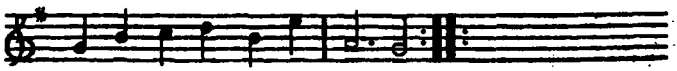


greatness shines in my dear lad-die. With soft down of

thistles I'll make him a bed, With li-lies and ro-ses I'll



pillow his head, And with my tun'd harp I will gen-tly lead To



sweet and soft slumbers my lad-die.

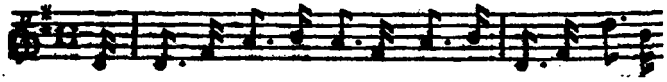
Let thunderbolts rattle on mountains of snow,
And hurricanes over cold Caucasus blow;
Let Care be confin'd to the regions below,
Since I have got home my dear laddie.

Let Sol curb his coursers, and stretch out the day,
That time may not hinder carousing and play;
And whilst we are hearty, be every thing gay
Upon the birth-day of my laddie.

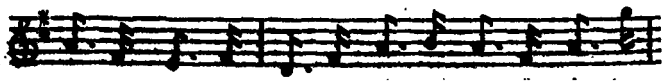
He from the fair forest has driven the deer,
And broke the curs'd antler the creature did wear,
That tore up the bonniest flowers of the year,
That bloom'd on the hills of my laddie.
Unlock all my cellars, and deal out my wine,
Let brave Britons toast it till their noses shine,
And a curse on each face that would seem to decline
To drink a good health to my laddie.

SONG LXX.

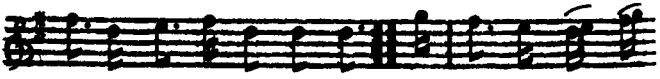
Geordie Whelps' Testament.



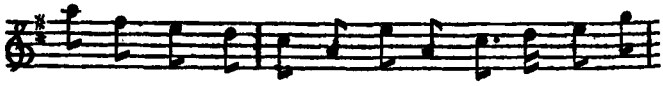
Wae worth the time that I came here, To lay my fangs on



Ja-mie's gear! For I had bet-ter staid at hame, Than



now to bide sae muckle blame. But my base, poltroon,



sor-did mind, To greed o' gear was still inclin'd, Which

When that was done, by slight and might
I hitch'd young Jamie frae his right,
And, without ony fear or dread,
I took his house out-owre his head,
Pack'd up his plenishing sae braw,
And to a swine-sty turn'd his ha'.
I connach'd a' I couldna tak,
And left him naething worth a plack.

But a' this couldna me content:
I hang'd his tenants, seiz'd their rent;
And, to my shame it will be spoke,
I harried a' his cotter-folk.
But what am I the richer grown?
A curse comes aye wi' things that's stown:
I'm like to tine it a' belyve,
For wrangous gear can never thrive.

But care and wonder gars me greet,
For ilka day wi' skaith I meet,
And I maun hame to my ain craft:
The thoughts o' this hae put me daft.
But yet, ere sorrow break my heart,
And Satan come to claim his part,
To punish me for dreary sin,
I'll leave some heirships to my kin.

Ane auld black coat, baith lang and wide,
Wi' snishen barken'd like a hide,

A skeplet hat, and plaiden hose,
A jerkin, clarted a' wi' brose,
A pair o' sheen that wants a heel,
A periwig wad fleg the deil,
A pair o' breeks that wants the doup,
Twa cutties, and a timmer stoup,

A mutchkin cog, twa rotten caps,
Set o' the bink to kep the draps,
Some cabbage growing i' the yard,
Ane pig, ane pock, ane candle-sherd,
A heap o' brats upo' the brae,
Some tree-clouts and foul wisps o' strae,
A rusty sword that lies there ben,
Twa chickens and a clockin hen,

A rickle o' peats out-owre the knowe,
A gimmer, and a doddit yowe,
A stirky, and a hummle cow,
Twa grices, and my dear black sow,
A rag to dight her filthy snout,
A brecham, and a carding-clout,
A bassie, and a bannock-stick:
There's gear enough to make ye sick.

Besides a mare that's blind and lame,
That us'd to bear a cuckold hame,
A thraw-crook, and a broken gaud:
There's gear enough to put ye mad.
A lang-kail-knife, an auld sheer-blade,
A dibble, and a flauchter-spade.
Take part hereof, baith great and sma';
Mine heirs, it weel becomes you a'.

But yet, before that a' be done,
There's something for my graceless son,

That awkward ass, wi' filthy scouk;
My malison light on his bouk!
And farther, for his part o' gear,
I leave the horns his dads did wear;
But yet I'd better leave the same
To Whigs, to blaw my lasting shame.

To the same Whigs I leave my curse,
My guilty conscience, and toom purse:
I hope my torments they will feel,
When they gang skelpin to the deil.
For to the times their creed they shape;
They girn, they glour, they scouk, and gape,
As they wad ganch to eat the starns.
The muckle deil ding out their harns!

Wi' my twa Turks I winna sinder,
For that wad my last turney hinder;
For baith can speer the nearest gate,
And lead me in, though it be late.
Where Oliver and Willie Buck
Sit o'er the lugs in smeeky muck,
Wi' hips sae het, and beins sae bare,
They'll e'en be blythe when Geordie's there.

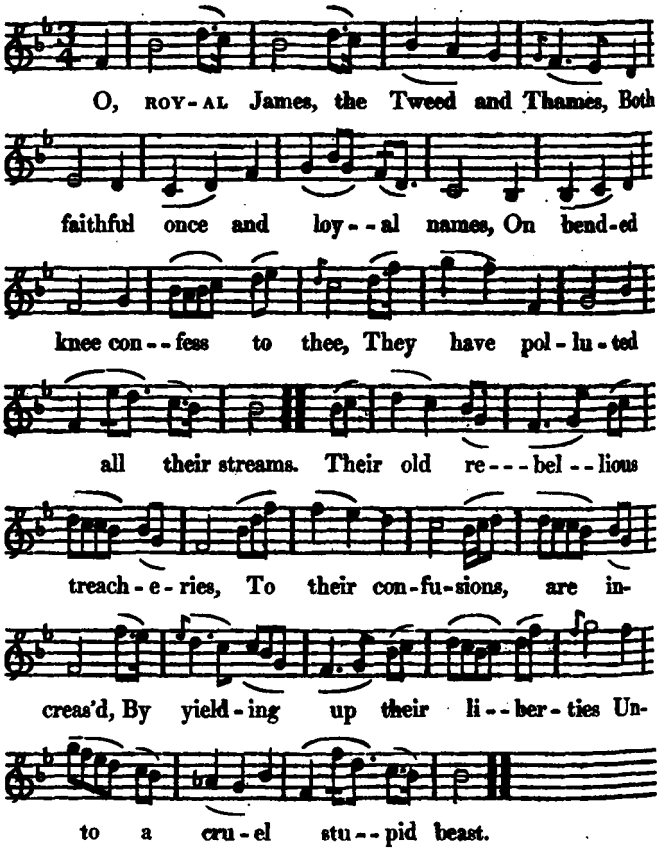
To Fisslerump and Kilmansack,
Wha aft hae gart my curpin crack,
To ilka Dutch and German jade,
I leave my sceptre to their trade.
But, O, my bonny darling sow,
How sair my heart's to part wi' you,
When I think on the happy days
That we hae had 'mang fat and fleas.

My darling, dauted, greasy dame,
I leave thee fouth o' sin and shame,
And ane deil's brander, when I'm gone,
To fry thy sonsy hurdies on.

But to my lean and skrinkit witch
I leave damnation and the itch.
To a' my friends, where'er they be,
The curse of God eternally.

SONG LXXI.

O, Royal James.



This monster vile, in a short while,
Of cash and blood will drain our isle;
  This gluts his spleen, that bribes the men
Who serve their neighbours to beguile.
In streams he sheds our noblest blood,
  And eagerly thirsts after more:
The cannibal, in place of food,
  Could sate himself with human gore.

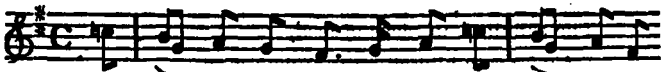
No villain base can hell devise,
But what this wretch would patronise;
  To serve their ends, he and his friends
Would God to Mammon sacrifice.
Thus, justly curs'd, infatuate we,
  Resisting thee, ourselves enslave;
Whilst thou, and only thou, art he
  Who from dire ruin can us save.

O Deo date, our last retreat,
Thy right assert, those rogues defeat;
  Though guilty, we belong to thee,
And Clement is thy epithet.
Destroy these vermin that infest
  And ravage thy own native land:
Thrice happy shall we be, and blest,
  When we obey thy dear command.

Come, sacred James, by thy bright beams
Dispel those hellish cozening streams,
  Which cheat us so as to forego
True happiness for empty dreams.
No peace, no comfort do we find,
  No mutual love, as heretofore.
Haste the enchantment to unbind;
  These and thyself to us restore!

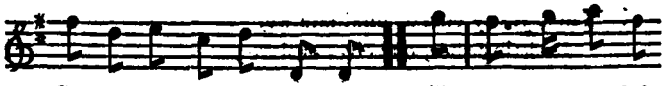
SONG LXXII.

The Auld Stuarts back again.

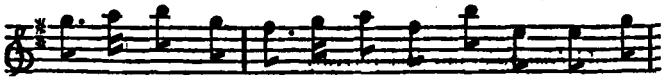


THE auld Stuarts back a-gain, The auld Stuarts

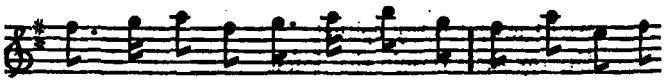
back a-gain; Let how-let Whigs do what they can, The



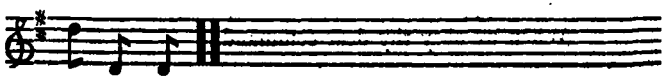
Stuarts will be back a-gain. Wha cares for a' their



creeshy duds, And a' Kil-mar-nock sow-en suds? We'll



wauk their hides and fyle their fuds, And bring the Stuarts



back again.

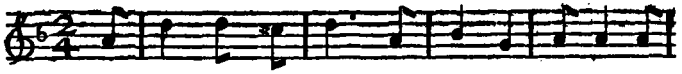
There's Ayr and Irvine, wi' the rest,
And a' the cronies i' the west,
Lord! sic a scaw'd and scabbit nest,
How they'll set up their crack again!
But wad they come, or dare they come,
Afore the bagpipe and the drum,
We'll either gar them a' sing dumb,
Or "Auld Stuarts back again."

Give ear unto my loyal sang,
A' ye that ken the right frae wrang,
And a' that look and think it lang
For auld Stuarts back again.
Were ye wi' me to chase the rae,
Out-owre the hills and far away,
And saw the lords were there that day,
To bring the Stuarts back again?

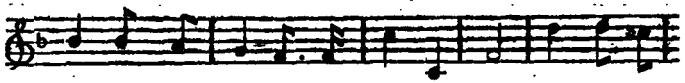
There ye might see the noble Mar,
Wi' Athol, Huntly, and Traquair,
Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldubair,
And mony mae, whatreck, again.
Then what are a' their westland crews?
We'll gar the tailors tack again:
Can they forestand the tartan trews,
And auld Stuarts back again?

SONG LXXIII.

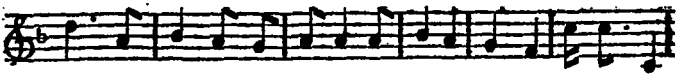
Down among the Dead Men.



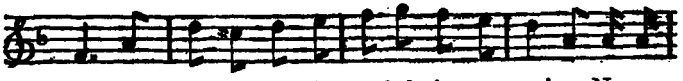
No hard fate can daunt a loy-al spi-rit, Till



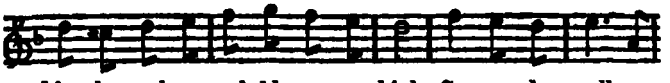
death shall re-move all our cares be-low; Then the de-



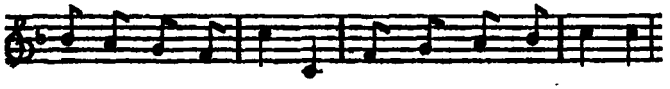
lights that martyrs in-he-rit, Usurping tyrants never shall



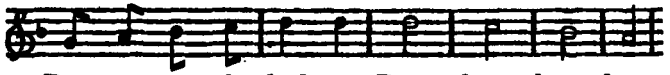
know. We'll own no power by re-bels in convention, Nor a



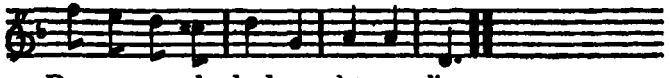
king by such a rab-ble set on high: Sooner than sell our



country for a pension, Down a-mong the dead men,



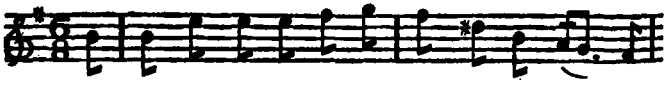
Down a-mong the dead men, Down, down, down, down,



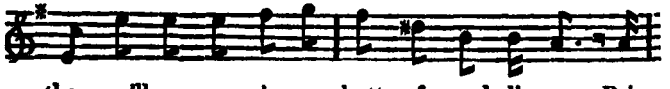
Down among the dead men let us lie.

SONG LXXIV.

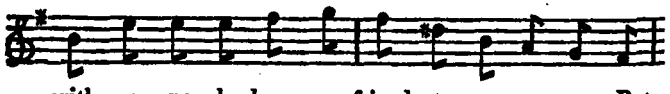
Robin John Clark.



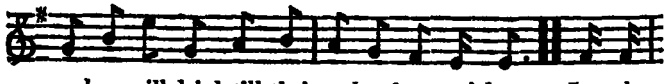
Ye true Bacchanals, come to John of the dale, And



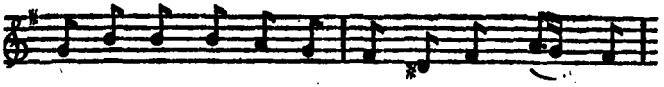
there we'll carouse o'er a butt of good liquor; Bring



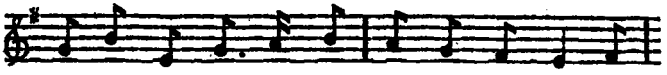
with you no sharkers, nor friends to u-surp-ers, But



such as will drink till their pulses beat quicker. Let the

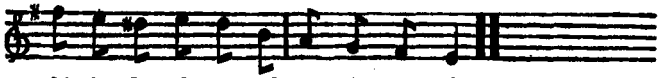


courtier, who snarls at the friends of Prince Charles, And



eke who our hou-ses and windows make dark, Ne'er

taste of such pleasure, nor ri--fle our treasure; For



this is the chorus of Ro-bin John Clark.

Let each bung his eye till the vessel's quite dry,
  And drink to the lowering extravagant taxes;
The spirit of Britain, by foreigners spit on,
  Quite low by oppression and tyranny waxes.
Then take off the toast, though the battle be lost,
  And he that refuses, a traitor we'll mark:
Success to our prince, our rightful true prince;
  For this is the chorus of Robin John Clark.

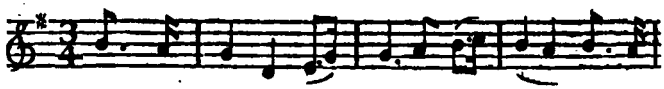
To the brave duke, his brother, we'll fill up another,
  Not meaning that blood-thirsty cruel assassin;
May the Scots partizans recollect their foul stains,
  Their force twenty thousand in number surpassing.
May they enter Whitehall, St James's and all,
  While for safety the troops are encamp'd in Hyde Park;
And Heaven inspire each volley of fire.
  Success to the chorus of Robin John Clark!

Hand in hand let us join against such as combine
  And strive to enslave us by vile usurpation;

Whenever time offers we'll open our coffers,
And strive to relieve the bad state of the nation.
We'll not only drink, but we'll act as we think;
We'll take up the musket, the broad-sword, and durk;
Through all sorts of weather we'll trudge it together,
And conquer or die with old Robin John Clark.

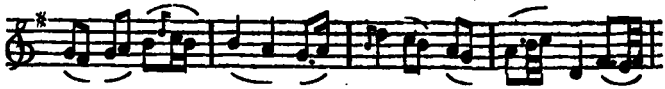
SONG LXXV.

Both Sides the Tweed.



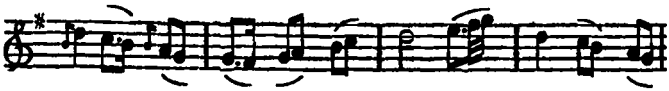
WHAT's the spring-breathing jess'mine and rose, What's the

summer, with all its gay train, Or the plenty of

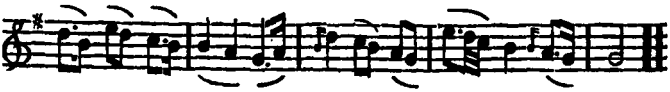


autumn, to those Who've barter'd their free-dom for

gain? Let the love of our king's sa--cred right, To the



love of our coun-try suc-ceed; Let friendship and



honour u-nite, And flourish on both sides the Tweed.

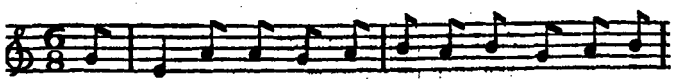
No sweetness the senses can cheer,
Which corruption and bribery blind;
No brightness that gloom e'er can clear,
For honour's the sun of the mind.
Let the love, &c.

Let virtue distinguish the brave,
Place riches in lowest degree;
Think him poorest who can be a slave,
Him richest who dares to be free.
Let the love, &c.

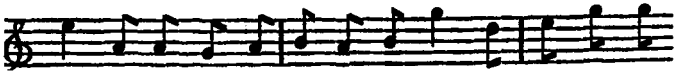
Let us think how our ancestors rose,
Let us think how our ancestors fell,
The rights they defended, and those
They bought with their blood we'll ne'er sell.
Let the love, &c.

SONG LXXVI.

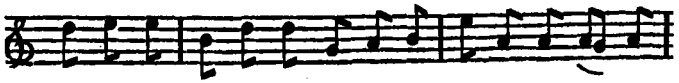
The Fifth of November.



LET Whigs re-mem-ber the fifth of No-vem-ber, And



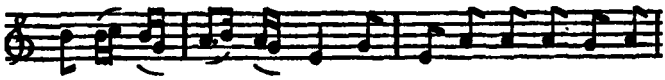
singe the pope and the de-vil that day, While we burn our



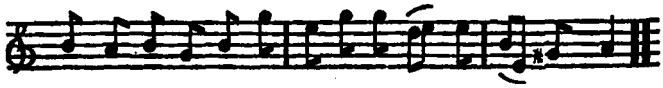
bonnets, and sing loy-al sonnets In praise of the twenty-

ninth of May; And wish, ere ma-ny more days are run, The

same may bring in the tenth of June, That Ja-mie, now



loy-al-ists all are grown, May safe-ly come o-ver, In

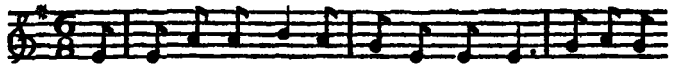


spite of Hanover, And sit on his roy-al fa-ther's throne.

'Tis absolute folly to talk of our holy
Religion, till once we give Cæsar his due;
To injure true princes, and gloss o'er offences,
Is serving God worse than a Turk or a Jew.
Then what we so foully have taken away,
O, let us return on our reckoning day,
Or else we as wicked as demons are grown;
And though to the skies
We turn up our eyes,
Dishonour the church and the land we own.

SONG LXXVII.

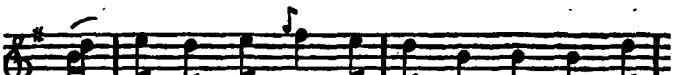
The Bonny Moorhen.



My bon-ny moorhen, my bon-ny moorhen, Up in the

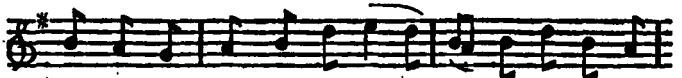
gray hill, down in the glen; It's when ye gang butt the house,

when ye gang ben, Aye drink a health to my bonny moorhen.

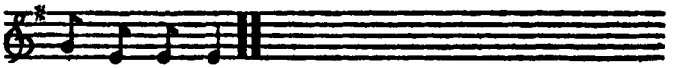


My bon-ny moorhen's gane o-ver the main, And

it will be simmer or she come a-gain; But when she comes



back a-gain, some folk will ken: Joy be wi' thee, my



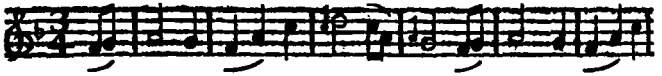
bonny moorhen!

My bonny moorhen has feathers enew,
She's a' fine colours, but nane o' them blue;
She's red, and she's white, and she's green, and she's gray.
My bonny moorhen, come hither away:

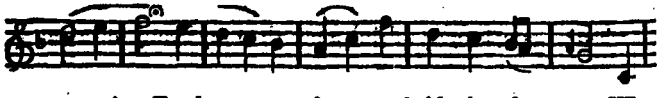
Come up by Glenduich, and down by Glendee,
And round by Kinclaven, and hither to me;
For Ronald and Donald are out on the fen,
To break the wing o' my bonny moorhen.

SONG LXXVIII.

The Wars of Scotland.



When I left thee, bon-ny Scotland, O thou wert fair to



see! Fresh as a bon-ny bride in the morn, When

she maun wed-ded be. When I came back to

thee, Scotland, Up-on a May morn fair, A bonny lass

sat at our town end, Kaming her yel-low hair.

"Oh hey! oh hey!" sung the bonny lass,
"Oh hey, and wae is me!
"There's siccan sorrow in Scotland,
"As een did never see.

" Oh hey, oh hey, for my father auld!
  " Oh hey, for my mither dear!
" And my heart will burst for the bonny lad
  " Wha left me lanesome here."

I hadna gane in my ain Scotland
  Mae miles than twa or three,
When I saw the head o' my ain father
  Coming up the gate to me.
" A traitor's head!" and " A traitor's head!"
  Loud bawl'd a bloody loon;
But I drew frae the sheath my glaive o' weir,
  And strack the reaver down.

I hied me hame to my father's ha',
  My dear auld mither to see;
But she lay 'mang the black eizels,
  Wi' the death-tear in her e'e.
" O wha has wrought this bloody wark?
  " Had I the reaver here,
" I'd wash his sark in his ain heart's blood,
  " And gie't to his dame to wear."

I hadna gane frae my ain dear hame
  But twa short miles and three,
Till up came a captain o' the Whigs,
  Says, " Traitor, bide ye me!"
I grippit him by the belt sae braid,
  It birsted i' my hand,
But I threw him frae his weir-saddle,
  And drew my burlie brand.

" Shaw mercy on me!" quo' the loon,
  And low he kneit on knee:
But by his thigh was my father's glaive
  Whilk gude King Bruce did gie;

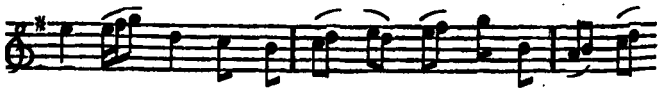
And buckled round him was the broider'd belt
  Whilk my mither's hands did weave.
My tears they mingled wi' his heart's blood,
  And reek'd upon my glaive.

I wander a' night 'mang the lands I own'd,
  When a' folk are asleep,
And I lie o'er my father and mither's grave
  An hour or twa to weep.
O, fatherless and mitherless,
  Without a ha' or hame,
I maun wander through my dear Scotland,
  And bide a traitor's blame!

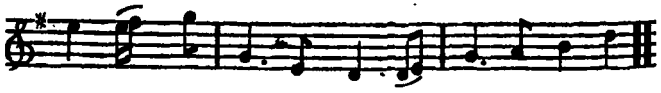
SONG LXXIX.

Lochmaben Gate.

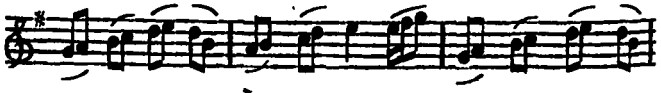
As I came by Loch-ma-ben gate, It's there I saw the



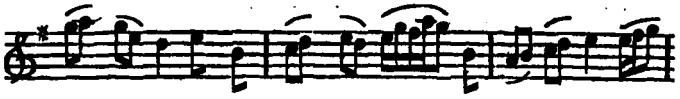
Johnstons ri-ding; A-way they go, and they fear'd no



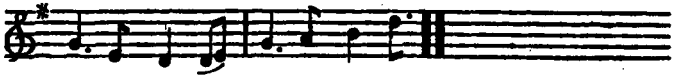
foe, With their drums a-beat-ing, co-lours fly-ing.



All the lads of An-nan-dale Came there, their gal-lant



chief to follow; Brave Burleigh, Ford, and Ramerscale, With



Winton and the gallant Rollo.

I ask'd a man what meant the fray.
" Good sir," said he, " you seem a stranger:
" This is the twenty-ninth of May;
" Far better had you shun the danger.
" These are rebels to the throne,
" Reason have we all to know it;
" Popish knaves and dogs each one.
" Pray pass on, or you shall rue it."

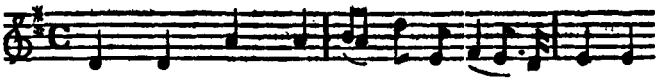
I look'd the traitor in the face,
Drew out my brand, and ettled at him:
" Deil send a' the whiggish race
" Downward to the dad that gat 'em!"
Right sair he gloom'd, but naething said,
While my heart was like to scunner.
Cowards are they born and bred,
Ilka whinging, praying sinner.

My bonnet on my sword I bare,
And fast I spurr'd by knight and lady,
And thrice I wav'd it in the air,
Where a' our lads stood rank'd and ready.
" Long live King James!" aloud I cried,
" Our nation's king, our nation's glory!"
" Long live King James!" they all replied,
" Welcome, welcome, gallant Tory!"

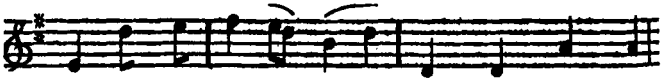
There I shook hands wi' lord and knight,
And mony a braw and buskin'd lady:
But lang I'll mind Lochmaben gate,
And a' our lads for battle ready.
And when I gang by Locher Brigs,
And o'er the moor, at e'en or morrow,
I'll lend a curse unto the Whigs,
That wrought us a' this dool and sorrow.

SONG LXXX.

Hame, Hame, Hame.

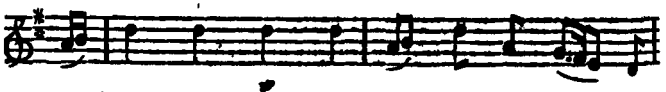


HAME, hame, hame, hame, fain wad I be, O hame, hame,



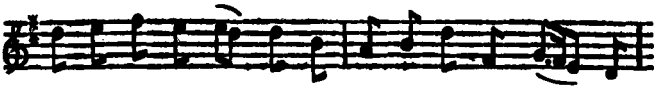
hame, to my ain coun-trie; Hame, hame, hame, hame,

fain wad I be, O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie.

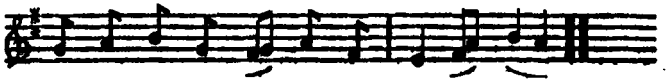


O hame, hame, hame, hame, fain wad I be, O

hame, hame, hame, to my ain coun-trie. When the



flow'r is in the bud, and the leaf is on the tree, The



lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie.

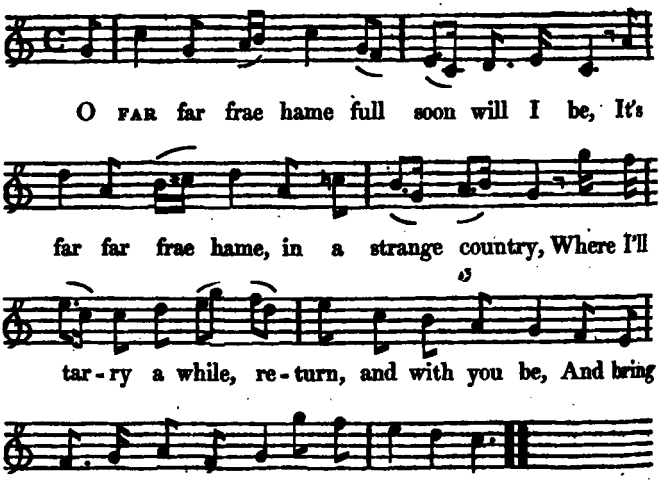
Hame, hame, hame, &c.
The green leaf o' loyalty's begun for to fa',
The bonny white rose it is withering and a';
But I'll water't wi' the blood of usurping tyrannie,
And green it will grow in my ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, &c.
O there's naught frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind Heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, &c.
The great are now gane, a' wha ventur'd to save;
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their graves:
But the sun, through the mirk, blinks blythe in my e'e,
"I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."

SONG LXXXI.

Our ain Country.



I wish you all good success till I again you see:
May the lusty Highland lads fight on and never flee.
When the king sets foot on ground, and returns from the sea,
Then you'll welcome him hame to his ain country.

God bless our royal king, from danger keep him free,
When he conquers all the foes that oppose his majesty.
God bless the duke of Mar and all his cavalry,
Who first began the war for the king and our country.

Convert revolting Dutch, or drown them in the sea;
Cadagon and all such, or hang him on a tree.
Pox on your volunteers to all eternity,
Who rose against our king in his ain country.

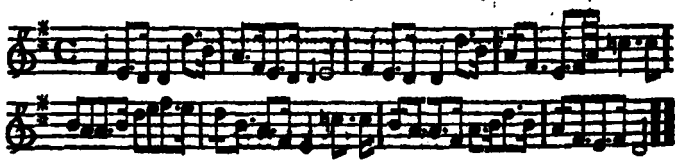
Let the waters stop and stand like walls on every side,
That our jolly boys may pass, with Heaven for their guide:
The rebels following after, like Egyptians let them be,
And all be drown'd together in their ain country.

Let the clans still forward press, and fight most vallantly,
To hash down the surge that invades our liberty.
Dry up the river Forth, as thou didst the Red Sea,
That our Israelites may pass through their ain country.

Let the traitor king make haste, and out of England flee,
With all his spurious race come far beyond the sea;
Then we will crown our royal king with mirth and jollity,
And end our days in peace in our ain country.

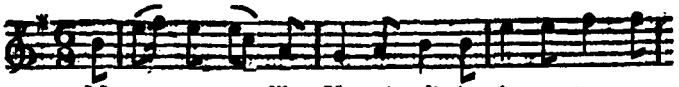
SECOND SET.

In Nithsdale this song is sung to the following simple air:

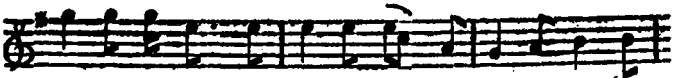


SONG LXXXII.

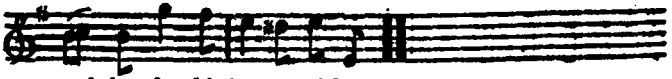
Marilla.



MA-RIL-LA, as like Venus' sel' As e'er ae starn was



like a--ni-ther, Ance Cu-pid met u-po' the Mall, And



took her for his bonny mither.

He wing'd his way up to her breast;
She started; he cried, "Ma'am, 'tis me."
The beauty, in o'er rash a jest,
Flang the arch cutling in South Sea.

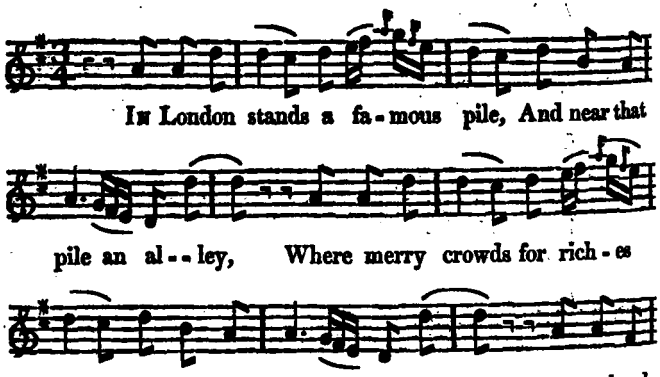
Frae hence he raise wi' gilded wings,
His bow and shafts to gowd were chang'd.
"Deil's i' the sea!" quo' he, "it dings:"
Then back to Pall and Mall he rang'd.

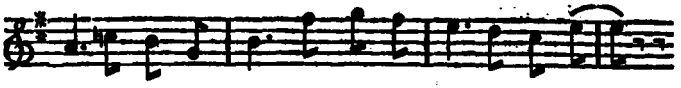
Breathing mischief, the God look'd gurly;
Wi' transfers a' his darts were feather'd:
He made a horrid hurly-burly,
Where beaux and belles were thickest gather'd.

He tentily Marilla sought,
And in the thrang 'Change-Alley got her:
He drew his bow, as quick as thought,
Wi' a braw new subscription shot her.

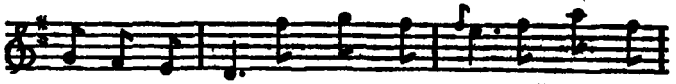
SONG LXXXIII.

A South-Sea Ballad.

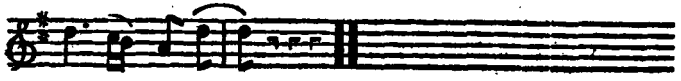




joyful, high and low, Court Fortune for her gra - ces;



And as she smiles or frowns, they show Their ges - tures



and gri - ma - ces.

Here stars and garters do appear,
  Among our lords the rabble,
To buy and sell, to see and hear;
  The Jews and Gentiles squabble.
Here crafty courtiers are too wise
  For those who trust to fortune:
They see the cheat with clearest eyes,
  Who peep behind the curtain.

The lucky rogues, like spaniel dogs,
  Leapt into South-Sea water,
And there they fish for golden frogs,
  Not caring what comes after.
'Tis said that alchemists of old
  Could turn a brazen kettle,
Or leaden cistern, into gold,
  That noble tempting metal.

But if it here may be allowed
  To bring in great and small things,
Our cunning South-Sea, like a God,
  Turns nothing into all things.

What need have we of Indian wealth,
  Or commerce with our neighbours?
Our constitution is in health,
  And riches crown our labours.

Our South-Sea ships have golden shrouds,
  They bring us wealth, it's granted;
They lodge their treasure in the clouds,
  To hide it till it's wanted.
O Britain, bless thy present state,
  Thou only happy nation;
So oddly rich, so madly great,
  Since bubbles came in fashion!

Successful rakes exert their pride,
  And count their airy millions,
Whilst homely drabs in coaches ride,
  Brought up to town on pillions.
For me, I follow reason's rules,
  Nor fat on South-Sea diet;
Young rattles and unthinking fools
  Are those that flourish by it.

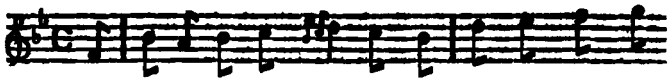
Old musty jades and pushing blades,
  Who've least consideration,
Grow rich apace, whilst wiser heads
  Are struck with admiration.
A race of men, who, t'other day,
  Long crush'd beneath disasters,
Are now by stock brought into play,
  And made our lords and masters.

But should our South-Sea bubble fall,
  What numbers would be frowning!
The losers then must ease their gall
  By hanging or by drowning.

But though our foreign trade is lost,
Of mighty wealth we vapour,
When all the riches that we boast
Consists in scraps of paper.

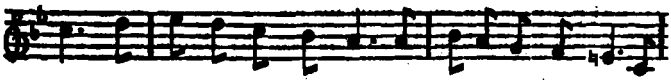
SONG LXXXIV.

O, Beautiful Britannia.

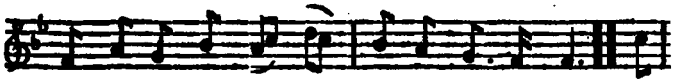


O, BEAUTIFUL Bri-tan-nia, where is thy church now

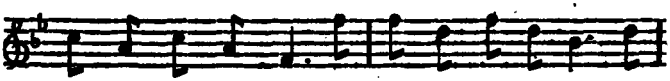
gone? U-pon thy bench sits Cal-vin, and Lu-ther on thy



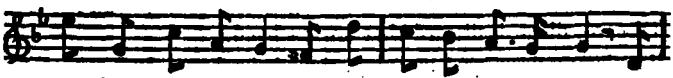
throne: Sure thou art now grown mad, thus for to play the jade; In



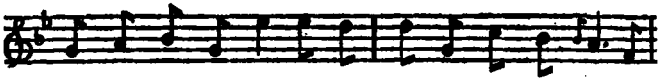
As-ke-lon or Gath, fie! let it not be said. Learn



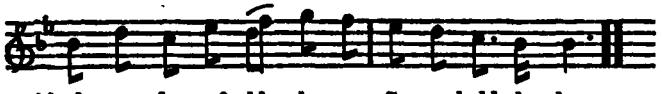
from your judgments sore, the crime now to ab-hor; Pull



down, pull down the calf, and your rightful king restore. O,



beau-ti-ful Bri-tan-nia, pray once yet think up-on The



blythesome days of old, when a Stuart held the throne.

Then hadst thou riches, peace, content in every face;
But now, alas! alas! all's gone to thy disgrace:
Thy wishes they are spent, thy constitution's rent,
By rakes and Whigs, these for thy ruin bent.
Thy sons, into a car, to Tyburn dragged are,
Or else, alas! alas! from home removed far.
O, beautiful Britannia, if thou wouldst think upon
The blythesome days of yore, the days of sixty-one,

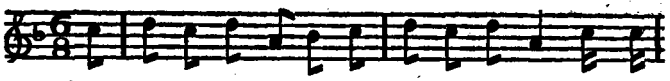
Thou wouldst not fondly doat upon a German sot;
A sow, a sow, a sow more suits his lot;
Nor would his madcap son ever possess thy throne,
Nor would again be play'd the game of forty-one:
But all, with one consent, for restoration bent,
Might soon call home the king, relieve the innocent.
The bonny gray-eyed morning begins for to peep;
O, beautiful Britannia, I pray no longer sleep;

But from the Gallic shore call royal Jamie o'er,
Resist, resist, resist him no more;
And let no cuckold be still ruler over thee,
Nor any German bastard, begot in poverty.
And let no Whig command, discharge them off thy land;
Discard, discard, discard that lawless band.
The bonny gray-eyed morning, since it begins to dawn,
O, beautiful Britannia, to cloud it be not drawn

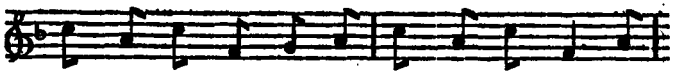
By shameless whiggish pride, but ope thy arms wide,
Embrace, embrace, embrace the son, thou art the bride;
Then would no blood be spilt, nor wouldst thou spend thy gilt.
Pray hasten, O Britannia, thy marriage to complete.

SONG LXXXV.

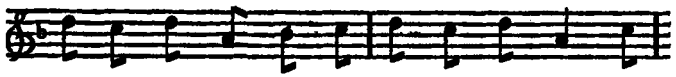
Nobody can deny.



Come, lend me an ear, if you've a-ny to spare, You that



love common wealth, as you hate common pray'r, Who



can in a breath lie, dis-sem-ble, and swear, Which

nobody can de-ny, de-ny, Which nobody can de-ny.

The times are so fickle, I vow and profess,
Men know not which party or way to embrace;
But I'll still be for those that are least in disgrace,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Sometimes I'm a rebel, and sometimes a saint;
Sometimes I can swear, and at other times cant;
There's nothing but grace, thanks to Jove, I do want;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Of gracious King William I was a great lover,
Did join with a party that was for another:
I drunk the king's health, take it one way or t'other;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

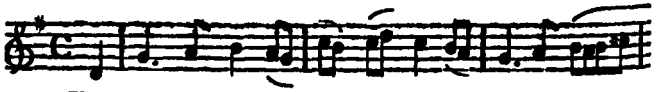
I frequently went into the Whigs' meeting,
Where there I did meet with such sorrowful greeting,
Makes me hate long prayers, with five hours prating;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

All this I can do when I'm foolish and merry,
And I can sing psalms as if never weary:
But I still find more joy in a boat to the ferry;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

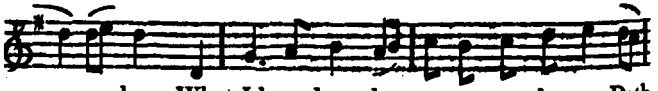
I can pledge any health my companions drink round,
And can say, Heaven bless! when I wish hell confound!
I can hold to the hare, and run with the hound;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

SONG LXXXVI.

James, come kiss me now.



The morning star be-gins to rise, I will no long---

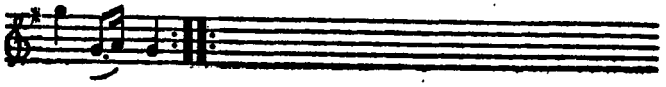


----er sleep; What I have done these many years bygone Doth

make me sore to weep. Thrice I've de-bas'd my

husband's bed; First with a cun-ning frog, Who

came to my bed, by counsel on misled, And then a dull



German hog.

Frail creature I, thus to have been
  Cheated out of my sense
By treacherous men, who forc'd me, to my shame,
  To hurry my husband hence.
They taught me that the breach of vows
  Was not a sin at all;
To keep up the laws of religion, the old cause,
  When likely they were to fall.

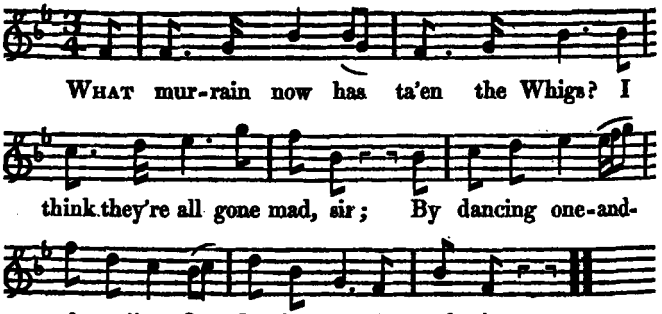
A wretched creature, I then learn'd
  A lesson that was odd;
To break Jesus' laws, the only way then was
  To keep the laws of God.
But sad experience has me taught
  A lesson that's more true;
He's justly condemn'd, who, for a godly end,
  Breaks through a solemn vow.

Great James, come kiss me now, now,
  Great James, come kiss me now:
Too long I've undone myself these years bygone,
  By basely forsaking you.

Come home again, great James, great James,
  Come home again, I pray:
Forgive me the crime; ever after I'll be thine.
  I call thee; do not stay.

SONG LXXXVII.

What Murrain now has ta'en the Whigs



The revolution principles
  Have set their heads in bees, then;
They've fallen out among themselves,
  Shame fa' the first that grees them!

Did ye not swear, in Anna's reign,
  And vow, too, and protest, sir,
If Hanover were once come o'er,
  Then we should all be blest, sir?

Since you got leave to rule the roast,
  Impeachments throve a while, sir:
Our lords must steer to other coasts,
  Our lairds may leave the isle, sir.

Now Britain may rejoice and sing,
  'Tis once a happy nation,
Governed by a German thing,
  Our sovereign by creation!

And whensoe'er this sovereign fails,
  And pops into the dark, sir,
O then we have a prince of Wales,
  The brat of Koningsmark, sir.

Our king he has a cuckold's luck,
  His praises we will sing, sir,
For to a petty German duke
  He's now a British king, sir.

He was brought o'er to rule the greese,
  But, faith, the truth I'll tell, sir;
When he takes on his good dame's gees,
  He cannot rule himsel, sir.

And was there ever such a king
  As our brave German prince, sir?
Our wealth supplies him every thing,
  Save that he wants good sense, sir.

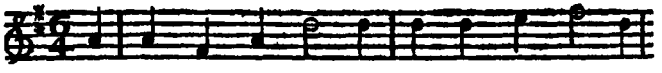
Whilst foreigners traverse our isle,
  And drag our peers to slaughter,
This makes our gracious king to smile,
  Our prince bursts out in laughter.

Our jails with British subjects cramm'd,
  Our scaffolds reek with blood, sir;
And all but Whigs and Dutch are damn'd
  By the fanatic crowd, sir.

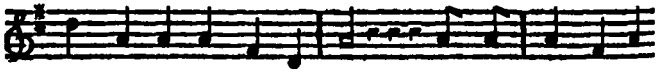
Come, let us sing our monarch's praise,
  And drink his health in wine, sir;
For now we have braw happy days,
  Like those of forty-nine, sir.

SONG LXXXVIII.

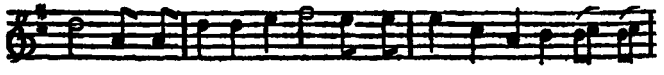
True Blue.



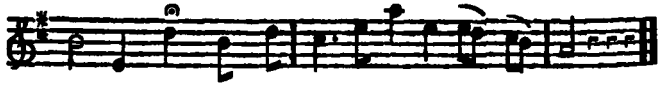
I HOPE there's no soul Met o--ver this bowl, But



means honest ends to pursue: With the voice and the



heart Let us never depart From the faith of an honest true



blue, true blue, From the faith of an honest true blue.

For our country and friends
Let us damn private ends,
And keep our old virtue in view;
Stand clear of the tribe
That address with a bribe,
For honesty's ever true blue, &c.

On the politic knave,
Who strives to enslave,
Whose schemes the whole nation may rue;
On pension and place,
That curse and disgrace,
Stand clear, and be ever true blue, &c.

As with hound and with horn
We rise in the morn,
With vigour the chace to pursue;
Corruption's our cry,
Which we'll hunt till we die;
'Tis worthy a British true blue, &c.

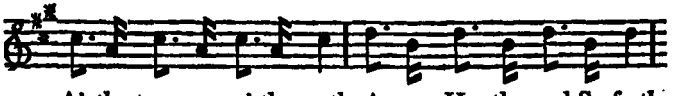
Here's a health to all those
Who slavery oppose,
And wish our old rights to renew;
To each honest voice
That concurs in the choice
And support of an honest true blue, true blue,
And support of an honest true blue.

SONG LXXXIX.

Will ye go to Sheriffmuir.

WILL ye go to Sheriffmuir, Bauld John o' Innisture,

There to see the no-ble Mar And his Highland laddies;



A' the true men o' the north, Angus, Huntly, and Seaforth,

Scouring on to cross the Forth, Wi' their white cockadies?

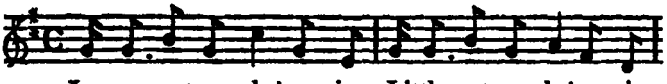
There you'll see the banners flare,
There you'll hear the bagpipes rair,
And the trumpets deadly blare,
  Wi' the cannon's rattle.
There you'll see the bauld M'Craws,
Cameron's and Clanronald's raws,
And a' the clans, wi' loud huzzas,
  Rushing to the battle.

There you'll see the noble Whigs,
A' the heroes o' the brigs,
Raw hides and wither'd wigs,
  Riding in array, man.
Ri'en hose and raggit hools,
Sour milk and girnin gools,
Psalm-beuks and cutty-stools,
  We'll see never mair, man.

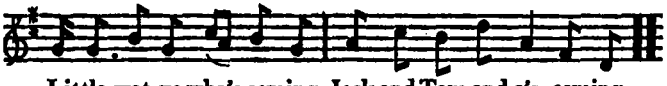
Will ye go to Sheriffmuir,
Bauld John o' Innisture?
Sic a day, and sic an hour,
  Ne'er was in the north, man.
Siccan sights will there be seen;
And, gin some be nae mista'en,
Fragrant gales will come bedeen,
  Frae the water o' Forth, man.

SONG XC.

The Chevalier's Muster-Roll.

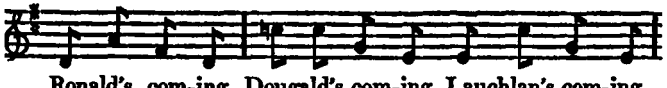


LITTLE wat ye wha's coming, Little wat ye wha's coming,



Little wat ye wha's coming, Jock and Tam and a's coming.

Duncan's com-ing, Donald's com-ing, Co-lin's com-ing,



Ronald's com-ing, Dougald's com-ing, Lauchlan's com-ing,

A-la-ster and a's coming.

Borland and his men's coming,
Cameron and M'Lean's coming,
Gordon and M'Gregor's coming,
Ilka Dunywastle's coming.
Little wat ye wha's coming,
M'Gillavry and a's coming.

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
Carnwath's coming, Kenmure's coming,
Derwentwater and Foster's coming,
Withrington and Nairn's coming.
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Blythe Cowhill and a's coming.

The laird of M'Intosh is coming,
M'Crabie and M'Donald's coming,
M'Kenzie and M'Pherson's coming,
And the wild M'Craw's coming.
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Donald Gun and a's coming.

They gloom, they glour, they look sae big,
At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig:
They'll fright the fuds of the Pockpuds,
For mony a buttock bare's coming.
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Jock and Tam and a's coming.

NOTES.

SONG I.

The King shall enjoy his own again.

It is with particular pleasure that I am enabled to restore to the public the original words of the most famous and most popular air ever heard of in this country; although, at the same time, it must be confessed, that it does not appear to have been originally a Scottish air, though many a Scottish ditty has been made to it, suiting every circumstance of injured royalty, as will appear in the course of this publication. It was invented at first to support the declining cause of the royal martyr, Charles I.; and served afterwards, with more success, to keep up the spirits of the cavaliers, and promote the restoration of his son; an event it was employed to celebrate all over the kingdom. At the revolution, it of course became an adherent of the exiled family, whose cause it never deserted. As a tune, says Ritson, from whom part of this is copied, it is said to have been a principal mean of depriving James of the crown; and this very air, upon two memorable occasions, was very near being equally instrumental in replacing it on the head of his son. It is believed to be a fact, that nothing fed the enthusiasm of the Jacobites so much, down even to the present reign, in every corner of Britain, as *The King shall enjoy his own again;* and even the great orator of the party, in his most celebrated harangue, was always thought to have alluded to it in his remarkable quotation from Virgil: "*Carmina tum melius cum venerit ipse canemus!*"

The song is given from a MS. collection of songs furnished to me by John Stuart, jun. of Dalguize, with the addition of a verse from Ritson. The air was taken down from a country singer, but is very nearly the same with one in Oswald's collection of ancient Scottish music.

"What Booker doth prognosticate," &c.

This Booker was a great fishing-tackle-maker in Charles the First's time, and a very eminent proficient in that noble art and mystery; by application to which, he came to be deeply skilled in the depth of ponds and rivers, as is here wisely observed. He lived at the house in Tower-street that is now the sign of the Gun; and being used to this sedentary diversion, he grew mighty cogitabund; from whence a frenzy seized on him, and he turned enthusiast, like one of our French prophets, and went about prognosticating the downfall of the king and popery, which were terms synonimous at that day. He was nothing of a conjuror, only one of the moderate men of those times, who were tooth and nail for the destruction of the king and royal family, which put him upon that sort of speculation.

Swallow, Dove, and Dade, were as excellent at that time of day in the knowledge of the astronomical science, as either Parker, Partridge, or Dr Caze is now, and bred up to handicraft trades, as all these were. The first was a corn-cutter in Gutter-lane, who, from making a cure of Alderman Pennington's wife's great toe, was cried up for a huge practitioner in physic; and from thence, as most of our modern quacks do, arrived at the name of a cunning man. The second was a cobler in Whitecross-street, who, when Sir William Waller passed by his stall to attack the king's army in Cambridgeshire, told him, "The Lord would fight his battles for him;" and on Sir William's success was taken into the rebels' pay, and made an almanack-maker of. The last was a good innocent fiddle-string-seller, who being told by a neighbouring teacher that their music was in the stars, set himself at work to find out their habitations, that he might be made instrument-maker to them: and having, with much ado, got knowledge of their places of abode, was judged by the Roundheads fit for

their purpose, and had a pension assigned to him to make the stars speak their meaning, and justify the villanies they were putting in practice.

> "Full forty years this royal crown
> Has been his father's and his own."

This fixes the date of the song to 1643. The number was changed from time to time, as it suited. In the *Loyal Songs* it is sixty, and in an Edinburgh edition it is two thousand.

> "Did Walker no predictions lack,
> In Hammond's bloody almanack?"

Toby Walker. (Note, I don't affirm that he was grandfather to the famous Dr Walker, governor of Londonderry, who was killed at the battle of the Boyne, and happened to be overseer of the market at Ipswich in Suffolk, on account of giving false evidence at an assize held there.) He was a creature of Oliver Cromwell's, who, from a basket-maker on Dowgate-hill, on account of his sufferings, as was pretended, in the cause of truth, was made colonel in the rebels' army, and advanced afterwards to be one of the committee of safety. He was the person that, at the battle of Marston Moor, broke into the king's head-quarters, and seized upon his majesty's private papers, which were afterwards printed, in order to render him odious to his subjects. He was, not without some reason, judged to be that abandoned regicide that severed the head of that royal martyr from his shoulders, on a public stage, before his own palace-gate.

Hammond, the almanack-maker, was no kind of relation to Colonel Hammond, who had the king prisoner in the Isle of Wight, but one of that name, that always put down in a chronological table when such and such a royalist was executed, by way of reproach to them; by doing of which, his was called the Bloody Almanack. He was a butcher by trade, and, for his zeal to the then prevailing party, made one of the inspectors of the victualling-office. These notices Ritson copies from a pamphlet written by Dr Wagstaff in 1711.

Though the poetry of this song is certainly not above medio-

crity, and though the air, to a Scottish ear, possesses no great share either of majesty or melody, yet, from many concurring testimonies, it appears to have had an influence on the popular mind quite unequalled by any thing of the kind ever before known. Nothing can be a better proof of this, than the strenuous endeavours of the Whigs to inlist it on their own side. Witness the following song.

A New Song.

Tune—The King shall enjoy his own again.

Since Hanover is come,
In spite of France and Rome,
And the Tories have met with their matches,
Full loyally they sing
To the coming of their king,
And keep up their courage with catches:
But let them have their song,
It can't be very long
Ere the name will be lost in the nation;
For they've nothing but a tune
To support the tenth of June,
And the hopes of a restoration.

It's a comforting noise
To hear the roaring boys,
In a tune they've so oft been desiring:
Their music must portend
Their own latter end,
And, like swans, they are sweetly expiring.
Their next melodious strain
Will be with Paul L——n,
And there let them chant it out fairly;
For, as sure as a gun,
The stave will be begun
With that old psalm-raiser H——ly.

SONG II.

The Haughs of Cromdale.

This is the worst specimen of the truth of Scottish song that is to be met with; two events being jumbled together in it, that happened at the distance of many years from each other. These seem to be, the battle of Auldearn, won by Montrose and the clans; and that on the plains of Cromdale, in Strathspey, where the two colonels, Buchan and Cannon, suffered themselves to be surprised in their beds by Sir Thomas Livingston, and, though at the head of 1500 brave Highlanders, utterly defeated and scattered. This latter is the only battle on record that ever was really fought at Cromdale. It appears, therefore, more than probable, that on that action the original song has been founded; for the first twenty lines contain an exact and true description of that shameful defeat, and these twenty lines may be considered as either the whole or part of the original song; and as they are middling good, and the air most beautiful, they had, of course, become popular. Some bard who had been partial to the clans, fired with indignation at hearing the disgrace of his countrymen sung all over the land, had added to the original verses an overcharged account of the battle of Auldearn, won by Montrose, their favourite leader, against the Whigs: but, by a vile anachronism, he has made it to happen on the day following the action at Cromdale, whereas it happened just forty-five years before it. Although, therefore, I have placed the ballad among the songs of this early period, I am persuaded it had its origin at a much later date; but it would have been ridiculous to have placed a song that treated wholly of Montrose, subsequent to events that happened long after his death. Yet the part of the ballad that describes the victory won by that hero cannot be the original part of it, else the writer would never have placed the action at Cromdale, which is almost a day's journey distant from Auldearn, and no way connected with the scene of that engagement. It would never do now to separate this old and popular song into two parts; but

nothing can be more evident, than that one part of the song describes the battle won by Montrose and the clans, on the 4th of May 1645; and the other part, that won by Livingston *over* the clans, on the 1st of May 1690. The names of the clans mentioned in the song are those that were present with Montrose at Auldearn; the rout that the defeated army took, together with the number of them that reached Aberdeen, all accord with the truth of history: so that at whatever period the song was made, it evidently alludes to that action. The following spirited and singularly characteristic account of it is given by a Highlander, who was not only an eye-witness of the whole, but hotly engaged in it. It is a translation from the Gaelic.

"While Montrose and the royal army lay at Auldearn, Lord Gordon and his good band of both horse and foot being with him, Nathaniel Gordon came to them from Forres, and informed them that the enemy were at hand. He was a good rider and an excellent warrior: Caoch was his other name.

"A battle ensued, hard fought by the Gael. Nathaniel Gordon lost his right arm. Montrose commanded the right wing; and the brave Sir Alexander, the son of Coll Citoch, son of Archibald, son of Coll, son of Alexander, son of John Catanach, took the left, against the right of the enemy. After Sir Alexander had engaged his men, a gentleman came from the Lord Gordon, and delivered this message to him: 'Macdonald, I have heard that there was an agreement between our ancestors to this purpose, namely, that whatever strife happened among Scotsmen, that they would not strike a stroke against one another; neither is the fame of any other tribe greater than theirs. Therefore, by way of renewing that agreement, I would request of you to exchange your foot with mine, to fight for my king on the first day of my service. Give me your foot, and take mine.'

"Macdonald immediately agreed to that request, and sent ninety men to Lord Gordon of his veteran soldiers, inured to hardships, and received in exchange three hundred foot of the men of Bog of Gight, Strathbogie, and upper parts of that country. But it was an ill exchange for Alexander Macdonald, because these men were never engaged in war before. They sup-

posed that the Gordons' cavalry had only to take care of the foot, and defend them from danger. Alexander Macdonald drew up his men, but perceived that he had no more of his own men than only one hundred and fifty gentlemen. He put twenty of these in the front rank, and drew up three hundred foot of the Gordons in the middle, and marched before them. The regiment which was opposed to them was that of the laird of Lawers, men trained to arms; and the valiant gentlemen of Lewis, the Mackenzies, along with them. A stout battle ensued, as is usual in such situations: but the foot companies which Sir Alexander got in exchange, not being accustomed to such hard work, bowed down their heads whenever they heard the whistling of a ball, or the sough of an arrow. When Sir Alexander perceived this, he went always backward, and beckoned to them with his hand to take courage, and cause these gentlemen to keep order; but they were hard put to it. I knew men who even killed some of the Gordons' foot, to prevent their flight; which when the enemy perceived, they set upon them most furiously. Sir Alexander therefore ordered them to an enclosure which they had forsaken before; but the enemy's pikes and arrows galled them much, and killed a great number of them on both sides of the wall, before they got into the enclosure. Macdonald's sword broke. He got another, which he supposed was given him by Davidson of Ardnacrosh, his brother-in-law, who had given him his own sword. Davidson fell at that instant, being the last man entering, along with other good gentlemen about the door, who were waiting to have got Macdonald in before them. As soon as Macdonald had got in, he set upon those who were opposed to him, in order to relieve those who were without, one of whom was Ronald, the son of Donald, the son of Angus Mackinnon of Mull.

"I thought proper to write thus much of the deeds of the Gordons, since I happened to be among them. It was not the same side of the wall with the rest of the gentlemen that Macdonald took; for he was among the Gordons. When advancing, he put his separ about his shoulders, holding his face to the enemy, his sword being on his side, and his shield in his left, and a gun in his right hand. He held the gun to the pikeman who hap-

pened to be behind him, because there was a narrow pass before them. Hence none of his own men were behind; they all marched before them, by which means there was great slaughter made among the Gordons' foot by the archers.

"The bowmen ran past Ronald, letting their arrows fly at the Gordon soldiers. Sir Alexander Macdonald, looking over his shoulder, noticed the stop which Ronald put to the pikemen; but turning his hand, the man who happened to be before him let fly an arrow at him, which went through his cheek, and partly out at the other. He lost his durk; his bow proved useless: he then threw away his gun, and put his hand to his sword (his left holding the shield, which was stretched out to defend himself against the pikes), but it would not draw; the cross hilt twirled about. He tried it again, but it would not come: he tried it at the third time, taking the shield to hold the sheath, and succeeded. While he was thus employed, five pikes pierced his breast, but were not an inch deep. Seeing his breast pierced, and his cheek wounded, and several pikes stuck into his shield, he set his back to the wall, to examine his wounds, and made a shift to gain the door. The pikemen, being hard put to it at that moment, did not come any more upon him, except one man, whose pike was not yet cut off, and who thought to have struck him. Ronald was, in the mean time, listening to Alexander Macdonald talking to the Gordons, observing of how little service they were to him, to relieve him from the situation he was in; and happening to come to the door of the enclosure, which he thought of gaining, he gave a spring away from the pikeman, turning his back upon him, and his face to the door. The pikeman still followed him, until at last he bowed his head below the door. Alexander Macdonald happening to be near at hand, watching his motions, gave the pikeman a stroke on the neck, and struck off his head, which hit upon Ronald's houghs. The head fell in the enclosure, and the body in the door. When Ronald lifted up his head, and looked behind him at the door, there he saw his companion, Alexander Macdonald. He cut away the arrow that stuck in his cheek, and restored his speech, which the arrow had deprived him of.

"It may easily be conjectured that the rest of the king's army

were not idle all this time. The brave warlike Marquis of Montrose, the gallant hero Lord Gordon and his followers, the brave hardy Clan-Macdonald, and the equally brave and hard-hearted tribe of Clan-Ronald, all fought like heroes, without the least fear of strokes or shot. Montrose stood upon a high eminence, beholding the battle; and perceiving the dangerous situation of Alexander Macdonald, and how wonderfully he had extricated himself, he called out to his men to encourage them, telling them what a shame it would be, if, by the exertions of one man, the victory should be obtained, and the laurel carried away from them all; for he saw that Macdonald overcame all that were opposed to him.

"Meantime he called to him to come again to the assistance of the rest, which he immediately did; and advancing with his victorious band, he charged them so briskly, that in a short time both the horse and foot of the enemy began to give way. The horse being driven in among the foot, put them into confusion. Then Alexander Macdonald went to take his men out of the enclosure, with the royal standard, as many of them as were alive, or could come out; for he left seventeen wounded gentlemen within, who could not come out, besides those who were killed. After he got his men out, he set upon the enemy on one side, and Montrose on the other, in such a way, that the laird of Lawers' men fell fast in their ranks, and those of the men of Lewis fell with them; so they fled. Seaforth hardly escaped on horseback, after losing his men and his honour. Many were the warlike feats performed that day by the Macdonalds and Gordons; many were the wounds given and received; insomuch that Montrose said, in my hearing, after the battle, that he himself saw the greatest feats performed, and the greatest slaughter ever he saw made before by a couple of men, namely, Nathaniel Gordon, and Ronald Og Macdonald, son of Alexander, son of Alexander, son of Angus Uaibhrach, of Glengary; and likewise by Lord Gordon himself, and other three * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Alexander Macdonald then went west, to bring Maclean and John Muidartach. Mean time the counsel of Scotland sent ano-

ther army, commanded by General Baillie, accompanied by Argyle; and hearing that Macdonald was on the west, they thought of surprising Montrose while his men were scattered: and so it happened, they met at Alford in Strathbogie, namely, General Baillie and Argyle, with the counsel of Scotland's army, which were very numerous. Montrose, who commanded the royal army, had only the Lord Gordon with his excellent cavalry, Angus Macvich Alister, laird of Glengary, part of Clan-Ronald's men, the Macphersons of Badenoch, and part of the Athol men. When they came in sight of each other, they were equally keen to engage. Part of the Macphersons were sent against a scout; but a reinforcement was sent by the Covenanters to oppose them. One of the Covenanters said to their own men, that it was the custom of the enemy to begin the attack. 'Let them not do so to-day: attack you them first briskly and courageously.' One of the king's army, the Lord Gordon, said to his men, 'Let none of you be afraid: I shall bring Baillie by the neck out from among his army.' The two armies engaged with equal ardour and animosity, after the scouts and the Macphersons had begun the attack. They fired throng at each other, till an unlucky shot hit the Lord Gordon, while he was seizing General Baillie by the sword-belt. By this time the battle became general. While they were thus keenly engaged, the foot could not advance for the raging of the horse. Alexander, son of Ronald, son of Allan (for he and Ronald Og, son of Macvich Alister, commanded the Clan-Ronald), said, he himself stood with his drawn sword, not knowing how to strike a stroke, as he knew not a friend from a foe by the confusion they were in; until the brave Major Leith called to the horse to separate from the foot, which they immediately did, and then every man was at his liberty to use his hand and blade as best suited him. The Covenanters were not allowed to advance any farther, but were totally routed and pursued; and the rage of the victors for the death of Lord Gordon caused a great slaughter of the Covenanters; the men being so bent upon revenging the death of such a brave hero, that not a man returned from the chace till the whole disappeared. The laird of Glengary

pursued Argyle until his horse failed him; which was the only thing that saved Argyle, for he changed his horse three times."

My friend and valued correspondent, Mr J. Graham, has stated it as his opinion, that the song of *The Haughs of Cromdale* relates to these two actions that happened so close after one another, and that the burden of the song is taken from some older song, or perhaps from the name of the tune. But, with all submission to one whose knowledge of the country so much exceeds mine, I must dissent from this supposition; for in neither of these did the clans sustain the least disadvantage, but were almost miraculously victorious. With regard to the battle of Cromdale, I shall mention that in its proper place. There are much better sets of the air to be found; but I chose this, because it is the most ancient and original one extant.

SONG III.

Lesley's March to Scotland.

SONG IV.

Lesley's March to Longmaston.

These two songs are of the same era with the last, or at least their allusions are to that period. The hero is the celebrated David Lesley, who commanded a division of the Whig army at the battle of Marston Moor, and contributed so materially to that victory, when the earl of Leven, who commanded above him, fled. His cruelties in Scotland, after his victory over Montrose and some other successes, must have provoked some of the Cavaliers to write these two songs in mockery of him and his army of furious zealots. They are both written to a tune that is well known to have been his favourite march, and to which his troopers always entered or left every town on their route. The *March to Scotland* is the most perfect thing of the kind to be found in that or any other age; and, wild as some of the expressions are, must be

viewed as a great curiosity. It is the very essence of sarcasm and derision, and possesses a spirit and energy for which we may look in vain in any other song existing. When it came first to my hand, I had no doubt of its being a modern parody on the *March to Longmaston*, and strongly suspected that it might be one of the wild effusions of Burns, although assured to the contrary by my correspondent. I have now settled the matter to my own conviction that it is an ancient song; and there is reason to conclude that it is the original one, and that the *March to Longmaston* has at first been a garbled copy taken from some singer, as almost every ballad is that is copied from a singer. In Mr Gordon of Ford's MS. from which I copied it, it is denominated simply *Lesley's March*—"*to Scotland*" is added, that it may be distinguished from the other. The air is copied from Mr Oswald's ancient Scottish music, and is an excellent and original tune.

David Lesley, the leader of this host of "blest ragamuffians," seems to have been a brave and resolute officer, but one who made a pretence of zeal for religion a cloak for the most brutal acts of barbarity, as well as dishonour. There is no act of perfidy on record more detestable than that of his at Newark on Yarrow, on the evening of the day on which he gained the battle of Philiphaugh. A brave body of Grahams, Stuarts, some of the Clan-Chattan, and about two hundred Irish, who formed the principal part of Montrose's foot at that hapless engagement, had, notwithstanding the discomfiture, still kept together, and defended themselves, though deserted by the horse, and attacked on every side. About two o'clock they got possession of the old tower and castle-yard of Newark, where they resolved to defend themselves to the last, seeing no quarter given to the common soldiers. Lesley, observing that it would cost some pains to dislodge them, offered them quarter; which being accepted, it was signed by him and Adjutant Stuart. On that they came all out to an adjoining field, as ordered, and laid down their arms; and while this was doing, some of the ministers, of whom he never wanted plenty about him, represented to him, that that army was all composed of Papists and vile prelates; on which, as soon as they were disarmed, he surrounded them with his "scourges of heresy," and

cut them down every man, except Stuart himself, whom, he said, he would reserve to be hanged. In this he meant to be as good as his word; but Stuart contrived to make his escape in women's clothes, on the very night before he was to have been executed. He acted the same scene over again in Cantire the year following, causing a whole army of Macdonalds to be cut to pieces, after granting them quarter and disarming them. It was on this occasion that he said to John Nevay, a bloody preacher, who accompanied him, "Well, Mr John, have not you got your fill of blood for once?"

The commission of the estates and church granted Lesley 50,000 merks and a chain of massy gold for these exploits; and to Middleton, his associate, they granted 25,000 merks: but they soon were weary of them, and contrived, with a good deal of pains, to get them ordered back into England the next year. Never did the middle counties of Scotland suffer so much under the tyranny of an army as they did under this host of the righteous; which was the reason why they were so easily persuaded to rise in a mass to oppose Cromwell, two years afterward. And besides, Lesley hanged all the noblemen and gentlemen of the king's party that fell into his hands. Bishop Guthrie, in his Memoirs, enumerates upwards of twenty of those who suffered in the course of that year. At the execution of three of them, in Lesley's presence, at Glasgow, the Rev. David Dixon exclaimed in ecstacy, "O but the gude wark gangs bonnily on!"

From this time to the battle of Bothwell Bridge, I find no song descriptive of any event that happened in Scotland, excepting those published in the Border Minstrelsy, to which I refer the curious; for it would be superfluous to make extracts from a work so popular. There is one spirited verse, describing the feelings of the Highlanders during the time of the Commonwealth very well, though apparently not written by a Highlander: but as it is rather a poem than a song, I insert it here.

Te Commonvelt, tat grammach ting,
Gar preak him's vow, gar dee him's king;

Gar pay him's cess or poind him's geers:
She'll no de tat—deil cowe te lears!
She'll bide a while amang te crows,
She'll scour te sorde and whisk te bows;
And fan her nain sell see te Rei,
Te deil-ma-care for Cromachie!

Grammach is the Gaelic for ugly; *Rei*, for king; and *Cromachie* is a cant name for Cromwell. The meaning of the rest is obvious.

SONG V.

The Restoration.

This song is rather valuable on account of its antiquity than any intrinsic merit that it possesses; it having been first sung, as the manuscript bears, on the 29th of May 1660. The air is, however, very fine, and many songs were made to it afterwards, all on the same subject, *the twenty-ninth of May*, which was an interesting day to all lovers of our old hereditary line of kings, it being the anniversary of King Charles II.'s birth, as well as his restoration.

"Old Pendril the miller, at risk of his blood,
Hid the king of our isle in the king of the wood."

As a Scottish minstrel has celebrated this instance of loyalty in old Pendril, and as there is such ample field for encomiums on the disinterested loyalty of our own countrymen in subsequent times, it is with great pleasure that I give the first instance of it in our sister kingdom. This cannot be better or more truly displayed than by relating some of the leading circumstances connected with the battle of Worcester, which shall suffice for the illustration of this song and the three following cantatas, all made on the same subject.

It is well known, that at the beginning of 1651, Charles remained in the hands of the most rigid Covenanters; and though

treated with civility and courtesy by Argyle, a man of parts and address, he was little better than a prisoner, and was still exposed to all the rudeness and pedantry of the ecclesiastics.

This young prince was in a situation which very ill suited his temper and disposition. All those good qualities which he possessed, his affability, his wit, his gentlemanlike disengaged behaviour, were here so many vices; and his love of ease, liberty, and pleasure, was regarded as the highest enormity. Though artful in the practice of courtly dissimulation, the sanctified style was utterly unknown to him; and he never could mould his deportment into that starched grimace which the Covenanters required as an infallible mark of conversion. The duke of Buckingham was the only English courtier allowed to attend him; and, by his ingenious talent for ridicule, he had rendered himself extremely agreeable to his master. While so many objects of derision surrounded them, it was difficult to be altogether insensible to the temptation, and wholly to suppress the laugh. Obliged to attend from morning to night at prayers and sermons, they betrayed evident symptoms of weariness or contempt. The clergy never could esteem the king sufficiently regenerated; and by continual exhortations, remonstrances, and reprimands, they still endeavoured to bring him to a juster sense of his spiritual duty.

The king's passion for the fair could not altogether be restrained. He had once been observed using some familiarities with a young woman; and a committee of ministers was appointed to reprove him for a behaviour so unbecoming a covenanted monarch. The spokesman of the committee, one Douglas, began with a severe aspect, informed the king that great scandal had been given to the godly, enlarged on the heinous nature of sin, and concluded by exhorting his majesty, whenever he was disposed to amuse himself, to be more careful, for the future, in shutting the windows. This delicacy, so unusual to the place and to the character of the man, was remarked by the king, and he never forgot the obligation.

The king, shocked at all the indignities, and, perhaps, still more tired with all the formalities to which he was obliged to submit, made an attempt to regain his liberty. General Middle-

ton, at the head of some royalists, being proscribed by the Covenanters, kept in the mountains, expecting some opportunity of serving his master. The king resolved to join this body. He secretly made his escape from Argyle, and fled towards the Highlands. Colonel Montgomery, with a troop of horse, was sent in pursuit of him. He overtook the king, and persuaded him to return. The royalists being too weak to support him, Charles was the more easily induced to comply. This incident procured him afterwards better treatment, and more authority; the Covenanters being afraid of driving him, by their rigours, to some desperate resolution. Argyle renewed his courtship to the king, and the king, with equal dissimulation, pretended to repose great confidence in Argyle. He even went so far as to drop hints of his intention to marry that nobleman's daughter: but he had to do with a man too wise to be seduced by such gross artifices.

As soon as the season would permit, the Scottish army was assembled under Hamilton and Lesley; and the king was allowed to join the camp. The forces of the western counties, notwithstanding the imminent danger which threatened their country, were resolute not to unite their cause with that of an army which admitted any engagers or malignants among them; and they kept in a body apart under Ker. They called themselves the *Protesters;* and their frantic clergy declaimed equally against the king and against Cromwell. The other party were denominated *Resolutioners;* and these distinctions continued long after to divide and agitate the kingdom.

Charles encamped at the Torwood; and his generals resolved to conduct themselves by the same cautious maxims, which, so long as they were embraced, had been successful during the former campaign. The town of Stirling lay at his back, and the whole north supplied him with provisions. Strong entrenchments defended his front; and it was in vain that Cromwell made every attempt to bring him to an engagement. After losing much time, the English general sent Lambert over the Frith into Fife, with an intention of cutting off the provisions of the enemy. Lambert fell upon Holborne and Brown, who commanded a party of the Scots, and put them to rout with great slaughter. Crom-

well also passed over with his whole army; and lying at the back of the king, made it impossible for him to keep his post any longer.

Charles, reduced to despair, embraced a resolution worthy of a young prince contending for empire. Having the way open, he resolved immediately to march into England, where he expected that all his friends, and all those who were discontented with the present government, would flock to his standard. He persuaded the generals to enter into the same views; and with one consent the army, to the number of 14,000 men, rose from their camp, and advanced by great journies towards the south.

Cromwell was surprised at this movement of the royal army. Wholly intent on offending his enemy, he had exposed his friends to imminent danger, and saw the king, with numerous forces, marching into England; where his presence, from the general hatred which prevailed against the parliament, was capable of producing some great revolution. But if this conduct was an oversight of Cromwell, he quickly repaired it by his vigilance and activity. He despatched letters to the parliament, exhorting them not to be dismayed at the approach of the Scots: he sent orders everywhere for assembling forces to oppose the king: he ordered Lambert, with a body of cavalry, to hang upon the rear of the royal army, and infest their march: and he himself, leaving Monk with 7000 men to complete the reduction of Scotland, followed the king with all the expedition possible.

Charles found himself disappointed in his expectations of increasing his army. The Scots, terrified at the prospect of so hazardous an enterprise, fell off in great numbers. The English Presbyterians, having no warning given them of the king's approach, were not prepared to join him. To the royalists this measure was equally unexpected; and they were farther deterred from joining the Scottish army by the orders which the committee of ministers had issued, not to admit any, even in this desperate extremity, who would not subscribe the covenant. The earl of Derby, leaving the Isle of Man, where he had hitherto maintained his independence, was employed in levying forces in Cheshire and Lancashire, but was soon suppressed by a party of the parliament-

ary army: and the king, when he arrived at Worcester, found that his forces, extremely harassed by a hasty and fatiguing march, were not more numerous than when he arose from his camp in the Torwood.

Such is the influence of established government, that the Commonwealth, though founded in usurpation the most unjust and most unpopular, had authority to raise everywhere the militia of the counties; and these, united with the regular forces, beat all their efforts against the king. With an army of about 30,000 men, Cromwell fell upon Worcester, attacking it on all sides, and meeting with little resistance except from Duke Hamilton and General Middleton, broke in upon the disordered royalists. The streets of the city were strewed with dead. Hamilton, a nobleman of bravery and honour, was mortally wounded; Massey wounded and taken prisoner; the king himself, having given many proofs of personal valour, was obliged to fly. The whole Scottish army was either killed or taken prisoners. The country people, inflamed with national antipathy, put to death the few that escaped from the field of battle.

The king left Worcester at six o'clock in the afternoon, and, without halting, travelled about twenty-six miles, in company with fifty or sixty of his friends. To provide for his safety, he thought it best to separate himself from his companions; and he left them, without communicating his intentions to any of them. By the earl of Derby's directions, he went to Boscobel, a lone house on the borders of Staffordshire, inhabited by one Penderell, a farmer. To this man Charles intrusted himself. The man had dignity of sentiment much above his condition; and though death was denounced against all who concealed the king, and a great reward promised to any one who should betray him, he professed and maintained unshaken fidelity. He took the assistance of his four brothers, equally honourable with himself; and, having clothed the king in a garb like their own, they led him into the neighbouring wood, put a bill into his hand, and pretended to employ themselves in cutting faggots. Some nights he lay upon straw in the house, and fed on such homely fare as it afforded. For a better concealment, he mounted upon an oak, where he

sheltered himself among the leaves and branches for twenty-four hours. He saw several soldiers pass by. All of them were intent in search of the king; and some expressed, in his hearing, their earnest wishes of seizing him. This tree was afterwards denominated the Royal Oak; and for many years was regarded by the neighbourhood with great veneration. *Heath's Chron. Hume.*

Charles, after this, intrusted at least forty men and women with his life, every one of whom proved faithful; a circumstance that does great credit to the English gentry of that age, and marks, in no ordinary degree, their generous principle of loyalty to their sovereign.

SONG VI.

The Royal Oak Tree.

This song, as well as the foregoing, was taken from a curious collection of ancient MS. songs, in the possession of Mr D. Bridges, jun. of Edinburgh. It is probably of English original, notwithstanding the first line, which ascribes it to Scotland. This may be an unfair and illiberal suggestion, considering that I got it as a Scots song, and in a Scots gentleman's collection; and am told that it was formerly published as such. The air, however, is decidedly English, and to this a good deal of weight should be placed. I would not exclude an old song, on bare suspicion of having had its origin in the sister kingdom, especially if it appears to have been known and sung in this, but must not conceal what I think concerning it. The air, as here given, is said to have been composed by a Charles Dibdin, for Garrick's jubilee song of *The Mulberry Tree;* but there is an air of that name as old as the days of Shakspeare himself, of which this, in all likelihood, is a modernized set.

SONG VII.

The Tree of Friendship.

THIS cantata is likewise taken from Mr Bridges' collection, but is to be found in *The True Loyalist*, printed privately in A.D. 1779, nobody knows where: and though it is said in the MS. to have been written for the 29th of May 1660, the antiquity of it appears rather equivocal, as some of the airs, to which the verses have visibly been made, are well known to have been composed since that period; one of them I am certain has. The airs are so well known, that I did not think proper to load the work with six long tunes for one song, especially as none of them are Scots airs, save one, which has here an English name. The cantata may be as old as represented, and the musical arrangement of a later date.

SONG VIII.

The Drowning of Care.

I HAD this song from the same source with the preceding three, and it is likewise to be found in the same printed Scottish work with the latter of these; at least, so I am informed. The airs in this are all Scottish, but cannot be said to be Jacobite airs. The poetry is apparently from the same hand with the foregoing, and is highly respectable for the age.

Among many other poetical effusions that appeared about this period, the following English song of OLD SIR SIMON THE KING deserves particularly to be quoted for its humorous allusions. The air is well known over both kingdoms.

REBELLION hath broken up house,
  And hath left me old lumber to sell:
Come hither, and take your choice;
  I'll promise to use you well.

Will you buy the old speaker's chair,
  Which was warm and easy to sit in,
And oftentimes has been made clean,
  When as it was fouler than fitting?
    Says old Sir Simon the king,
    Says old Sir Simon the king,
  With his threadbare hose and his malmsy nose,
    Our old Sir Simon the king.

Will you buy any bacon flitches?
  They're the fattest that ever were spent;
They're the sides of the old committees,
  Fed up with the Long Parliament.
Here's a pair of bellows and tongs,
  And for a small matter I'll sell 'em;
They're made of the Presbyter's lungs,
  To blow up the coals of rebellion;
    Says old Sir Simon, &c.

I had thought to have given them once
  To some blacksmith for his forge;
But, now I have consider'd on't,
  They're consecrated to the church:
So I'll give them to some choir,
  To make the organs to roar,
And the little pipes squeak higher
  Than ever they did before;
    Says old Sir Simon, &c.

Here's a couple of stools for sale,
  The one square, and t'other is round;
Betwixt them both, the tail
  Of the Rump fell unto the ground.
Will you buy the States' council-table,
  Which was made of the good Wains-*Scot*?

The frame was a tottering Babel,
T' uphold the Independent Plot,
Says old Sir Simon, &c.

Here's the besom of Reformation,
Which should have made clean the floor;
Yet it swept the wealth out o' the nation,
And left us dirt good store.
Will you buy the States' spinning-wheel,
Which spun for the Ropers' trade?
Far better it had stood still,
For now it has spun a fair thread,
Says old Sir Simon, &c.

Here's a very good glyster-pipe,
Which was made of a butcher's sump;
And ofttimes it hath been used
To cure the colds of the RUMP.
Here's a lump of Pilgrim's salve,
Which once was a justice of peace,
Who Noll and the devil did serve,
But now it is come to this,
Says old Sir Simon, &c.

Here's a roll of States tobacco,
If any good fellow will take it;
It's neither Virginian nor Spanish,
But I'll tell you how they do make it:
'Tis *Covenant* mixt with *Engagement*,
With an *Abjuration oath*;
And many of them that did take it
Complain it is foul in the mouth,
Says old Sir Simon, &c.

Yet the ashes may happily serve
To cure the scab of the nation,

When they have an itch to serve
  A rebellion by innovation.
A lanthorn here is to be bought,
  The like was scarce ever begotten;
For many a plot 't has found out,
  Before they ever were thought on,
    Says old Sir Simon, &c.

Will you buy the RUMP's great saddle,
  Which once did carry the nation?
And here's the bit and the bridle,
  And curb of dissimulation.
Here's the breeches of the RUMP,
  With a fair dissembling cloak,
And a Presbyterian jump,
  With an Independent smock,
    Says old Sir Simon, &c.

Here's Oliver's brewing vessels,
  And here's his dray and his slings.
Here's Hewson's awl and his bristles,
  With divers other odd things.
And what is the price doth belong
  To all these matters before ye?
I'll sell them all for an old song,
  And so I do end my story,
    Says old Sir Simon the king,
    Says old Sir Simon the king,
  With his threadbare hose and his malmsy nose,
    Our old Sir Simon the king.

There is another excellent Scottish song of this period, which should have been inserted in the body of the work, both on account of its antiquity and merit; but, in the confusion of Jacobite relics that I had collected, I had overlooked it among some more modern stuff. It relates to the defeat and fall of Archibald earl

of Argyle, in 1685, and appears to have been a song of that year. I have seen a copy of it printed in 1694.

The Rebel Captive.

Air—Three bonny Lads were Sandy and Jockie.

THREE bonny lads were Sandy, Claud Hamilton,
And Andrew Grier, the captain that led them on:
Then for the lads it proved a fatal day,
Argyle was ta'en, and a' his men ran away.
When Douglas jived him,
Rived him,
Drived him,
And of all hopes his stars had deprived him;
Routed him, flouted him,
The deil bigotted him,
And now the states a rope have allotted him.

On June the fifteenth, oh! 'twas a fatal day,
Archibald fled, and a' the rogues ran away.
In a disguise the loon thought to shun his fate;
Three bonny boys stopped him on the gate,
In a blue bonnet;
On it
One hit
Such a braid gash as made him til own it.
O spare me, disarm me,
And do no more harm me,
For I am Argyle, the head o' th' Whig army!

Quarter! oh, quarter! I yield myself prisoner:
Here, take my sword too, that useless tool of war.
Footmen and horses, now I all give you o'er;
Dumbarton's forces no man can stand before;

But they will fight him,
Right him,
Fright him,
The proudest foe, will put to the flight him;
Thunder him, plunder him,
Dash all asunder him,
And make Argyle himself truckle under him.

Thus having yielded up baith his sword and durk,
These bonny boys convey'd him to Edinburg;
Where with a train he enters the Watergate,
The hangman walking before him in muckle state,
With a hemp garter,
The martyr
To quarter,
And by the lugs to cut the loon shorter.
The same fate ever wait
To crown the rebel's pate,
And all such traitors as dare oppose the state.

I find another excellent Scottish song, apparently as old as 1678; but as it relates to an event that happened in England, I thought meet rather to preserve it among the notes than among those songs that relate to the events in Scotland. It is descriptive of the character and life of the infamous Oates, commonly called Doctor Oates, and I believe it is true what another old song says of him,

"There was a braw doctor, as ever ye saw,
Though not of divinity, physic, nor law."

He was the informer and principal contriver of a tremendous plot, that threw the whole kingdom into consternation—of fires, rebellions, insurrections, and massacres, such as never were heard of in a nation; and that being confounded with another plot, of which there appeared good evidence, it was never properly understood by the generality of the people. The songs that were made about it in England were almost innumerable; but the one that

follows is evidently Scottish, as is also the air. It has certainly been written to the old tune of *Let me in this ae Night;* but I have seen it in a very old collection, set to the tune of *Sic a Wife as Willie had.* The following is the character that Hume draws of this Titus Oates.

"Oates, the informer of this dreadful plot, was himself the most infamous of mankind. He was the son of an Anabaptist preacher, chaplain to Colonel Pride; but having taken orders in the church, he had been settled in a small living by the duke of Norfolk. He had been indicted for perjury, and by some means had escaped. He was afterwards a chaplain on board the fleet; whence he had been dismissed, on complaint of some unnatural practices, not fit to be named. He then became a convert to the Catholics; but he afterwards boasted, that his conversion was a mere pretence, in order to get into their secrets, and to betray them. He was sent over to the Jesuit's college at St Omers; and, though above thirty years of age, he there lived some time among the students. He was despatched on an errand to Spain; and thence returned to St Omers; where the Jesuits, heartily tired of their convert, at last dismissed him from their seminary. It is likely, that from resentment of this usage, as well as from want and indigence, he was induced, in combination with Tongue, to contrive that plot of which he accused the Catholics. This abandoned man, when examined before the council, betrayed his impostures in such a manner as would have utterly discredited the most consistent story, and the most reputable evidence."

Sic a Life as Titus led.

Sic a life as Titus led,
As Titus led, as Titus led,
When laird was rascal, lady jade,
  He'll never lead again, jo.
Commissions and black bills he had,
Which did uphaud the swearing trade;
And a' the land play'd *Hey go mad,*
  The like was never seen, jo.

He swore it out through thick and thin,
Through twa-inch boards he saw within,
And for the truth pawn'd saul and skin,
  Most deftly done o' him, jo.

His Pilgrims and his Narratives,
His Pilgrims and his Narratives,
Prepar'd for Pope and Prelates' sleeves,
  He'll never see again, jo.
Before the plot ran retrograde,
Then every bully was a blade,
And sceptre levell'd wi' the spade,
  The like was never seen, jo.
Had we prevail'd against the duke,
I will be sworn upo' the Beuk,
He'd done the rest by heuk or creuk,
  And a' had been our ain, jo.

Sic a trade as Titus drave,
As Titus drave, as Titus drave,
When these three nations he did save,
  He'll never drive again, jo.
Ten pounds a-week he did receive,
And muckle mair the *godly* gave,
And there was nought but ask and have,
  The like was never seen, jo.
But to Tyburn Titus trigs,
In company o' th' godly Whigs,
To dance and sing Geneva jigs,
  And there's an end o' him, jo.

SONG IX.

Hey, Boys, up go we.

I HAVE got many editions of this popular old song, all distinct from one another, but all levelled against the Whigs, though in different ages. I am informed that this which I have adopted is

one of Charles I.'s time, and that it was originally an English song, though popular in this country. There is another, which begins thus:

Now, now the Tories all shall stoop,
  Religion, and the laws,
And Whigs on Commonwealth get up,
  To tap the good old cause.
Tantivy boys shall all go down,
  And haughty monarchy;
The leather cap shall brave the crown,
  Then hey, boys, up go we.

The next I shall copy in full, which plainly relates to what was termed the Fanatic Plot, in the reign of Charles II.

Now, now the plot is coming out,
  That caus'd our doubts and fears,
And all the tribe that made the rout,
  Both commoners and peers,
The mighty patrons of the cause
  'Gainst Pagan Popery,
Have rais'd a gibbet for our foes;
  And hey, boys, up go we.

With sanctified religious zeal
  The brethren did agree
For to raise up our Commonweal
  On Christian liberty;
To undermine the church and state,
  And blow up monarchy:
But now, alas! 'tis our own fate,
  And hey, boys, up go we.

A holy covenant we took,
  To sacrifice the king,

And, next to him, the royal duke,
  A bloody offering;
For which, according to the vote,
  The Papists all should die:
But now the saints have chang'd their note,
  And hey, boys, up go we.

Our zealous covenanting saints,
  Associating peers,
Each heart, for fear, with *Patience* pants,
  To lose more than his ears.
Tony's dead, and Monmouth's fled;
  The helm is turn'd a-lee;
The plot (the nail) is knock'd o' th' head,
  And hey, then, up go we.

No longer may the Papists boast
  Their bloody black designs;
Old Rome, thy ancient glory's lost,
  For all thy learn'd divines.
For royal murders, treasons base,
  And matchless treachery,
The Jesuits must now give place;
  And hey, boys, up go we.

How well did we contrive the plot,
  And laid it at their door,
For which old Stafford went to pot,
  And many guiltless more!
But now the tide is come about,
  The truth of all we see;
And when the murder all is out,
  Then hey, boys, up go we.

Rumsey's gold, and Rumbold bold,
  Conspire to kill the king;

And Pickering, in fatal hold,
  Must answer for the thing.
Nethrop, West, and all the rest,
  With Perkin may agree,
To be o' th' Tower (not throne) possest;
  Then hey, boys, up go we.

Our city riots and country routs,
  That to rebellion tend,
Our races, and our hunting-bouts,
  In insurrection end.
The rebel now is catch'd i' th' snare
  He laid for monarchy:
At last the gallows claims its share;
  Then hey, boys, up go we.

Another of them begins thus:

Now, now the antichristian crew
  Shall all go down, because
Our magistrates do well pursue
  And execute the laws.
Those rascals, who do always rail
  Against all laws with spight,
Would make a law against a law;
  Great York should lose his right.

And another thus:

Now the bad *Old Cause* is tapt,
  And the *vessel* standeth stooped;
The *Cooper* may starve for want of *work*,
  For the *cask* shall never be hooped.
We will burn the association,
  The covenant, and vow,
The public cheat of the nation,
  Anthony, now, now, now.

A sixth, and not the worst of this long list, begins as follows:

O wicked Whigs, what can you mean?
  When will your plotting cease
Against our most *renowned* queen,
  Her ministry, and peace?
Your Protestant succession's safe,
  As our great men agree;
Bourbon has Spain; the Tories laugh,
  And hey, boys, up go YE.

Colonel William Cleland, the famous Cameronian leader, who was slain at the battle of Dunkeld, wrote another to the same air, and with the same chorus. It seems, that about the time of the battle of Bothwell Bridge, and after that, one of these songs, it is not easy to say which, had been very popular; and it was in mockery of that popular song that he wrote his in the same style, but exaggerated to a degree that rendered the theme ridiculous. It has a great deal of spirit, but is too unpolished for insertion here.

SONG X.

You're welcome, Whigs, from Bothwell Brigs.

THIS is manifestly a song of 1688; the allusions to King William and the Whigs prove it so: and it may be remarked throughout, that these songs of the royalists are always bitter, and full of gall, in proportion to the desperate state of their master's affairs. The foregoing song is temperate, compared with this. The rapid progress of the Revolution, and the sudden ascendancy gained by the Whigs, confounded the other party, some of which had amused themselves and vented their spleen in these intemperate effusions. The song is supposed to have been the production of a celebrated Scottish nobleman.

SONG XI.

Cakes of Crowdy.

This is another production of the same year, and likewise of a nobleman, having been written by Lord Newbottle in 1688, as the MS. bears. The author was eldest son to William, first marquis of Lothian; and notwithstanding this satire on the revolutionists, he closed with that great measure. Here are two noble authors whom Walpole knew nothing of. The following are some of the heroes mentioned in this song.—*Chinnie;* Lord Melville, called Chinnie from the length of his features.—*Rethy;* Lord Raith.—*Little Pitcunkie;* Melville's third son.—*Leven the hero;* who whipt Lady Mortonhall with his whip. He is the Lord Huffie of Dr Pitcairn's "Assembly," where he is introduced beating fiddlers and horse-hirers.—*Cherrytrees Davie;* Mr D. Williamson, who did lie with Lord Burke's daughter.—*Greenock, Dickson, Houston;* taxmen of the customs. They were, Sir J. Hall, Sir J. Dickson, and Mr R. Young.—*Borland;* this is Captain Drummond, a great turn-coat rogue, who kept the stores in the castle.—*Grave Burnet;* old Gribo.—*Mary, Willie,* and *Annie;* prince and princess of Orange, and princess of Denmark. —*Argyle;* he was killed (received his death's wound, at least) in a brothel near Newcastle.—So says an old commentator on my Lord Newbottle's *elegant* and *witty* song!

SONG XII.

There came a Fiddler out o' Fife.

It is impossible to discover with certainty who is meant by this fiddler that came out of Fife. I at first imagined it to have been Clavers, who, though he did not come from Fife, yet came from that quarter; and the "gooly knife," and

"Learning the Whigs a morrice dance
That they lov'd wonder dearly, O,"

applied so well to him; for there can be no doubt that by the latter is meant the hanging of them, an honour which their opponents alleged they strove for by every means in their power. But perhaps this celebrated fiddler was no other than the archbishop of St Andrews, who was indeed skilled in music, and might likewise be said to have many "links o' leary, O." At all events, the song is ancient; for the one that follows was professedly composed to the tune of *There came a Fiddler out o' Fife,* and that song was written by a Scots clergyman of the Episcopal persuasion, who lived at the time of the Revolution.

SONG XIII.

Ne'er to Return.

This song is out of place as to time, for it is plain that it was written on the death of King William; but is placed here on account of its having been written in imitation of the former, and to the same air. It is greatly inferior to the original fragment, wanting all its spirit and velocity. The air is beautiful, simple, and original. I took it from a country songster; and if it has been published before, I do not know of it.

SONG XIV.

King William's March

Is one of the many Jacobite songs whose date of composition may almost be traced to a day. It must have been a rant composed by some wag of a Cavalier, on the departure of King William to join his army in Ireland, which took place on the 4th June 1690. Had the date of it been later, the success of his expedition would have rendered such sarcasm ridiculous; and earlier, no one could have known of it. I have often heard the two first verses sung as an interlude in a nursery tale, the scope of

which I have puzzled myself in vain to recollect, but think it must have been allegorical. The poetry is poor, but the song is particularly whimsical. "Wi' a bullet in his boretree." It is of boretree or alder that boys make their air-guns. This is making as light of King William's fire-arms as possible. The third verse seems to insinuate that he had been horridly sick in crossing the Channel. The air is plain, but supposed to be very old. Both that and the song are decidedly of Scottish original.

SONG XV.

It was a' for our rightfu' King.

This song is traditionally said to have been written by a Captain Ogilvie, related to the house of Inverquharity, who was with King James in his Irish expedition, and was in the battle of the Boyne. He was a brave man, and fell in an engagement on the Rhine. There is no part of the history of these times so affecting as that which relates to King James and his officers in France. In 1690, when the clans were broken up, and forced to submit to William's government, upwards of a hundred gentlemen, all of good families, voluntarily exiled themselves to attend their master in his adversity; and, what will astonish many, the greater proportion of these were Lowlanders, as appears by the list of their names, which now lies before me. The king of France was kind to them, and settled small salaries on them: but after his misfortunes at La Hogue and Cherbourg, seeing that James' restoration, which they fondly anticipated, would on that account be delayed, and that they would become burdensome to the king of France, they besought that they might be reduced to a company of private soldiers. "For the sake of your Majesty," said they to James, "we will submit to the meanest circumstances, and undergo the greatest hardships and fatigues that reason can imagine or misfortune inflict, until it shall please God to restore you and us to our own."

They would take no denial, and the measure was complied

with, much against James' inclination. His speech to them, on taking leave of him in the court of Versailles, must affect the hearts of those who most abhorred his political principles.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my own misfortunes are not so nigh my heart as yours. It grieves me beyond what I can express, to see so many brave and worthy gentlemen, who had once the prospect of being the chief officers in my army, reduced to the stations of private centinels. Nothing but your loyalty, and that of a few of my subjects, who have been forced from their allegiance by the prince of Orange, and who, I know, will be ready on all occasions to serve me and my distressed family, could make me willing to live. The sense of what all of you have done and undergone for your loyalty, hath made so deep an impression on my heart, that if ever it please God to restore me, it is impossible I can be forgetful of your services and sufferings. Neither can there be any posts in the armies of my dominions but what you have just pretensions to. As for my son, your prince, he is of your own blood, a child capable of any impressions; and as his education will be from you, it is not supposable that he can ever forget your merits.

"At your own desires, you are now going a long march, far distant from me. I have taken care to provide you with money, shoes, stockings, and other necessaries. Fear God, and love one another. Write all your wants particularly to me; and depend upon it always to find me your parent and king."

Having ended, he asked every officer his name, and wrote it down in his pocket-book; then made them a low bow, with his hat in his hand, and prayed God to bless and prosper them.

In that campaign they behaved themselves, and fought, to the astonishment of all that beheld them, both friends and foes; but many of them fell, or died in the hospitals of Spain. Intercession was made for them, and an order was sent out, that every one of them who chose might return to France, or to their own country; but they declined both, returning for answer, "That Louis had been kind to their master, and they would fight for him as long as they had a drop of blood to spend." They afterwards served in the campaign on the banks of the Rhine, against Prince Louis

of Baden; and during that period exposed themselves so much, that in 1696, when the peace was concluded, only sixteen of them remained alive. My author says, that only four out of all these noble gentlemen were Roman Catholics, and that the rest were Protestants of the Episcopal persuasion, and several of them bred as divines. But laying all prejudices with regard to religious or political principles aside, and judging of these simply as men—if they are not an honour to our country, where are such to be found?

The writer of Dundee's Memoirs calculates that they could not do otherwise than they did, either with safety or honour. "Dundee and the clans fought it bravely," says he, "and he died on the field of battle. Glenco and his people took the oaths, became loyal and obedient subjects, and lived peaceably and quietly under the established government, yet they were inhumanly massacred. Now, which had the best on't? Dundee or his clans for their rebellion; or Glenco and his followers for their loyalty? It will puzzle a country parson to resolve. Whether was it better for Generals Buchan and Cannon, with their officers, to go to France, and live sparingly on what their master King James could allow them; or stay at home, and live peaceably, and be Glenco'd?"

SONG XVI.

Three good Fellows ayont yon Glen.

This is manifestly an ancient song. Some verses of it are popular, but I never heard so much of it as is here. The correspondent to whom I am indebted for this copy adds, that it is supposed to allude to the battle of Culloden; but I think it must be evident to every one, at first sight, that it is the chant of some Highland bard, previous to the battle of Killicrankie. The repetition of the name of Graham, the first on the list, is testimony sufficient of this. By Lindsay is probably meant Colin earl of Balcarras; but the song is either imperfect, or very hard to be understood. However, it is so far correspondent with the battle of Killicrankie; for

the young *chief of Sky* was there, as was also *the true Maclean.* The *Evan* mentioned is likely the Sir Evan Dhu Cameron mentioned likewise in the succeeding song. The rest it is impossible to trace; but it is likely that they may all be wrong spelled. A Highland gentleman whom I consulted, supposes that by Macrabrach is meant a son of the laird of Coll, and that it should have been spelled M'Abrach. If this could be ascertained, it is no great stretch of fancy, to suppose that Hector and Reoch Bane were likewise chieftains of the clan Maclean, and that the song may be derived from some Gaelic rhyme made by a bard of that sept. The air is strongly characteristic of that country; and the character of the hero who succeeds to Lindsay, and whose name is not mentioned, seems very applicable to Alaster Macdonald of Glengary, who carried King James' standard at the battle of Killicrankie.

SONG XVII.

The Battle of Killicrankie.

This celebrated battle was fought on the 17th of July 1689, in the upper part of Athol, in the Highlands of Perthshire, a little to the north of the romantic pass from which the engagement takes its name. The Whigs were commanded by General Mackay, a Scots gentleman of considerable renown as a leader; and the clans, who still adhered strenuously to the cause of the Stuarts, by John Graham of Claverhouse, better known in the north by the title of "the gallant Dundee," and in the south by that of "the bloody Clavers." "Let every ane roose the ford as they find it," is a good old Scots proverb; and if the history of this leader is traced throughout, it will be found that the Lowlanders did not bestow their epithet without good cause. Neither was that given by the Highlanders purely ideal, as the following sketch of the incidents leading to this battle will fully illustrate.

It has been alleged against him, that on his advance southward to support his master against the prince of Orange, he offered his

services to the latter, on certain conditions. His proposals being coldly received, or at least an ambiguous answer returned to them, he was fired with indignation, and seems thenceforth to have resolved on standing by his old master and benefactor through good report and through bad report, and either to reinstate him in authority, or spend his life and blood in attempting it.

Accordingly, in a conversation which he had with James, at Rochester, on the 20th of December, he is said to have addressed him in the following sensible and arduous words: "The question, sire, is, Whether you shall remain in Britain, or fly to France? Whether you shall trust the returning zeal of your native subjects, or rely on a foreign power? Here, then, I say, you ought to stand. Keep possession of a part, let it be ever so small, and the whole will return to you by degrees. Resume the spirit of a king, and summon your subjects to their allegiance. Your army, though dispersed, is not disheartened. Give me but your commission, and I will carry your standard through England at its head, and drive before you these Dutch and their prince."

In conformity with the infatuation attendant on all the counsels of the Stuart race, this brave advice was rejected, at the only period, perhaps, when effectual resistance could have been made, while the constituted authorities acted in their name. These considerations had no effect on James, who seems previously to have resolved on quitting the kingdom, which he did in a day or two thereafter.

Clavers posted to the north with his army, and, during the remainder of the winter, was not idle in the cause of James: but the country was in a distracted state, and the nobility divided among themselves; neither were they aware what proposals were to be made to them; consequently the exertions of Clavers proved of small avail in concentrating the party of James. In the spring, he was authorised, by an instrument signed by King James, to call a convention of the states at Stirling; and in this authority the earl of Balcarras and the archbishop of Glasgow were joined: but by the delay and folly of the party, the measure was disappointed.

William summoned a convention to meet at Edinburgh on the

14th of March; and there Clavers also attended, on purpose to effect all for his master's interest that he could. But being alarmed by an information of a design formed by the Covenanters to assassinate him, he fled suddenly from the city, at the head of 150 horsemen. When he passed under the walls of the castle, the duke of Gordon, who held that place for James, called him to a conference. He scrambled fearlessly up the tremendous precipice, to the consternation of all that beheld him, and informed the duke of all his designs in favour of the late king, conjuring him, at the same time, to hold out the castle. The novelty of the sight collected multitudes of spectators. The convention became alarmed; and the president ordered the doors to be locked, and the keys to be laid upon the table. The drums were beat to alarm the town. A parcel of ill-armed retainers were gathered together in the street by the earl of Leven. But Clavers, in the mean time, riding off with his party, the adherents of James were in dreadful apprehensions, and fifty gentlemen, members of the convention, retired from Edinburgh; and that circumstance produced an unanimity in all the succeeding resolutions of the convention, now composed solely of Whigs, that gave one severe blow, among others, to the cause of James.

The adherents of the exiled monarch now turned their eyes towards Clavers; for the convention having in vain urged him to return, they declared him a fugitive, an outlaw, and a rebel. General Mackay was despatched by William to Scotland with four regiments of foot and one of dragoons; and Clavers, being warned of his design to surprise him, retired to the Grampian mountains, with only a few horse in his train. He marched from thence to Gordon castle, where he was joined by the earl of Dunfermline, with fifty gentlemen. He then passed through the county of Moray to Inverness, where he found Macdonald of Keppoch lying with 700 men, after having laid waste, in his way, the lands of the clan of Mackintosh. Clavers, having promised to the magistrates of Inverness to repay, at the king's return, all the money extorted from them by Keppoch, induced the latter to join him with all his men. He could not, however, prevent them from first returning home with their spoil; and therefore, in

order that he might not lose hold of such a band of brave fellows, he resolved on accompanying them himself to the Braes of Lochaber. On the 8th of May, having gone as far as Badenoch, from thence he wrote letters to all the chiefs of the clans, appointing them to meet him at a general rendezvous in Lochaber, on the 18th of the same month; and turning round from thence, he passed suddenly through Athol, endeavouring all that he could to raise the country as he proceeded, and found many of the country gentlemen in those parts inclined to support him. Then, pushing onward, he surprised the town of Perth, where he raised a considerable contribution for the service of his master; and in hopes of gaining over to his party the two troops of Scots dragoons that lay at Dundee, he marched suddenly to that place; but the fidelity of Captain Balfour, who commanded them, disappointed his views. He, however, raised the land-tax all the way as he advanced; and having thereby realised a good sum of money, of which he stood greatly in need, he returned by Athol, and across the pathless wilds of Rannoch, to hold his diet of rendezvous in Lochaber, where he arrived on the 17th. If the nature of the roads of Scotland in those days is taken into account, this is an instance of activity and intrepidity scarcely to be found on record.

At the meeting in Lochaber he was reinforced by a number of brave Highland chiefs, so that he again found himself at the head of 1500 men; and impatient to do something for the cause in which he was engaged, so long as his scanty resources lasted, he crossed the mountains like lightning against Mackay, who, having advanced as far as Inverness, fled at his approach, and Clavers pursued him for four days as far as Strathbogie, and had now the whole Highlands behind him, clear of any opposing force. On reaching this place, he received letters from the officers of the Scots dragoons, who held a secret correspondence with him. The information contained in these letters was manifestly false, and was framed as an excuse for their own fears, and their backwardness in joining him. This intelligence, together with the impatience of the clans, induced him to retreat back into the mountains; and by the time he had again reached Badenoch, the low-country men, disliking the Highlanders and their country, had

deserted his standard to a man, while the Highlanders plundered without discrimination the whole country as they went. Clavers certainly now stood in need of all the energies of his mind; and there is no denying but that he was possessed of great decisiveness of character. His resources were exhausted; the clans returned home by hundreds, laden with booty; he himself fell grievously sick; and Mackay was hovering on his rear. A desperate skirmish happened, in which the Highlanders prevailed; but they lost their baggage during the action, at which they were bitterly irritated, and each one threw the blame on others. This was not much to be wondered at. The baggage of a Highland army, newly returned from the fertile plains of Murrayland, would be of some avail.

Mackay being again reinforced with a body of 1200 men, and having intelligence that other regiments were advancing by Perth and Dumblain to support him, he advanced rapidly against Clavers, toward Ruthven in Badenoch; but the army of the latter having gradually disappeared, he was forced to retreat again across the mountains; and by the time he reached the Braes of Lochaber, he had not 200 men remaining. To complete his disappointment, he at the same time received intelligence of the surrender of Edinburgh castle.

On the 23d of June he received letters from King James, with a promise of immediate succours from Ireland; and a few hundreds of naked recruits soon after arrived. But Clavers remained undaunted by all these unpromising events. He again summoned the Highland chiefs to assemble round his standard, at the heads of their respective clans; and they being well affected to the cause, he soon found 1400 brave and desperate fellows rallied around it. Still he could scarcely be said to have any thing save the mere bodies of men. The Highlanders had no weapons save old broad-swords, durks, and targes; the Irish had no weapons of any sort, excepting such as they could pick up by the way; and he had no more than forty pounds of powder in his whole army. All these difficulties, however, were surmounted by the general, for whom the army entertained an enthusiastic zeal.

With all these disadvantages, he determined instantly on

marching to give battle to the enemy: for he knew that his army was composed of different clans jealous of each other, and that though now they were united in one common enterprise, yet they were ready to fall asunder on the slightest quarrel among themselves. From former experience, he knew that inactivity would disperse them sooner than defeat, and he therefore was obliged to proceed to active operations.

As I said before, Clavers, on his late march, found many of the gentlemen of Athol favourable to his cause; and they now began to bestir themselves. One of these, John Stuart of Ballechan, a relation of the marquis of Athol, seized on the castle of Blair for King James; and the same gentleman had the address to prevail on his countrymen, raised by Lord Murray for the service of the regency, to return to their homes, rather than dare to fight against the rights of their lawful king.

Clavers first marched into Badenoch, where, getting intelligence of what was going forward at Blair in Athol, he hasted to cover that castle from the threatened attack of Mackay; and on coming there, he learned that that general was just entering the pass of Killicrankie at the head of a formidable and well-appointed army.

The Athol men advised that Clavers should defend the pass, from which it was easy to drive the enemy back in confusion; but this he declined, observing, that he would suffer him for once to get clear of the pass; perhaps he would not find his way so clear when he returned. It is even reported that he sent word to some friends in the strath of Athol below, "to secure the pass, that no flyers might escape; for that he was going to beat General Mackay in the afternoon." And it would appear that this caution was not given in vain.

Clavers marched from Blair, keeping the side of the hill above the path, and came in sight of Mackay's army at two o'clock, which had now cleared the pass, and was formed into eight battalions, ready for action. They consisted of 4500 foot, and two troops of horse. There are various accounts of the number of Highlanders under Clavers: it seems to have been nearly about 3000. These he ranged in order of battle. Maclean, with his

clan, and those of some subordinate chieftains, formed the right wing. The Macdonalds of Sky, under the chief's eldest son, formed the left. The Camerons, the Macdonnels of Glengary, the followers of Clanronald, and the Irish auxiliaries, were in the centre. A troop of horse was placed behind, under the command of Sir William Wallace. The officers sent by James from Ireland were distributed through all the line. Thus the whole army stood in sight of the enemy for several hours, on the steep side of a hill, facing the narrow plain where Mackay had formed his line. Clavers wished for the approach of night, a season which suited him either for victory or flight.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, a kind of skirmishing began between the right wing of the Highlanders and the left of the enemy; but neither party appearing disposed to change their ground, the firing was discontinued for the space of three hours, and both kept their positions, gazing at one another. Clavers, in the mean time, flew from clan to clan, and animated them to action, thus whetting their natural impatience; for an army of real Highlanders, in sight of an enemy, become absolutely furious, as a lion or tiger does when watching over his prey.

At eight o'clock in the evening the long-expected signal of battle was given, and down came the Highlanders from the hill, with a rolling murmur of ferocity and impatience. The general himself advanced at the head of the horse, and at the first onset charged the enemy in person.

> "Clavers and his Highlandmen
> Came down upon the raw, man."

That is to say, they advanced in a row. One would suppose, from this reading, that they had come down in a line, so as to outflank the enemy; but the truth is, that they were disposed in narrow deep columns, every clan by itself, so that they might have been said properly enough to have "come down upon the raw." This was the great Montrose's favourite mode of attack at the head of the clans, and was adopted by his successor in arms and fame at this time, with its wonted success. In these narrow and close columns the Highlanders came rushing from the hill

like so many torrents, kept their shot till within a pike's length of the enemy, and then, firing off their muskets, they threw them with all their force in the faces of their opponents, and attacking them sword in hand, pierced their line in every part, towards the left of its centre. That wing of Mackay's army did not stand the shock for seven minutes. They were driven off by the Macleans with great slaughter, and chased, some into the coils of the pass, and others across the river Garry, where the greater part of them were slain.

On the other hand, however, the Macdonalds, who formed the left of the Highland army, were not so successful. Colonel Hastings' regiment, flanked by some companies of Dutch guards, kept their ground; and after sustaining the fury of the first onset, they even advanced in their turn, and forced the Macdonalds to retreat. The Macleans were now wholly engrossed in the pursuit, and its concomitant attendants. The chief, however, (who seems to have been an uncommonly brave man,) with a few gentlemen of his clan, made a wheel to the left; and joining with Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel, they advanced briskly along the verge of the valley, and attacked the Dutch and Hastings' brave regiment in flank. It was while directing this movement that Clavers received a wound below the arm, and was obliged to retire secretly from the field, that the spirits of his army might not be depressed by the unfortunate circumstance.

The author of the History of the Revolution, who gives a very particular account of this engagement, says, that he was shot in the left eye; and this author was a contemporary. Circumstances are, however, against him; for the coat of mail which Clavers wore that day is still preserved, in which the hole made by the bullet is apparent below the right arm.

> "Sir Evan Dhu, and his men true,
> Came linking up the brink, man," &c.

This movement of Cameron's and Maclean's gave the Macdonalds time to rally; and that wing of the enemy being attacked both in front and flank, was forced to retire, so as to cover the

mouth of the pass and the retreat of their scattered compeers: but this part of Mackay's army was never broken.

> "King Shames' red-coats should pe hing'd up,
> Pecause she rin'd awa, man."

This seems to allude to the Irish recruits sent to Scotland by King James; and as they were placed between the different septs of the Clan-Macdonald, it may have been owing to their defection that the rout on that wing was not as instantaneous and complete as on the other. No other red-coats were there. It is evident that the bard had viewed the matter in that light; but it is indeed possible, that by "King Shames' red-coats" may be meant the British soldiers in general.

Few of those who fled first made their escape. The Athol men, as they had been directed, waylaid the pass of Killicrankie, through which they suffered none to find their way with impunity. For, with a few muskets, and showers of large stones rolled from the bank, they dashed the flyers into the linns of the Garry; and those who took the water were either slain in crossing, or overtaken and cut down on the moor beyond it. It is certain, that the columns forming the right wing of the Whig army never were broken, but stood their ground beyond the pass till the fall of night; and then, learning that there was a serpent in the straits, they retreated across the river, and along the moor, towards the upper parts of the Tummel, without molestation: yet, on the morrow, Mackay found one-half of his whole army missing.

Clavers neither fell nor was buried at the stone that is always pointed out as his grave-stone, beyond the pass of Killicrankie. He received his mortal wound on a small mound that is now enclosed within the garden of Orrat; and it was into that house that his two friends, Haliburton and Macpherson, carried him. He survived the battle, and wrote an account of it to James with his own hand, but died before noon next day, in a small farm-house, that stood, as some report, where the upper corner of old Faskelly garden is now situated; but, after all the information I have been able to collect, I think it is probable that he died in the house of Orrat. He was buried in the vault at Blair-Athol.

The men of Orrat were all in the battle. The lady of the house, with some female friends and domestics, fled to the hills; and her son died in her arms by the way. They did not return for several days; and when they came back, the beds and floors were all covered with blood. Many seemed to have died there. When a week had elapsed from their return, being incommoded by a disagreeable smell, they made search to discover what it was, and found a dead Whig soldier lying in a dark closet, where he had concealed himself, and died of his wounds. It is called *The Soldier's Hole* to this day. In the fall of Clavers, the great bulwark of the cause of the Stuarts in Scotland was demolished.

From my youth I have heard a tradition, that he fell by the hand of his own servant; and I have heard it so often, and with so many attendant circumstances, that I believe it. This servant is said to have been a Covenanter of Lanarkshire, whose whole kin Clavers had murdered on account of their tenets; and this remaining stem had taken an oath to his God, to be revenged by shedding the blood of that detested persecutor, or to perish in the attempt. That for that purpose he followed him, first as a volunteer, and afterwards was employed about him as a groom; and in these capacities had watched his opportunities for three years and a half, but could never find a chance of executing his purpose with any prospect of safety for himself, until the hottest of the battle of Killicrankie, when he shot him below the arm (as his hand was raised to direct the Camerons) with a horse-pistol charged with a silver button in place of a bullet, as he believed in the popular superstition of his being proof against lead. This feat, it is said, the incendiary was wont to boast of as long as he lived. It has likewise been said that he was shot by a gentleman who was in love with his lady, and to whom she was very shortly married. Both may be alike untrue.

"He was abhorred by the Whigs," says one author, "and not without some reason on their part. They accounted him a demon, and insulted his memory by lavishing on him every degrading epithet. But, on the other hand, he was highly esteemed by the Episcopal clergy; and one gentleman wrote the following epitaph on him:

"*Ultime Scotorum, potuit, quo sospite solo,*
Libertas patriæ salva fuisse tuæ.
Te moriente, novos accepit Scotia cives,
Accepitque novos, te moriente, Deos.
Illa nequit superesse tibi, tu non potes illi,
Ergo Caledoniæ nomen inane, vale.
Tuque vale, gentis priscæ fortissime ductor,
Ultime Scotorum, ac ultime Græme, vale!

"Fergus' last son, hadst thou alone but liv'd,
Our liberty and country had surviv'd;
But, oh, thou'rt gone! and Scotland finds this odds,
A king that's new, new subjects, and new Gods.
In thee we liv'd, in thee we died together:
Scotland's proud name, adieu, adieu for ever!
And fare thee well, brave prop of our old state,
Last Scot, last Graham, and last of all that's great!"

Another writer of the same period says (and he is the last I shall quote), "I cannot tell how my Lord Dundee hath come to be compared and equalled to the great Montrose, or to have arrived at such a character for great bravery as he hath lately done. Not that I would derogate ought from his character, now that he is no more, if I could perceive any properness in putting him in with Montrose. This last worthy hero won twelve pitched battles, often against two times and three times his numbers. My Lord Dundee never won one battle in his life, nor indeed did he ever command in one, save at Lowden height, where a rabble of unarmed Covenant men beat him to pieces, and in that battle in which he fell. All that I can see to countenance the late opinions of men, is his integrity to the cause he espoused," &c.

So much for Clavers. Mackay, who commanded against him, was likewise a Highlander, who had served a number of years in Holland, and was a zealous Presbyterian. He was a brave and honest man; and though his conduct was often blamed, his courage was never. He was constantly making long marches, and exhausting the spirits of both men and horses, for no earthly

purpose that any one could see: sometimes hasting towards Clavers, as if he intended giving him battle; and again, without doing any thing, retreating as fast as he advanced. Even that day, at Killicrankie, he was rather taken at unawares; for his ammunition waggons were quite behind, and some of his troops had almost none. Yet when Clavers sent him word, in the forenoon, to prepare for battle, for he should soon have it, he could not yield to the disgrace of at once turning and flying from the face of the very man he was in search of; and he was too far advanced in that impervious country to have time for an orderly retreat. An English gentleman, who was present with him during a part of the campaign, surmises, that Mackay was very doubtful of the fate of the battle, from the time that the clans appeared. The same gentleman says, that he was nevertheless a brave man, and well qualified to be a colonel of a regiment, but had not capacity for a general officer. The Highlanders abhorred him on account of his principles; and one bard, in consequence, insinuates, that he hid himself in a bush during the engagement, which there is no ground for supposing to be true.

The song is given precisely as published in other collections, but much of it is wanting. I have heard several other verses sung by an uncle of my own, who is long since dead. The air is among the finest of the slow strathspey kind in the kingdom, but the second part is beyond the reach of the human voice.

SONG XVIII.

Prælium Gilliecrankianum.

This curious Latin rhyme is said to have been composed by a Professor Kennedy of Aberdeen. It answers well as a series of notes to the other ballad; for every man of note that was in the battle is mentioned with some eulogium. "*Canonicus clarissimus Gallovidianus*," &c. by many readers supposed to mean some great Galloway priest who had made a figure in the battle, refers to Colonel Cannon, who was a native of that country, and who came

over at the head of the Irish troops sent by James to the assistance of Clavers; and as he makes some figure in the Jacobite annals of that period, it will be necessary, for the sake of connexion, to trace his short and disastrous career.

No people in the world can do more than the Highlanders with a good commander; and none will do less, or do things to less purpose, with a bad one. From the moment that Clavers was taken from their head, their army became paralysed. They were like a man struggling in a dream, and seem to have acted without counsel and without energy. Never was there a general with his army so completely in the toils as Mackay seems to have been on that evening after the battle of Killicrankie. One half of his army was broken, scattered, and cut to pieces: he had enemies before and behind him, and was in the midst of a country through which an orderly retreat was impracticable. The Highlanders had nothing ado but to have cut off that retreat, and annihilated his whole army. They did neither; nor do they appear once to have attempted it. It is not easy to conceive what they were engaged in during that night and the two following days. The battle was fought on Saturday, the 17th of July; and on the Monday evening following Mackay arrived at Stirling with only 1500 men, without having seen an enemy from the time that they left the field. They were even suffered to draw off as peaceably as if they had gained a victory; at which Mackay was not a little astonished, and assured his officers that Clavers must have fallen.

Colonel Cannon now assumed the command of the clans, as bearing his commission immediately from King James, and holding the highest in the army. Several of the chiefs opposed this, and gave their voices for the earl of Dunfermline, as the nobleman of most influence of any then attached to the cause. The matter could not be decided until they sent to Ireland, that James might determine it; who, with his accustomary infatuation, gave it in favour of Cannon. Nothing could be so impolitic as giving the command to this stranger, who neither understood the manners, the language, nor the spirit of the Highlanders. Besides, he appears to have been an utter blockhead—a man who could not calculate on the issue of the most obvious event; and of course

went on blundering, till he annihilated that powerful and victorious army. Nothing but the attachment of the clans to the cause could have induced them to follow this Galloway man, or submit to be commanded by him; especially as they got so good a specimen of his abilities immediately after his election.

Resolved to signalise himself in no ordinary manner, he was no sooner confirmed in his pretensions, than down he comes with his army to the Lowlands, to take all the stores laid up at Perth for King William's troops, and, in short, to carry all before him. For this purpose he despatched Captain John Hacket, a countryman of his own, with 500 horse, to make sure of that rich store in the first place; but Mackay, getting intelligence of the design, hasted to meet him with a force greatly superior, and, as might have been expected, beat him, annihilated the corps, and took the captain prisoner.

In the mean time, Cannon, who was with the main army, learning that the celebrated Cameronian leader and poet, Colonel William Cleland, was lying at Dunkeld with Angus' regiment and two companies of Eglinton's dragoons, consisting in all of about 900 staunch and desperate Cameronians, he turned aside to cut them in pieces; but he led on his men with such extreme folly, that he met with the weird he meant to bestow, and was beat off most disgracefully, though his army outnumbered the other by two-thirds. The dispute continued four hours with great fury. Cleland's men were posted behind the walls of the cathedral, and in the marquis of Athol's house and garden. Cannon led on his men in throngs and crowds, so that every bullet of his opponents took effect; while the Highlanders, who depended chiefly on their broad-swords, could not, with all their bravery, get to handy blows with their enemies, which they attempted again and again. Indeed there was no lack of bravery apparent on either side. Cleland fell in the heat of the action; the major of the regiment was desperately wounded; yet, for all this, the men, perceiving the advantage of their situation, maintained their ground, and forced the Highlanders to draw off, after losing many of their companions. Glengary and Keppoch were highly indignant, and insisted on returning to the charge; but

even the brave Sir Evan Dhu Cameron refused it, and remarked, that their commander was both desperate and mad.

It was strongly suspected that there had been some hot division and bloodshed among the clans that night; for the next morning, some parties of the Whigs, that had arrived to the assistance of those that fought so bravely, going out to scour the country, found in one place a great number of dead; but whether they had been slain on the spot, or died of the wounds they had received the day before, was not known. However, from that time forth there was but little subordination in the Highland army. Cannon wished to keep on the borders of the low country: but the chiefs had lost their confidence in him, if indeed they could ever have had any; and drawing off their several clans, they marched slowly and heavily towards the north by different routes, and by degrees vanished.

Cannon went to Lochaber with the Macdonalds and Camerons; and at Inverlochy, over their cups, they told him to his face that he was a fool, and unfit to command them, and that they would no longer obey his orders. They then broke open his trunks, and took all his baggage and the remainder of his money, which amounted only to eighty louis d'or and twenty-two guineas; and then adding, that they knew better how to make a good use of that than he did, they deposited it with Lochiel, whom they nominated their leader that same night, in the room of Cannon.

By this time he began to think that the sooner he was out of the country the better; and accordingly he set out on his way to Ireland as privately as he could, but was detained in Mull by Sir Allan Maclean, and proceeded no further. From that place he held a correspondence with James, who renewed his commission, but included Colonel Buchan in it as his coadjutor.

Nothing can set the attachment of the Highlanders to the cause of the Stuarts in so strong a light as this, that they should again follow this gentleman, to fight under him in the low country: yet, for all the brave chiefs they had among themselves, seeing it was their sovereign's purpose, they made no objections to it; and we actually find him, next spring, marching from Lochaber at the head of 1500 chosen men. He rested some days at the end

of Loch Ness; and then, marching over the mountains of the Spey, he encamped on the north side of that river for ten days. He then marched to a place called Culmakill, and finally to Cromdale in Strathspey, where he lodged his men in hamlets all over the valley, save only 100 that were posted at the church under Captain Brodie, and as many at the ford of the river with Captain Grant. The laird of Grant was in dreadful alarm, for they had already begun to harry his lands; and he sent post after post to Sir Thomas Livingston, who commanded in those parts, to come and oppose Cannon and Buchan with their Highlanders. Sir Thomas made all the haste he could toward them, and on the 28th of April he arrived at Brody with a well-appointed army, having no fewer than seventeen troops of dragoons and three regiments of foot; and here also he was joined by 800 Grants. But at this place he was obliged to wait two whole days for the coming up of his baggage; so that it was the most unaccountable thing in the world how Cannon suffered himself to be surprised, when the foe was lying so near him, and in such strength. On the 30th, at even, Sir Thomas decamped and set out on his march, and reached Balloch castle a good while before the break of day. From this he perceived distinctly how the lines of the clans and their two outposts lay, from the glimmering of their fires; and having good intelligence of the country from the Grants who were with him, he proceeded up the Spey for about a mile, where there was another good ford that was not guarded at all; and at that he crossed without opposition, and without being discovered. About the break of day he was in the midst of the enemy's camp, who were first awakened by his platoons of musketry, and the shouts of the Grants, who were wild for the engagement. Several attempts were made by the chiefs to rally the Highlanders, naked as they were; and it appears that in some corners of the camp they fought with great desperation. In particular, there was a strong body of Macdonalds defended a village in which they were lodged with uncommon bravery, every man of them as naked as he was born, with only the buckler in one hand and the claymore in the other; until, seeing themselves surrounded and all in confusion, they were

obliged to betake themselves to flight. The mountains were at hand, and by good fortune chanced to be covered with a dark fog, so that they were soon free from any danger of pursuit. The illustrious General Cannon was discovered skipping among the mist, with no other arms to defend himself against the cruel enemy, or the no less remorseless elements, than just his shirt and nightcap. Buchan had neither sword, hat, nor coat.

The writer of the History of the Revolution, who, though a Whig, is nevertheless a fair and liberal author, appears, from his description, to have been in this action himself, and gives a very minute account of it. He says there were 400 of the clans left dead on the field, and that it was solely owing to the mist that Sir Thomas could not pursue them, and that he lost very few men. The author of Dundee's Memoirs, on the other hand, says, that though the Highlanders were worsted, it was at the expense of their assailants; for they fought so bravely in their shirts with swords and targets, and killed so many of both horse and dragoons, that Livingston never attempted any pursuit. Twenty officers were taken prisoners, three of whom were Macleans, but none of the others are Highland names.

The clans again dispersed and went home. They would fain have done something for the cause of their master, but had not the means, and he would do nothing for himself. Besides, like all men whose undertakings are unfortunate, they were continually jarring among themselves, and at every council-meeting their disputes ran to extremity. On their return home, the chiefs met, to consult about sending a deputation to King James, who might represent their case to him. Two men were named, but to these Sir John Drummond of Auchany objected, on account that they were Papists; and added, that these people had been the ruin of the king. Glengary asked, in high wrath, if he alluded to him. Sir John said, Not particularly, though he knew him to be a Papist. Glengary said, he was a d——d liar, for that he was as good a Protestant as he, and a much better man. On which they both drew, and attacked each other with great fury; but Sir Evan Cameron struck up their swords, and rushed

between them: yet, ere he could pacify them, he received a severe wound, that had very nearly proved mortal.

Buchan afterwards made a feeble attempt to raise the shire of Aberdeen, and chased the master of Forbes into that city; but he could not draw the country to any head. Cannon, in the mean time, marched south, at the head of 500 horse, as far as Monteith, where he had a skirmish with Lord Cardross's dragoons, in which he had the advantage, owing solely to the bravery of his troops, many of whom were gentlemen, the last brave remains of the Jacobite faction. After wasting a part of the country, they were again obliged to retire towards the north and disperse themselves. Buchan and one part of the officers went with Glengary, and Cannon and the others went to the Honourable Sir Donald Macdonald of the Isles, where they remained nine months, waiting for advices from James. These despatches at length arrived, and contained an order for them to submit to the reigning government, and live in peace for the present, seeing they had not power to do better; and, in the mean time, to procure the best conditions for themselves that they could.

Accordingly they had a meeting with the commissioners from government at Auchalader in Glenorchy, who treated them with great liberality, and allowed them two ships to transport such of them to France as did not choose to submit to King William. We have traced the end of that expedition in another place; and thus terminated the second war in behalf of the exiled house of Stuart in Scotland. The first did so with the fall of Montrose.

SONG XIX.

Killiecrankie.

This is another popular song on the same subject. It is given in Johnson's Museum as an old song with alterations. The "bauld Pitcur" mentioned here, as well as in the Latin song, was Habburton of Pitcur, a man of extraordinary might and valour, and

a great favourite with Clavers. He is represented by one writer as moving about in the front of the lines like a walking castle. When Clavers received his mortal wound, he accompanied him to a house, and saw him taken care of; and, on leaving him, assured him that all would be well if he was so. The other answered, that there was no fear of him. Pitcur had not well returned to the field till he was slain. The tune is, in some old collections, called *Three Miles to Corry*.

SONG XX.

The Devil o'er Stirling.

This ballad appears, from its style, to be of English original; the air is decidedly so: but as I got it among a Scots gentleman's MS. and found that it had merit, I did not choose to exclude it on bare suspicion of its illegitimacy. There is a good deal of humour in the dialogue between King William and the devil.

SONG XXI.

Willie the Wing.

This excellent song has something in it of a modern cast; yet it is not easy to conceive one writing songs about national events long after they have occurred. They are always written on the emergency, and superseded by events that come after them, and press more immediately on the minds of the people. For instance, who would think of writing a song about Bonaparte and invasion now? Yet, if the songs made in this country on that hero alone were collected, they would amount to several volumes. This is indeed the land of song, nor is its character in the least altered in that respect. It is a fact, that at the close of the war, a worthy divine in this neighbourhood, finding that he himself had written so many songs about Bonaparte, that they would amount to a

volume, collected them all and published them in one; and I am told that it is an exceedingly curious volume. No one need therefore wonder at the numbers of Jacobite songs that lie forgotten in the repositories of the curious, considering for what a length of time the nation was interested in the subject. There are some allusions in the song that are not very apparent at first sight.

> "Out o' my good black gowny,
> That ne'er was the waur o' the wear,"

certainly alludes to the putting down of the Episcopal religion in Scotland, that was not corrupted by having been long in use.

> "Wi' the wagging o' his fause tongue
> He gart the brave Monmouth die."

I have somewhere read a proof of William's having acted a part of great duplicity and baseness with regard to Monmouth, and of his ambassador using every means to hasten the death of that nobleman, for fear of his making discoveries; but cannot again light upon the article. It was probably only a story concocted by the party.

> "O wallyfu' fa' the piper
> That sells his wind sae dear,"

is a singular exclamation, and certainly looks very like being quite out of place here; whereas the allusion is sly and ingenious. "We're a' fools but the piper, and he sells wind," is an old Scots proverb, and uniformly applied to a fair-tongued flatterer, one that gives good words and high promises, without any design of fulfilling them. I am told that the song is popular in some parts of the country, but I never heard it sung, and never saw a copy of it save the one from which this was taken. It is there called *Willie the Wad,* which I judged to be a mistake, and downright nonsense: however, I suspect it to have been some other term than either that or the one substituted. I once heard a country fiddler play a tune which he called *Willie the Wag;* and this was the reason why I changed its name, from a conviction that they must have been originally the same.

SONG XXII.

The Cameronian Cat.

This is another popular country song, and very old. It is by some called *The Presbyterian Cat*, but more generally as above; and is always sung by the wags in mockery of the great pretended strictness of the Covenanters, which is certainly, in some cases, carried to an extremity rather ludicrous. I have heard them myself, when distributing the sacrament, formally debar from the table the king and all his ministers; all witches and warlocks; all who had *committed* or attempted suicide; all who played at cards and dice; all the men that had ever danced opposite to a woman, and every woman that had danced with her face toward a man; all the men who looked at their cattle or crops, and all the women who pulled green kail or scraped potatoes, on the Sabbath-day: and I have been told, that in former days they debarred all who used fanners for cleaning their oats, instead of God's natural wind. The air is very sweet, but has a strong resemblance to one of their popular psalm-tunes.

SONG XXIII.

Carle, an the King come.

This is another song that has always been popular, owing partly to the sweetness and originality of the air. It is reported to be as old as the time of the Commonwealth, though with different words; but, like *The King shall enjoy his own again*, has always appeared as an auxiliary in the cause which first called it into existence. It has often been published; but I copied this from the same MS. volume from which I took the three preceding ones.

SONG XXIV.

Willie Winkie's Testament.

This is a parody of an older song of the same name, that describes the effects of a poor wretched countryman. It was a favourite mode of writing in those days, many such testaments being still extant that were written about that time. Both the words and air are apparently Scottish; for though there is an attempt at making it broken Dutch, it is no more than Aberdeenshire Dutch. The name Dennison must be wrong spelled, for no such name is to be found in the annals of that day. There was an Archbishop Tennison, I find, who administered the sacrament and some ghostly comfort to King William in his last illness; and though I am persuaded *he* is meant, I thought it best to keep by the manuscript, lest I might be caught napping. The solicitude of William about the affairs of Europe, and the consequence that he assumed in their direction, is well depicted in the song. "Darien and dat Macdonnel" adverts to the affair of the Scots settlement at Darien and the massacre of Glenco, two events that cannot be investigated without exciting disgust and abhorrence; but they are too generally known to be discussed here.

The following character of King William, drawn by a Scottish historian, coincides very well with the sketch given in the song. "The distinguishing criterion of his character," says Smollett, "was ambition. To this he sacrificed the punctilios of honour and decorum, in deposing his own father-in-law and uncle; and this he gratified at the expense of the nation that raised him to sovereign authority. He aspired to the honour of acting as umpire in all the contests of Europe; and the second object of his attention was the prosperity of that country to which he owed his birth and extraction. Whether he really thought the interests of the Continent and Great Britain were inseparable, or sought only to drag England into the confederacy as a convenient ally, certain it is, he involved these kingdoms in foreign connexions, which, in all probability, will be productive of their ruin.

In order to establish this favourite point, he scrupled not to employ all the engines of corruption, by which the morals of the nation were totally debauched. He procured a parliamentary sanction for a standing army, which now seems to be interwoven in the constitution. He introduced the pernicious practice of borrowing upon remote funds; an expedient that necessarily hatched a brood of usurers, brokers, contractors, and stock-jobbers, to prey upon the vitals of their country. He entailed upon the nation a growing debt, and a system of politics big with misery, despair, and destruction. To sum up his character in a few words, William was a fatalist in religion, indefatigable in war, enterprising in politics, dead to all the warm and generous emotions of the human heart; a cold relation, an indifferent husband, a disagreeable man, an ungracious prince, and an imperious sovereign."

The air of this song has been popular for ages, and has never changed its name, a very rare circumstance with Jacobite tunes; but neither the song itself, nor the one of which it is a parody, have ever been much sung.

SONG XXV.

The Act of Succession.

This is a song of 1704, when the act of succession came before the Scottish parliament, and, as the bard has it, was "kicked out by a vote," though it had passed in the English parliament, without an amendment, so early as the 12th of June 1700. It created great heats and spirited debates in the parliament here; and it is not a little singular, that the greatest jealousy of English ascendancy should have prevailed in this country, just immediately before these very men were going to yield up the liberties and independency of the nation to their more potent neighbours. By a laudable exertion of spirit, they obtained an act of security from the queen; and the general opinion of the country was, that the two kingdoms were then separated by a law, so as never to be

rejoined; and yet the year was scarcely expired before they passed the act for the treaty of union.

SONG XXVI.

Would you know what a Whig is.

This is one of the most violent of all the party songs, bitter as they are. It was often sung by the Tory clubs in Scotland, at their festive meetings, during the late war, in detestation of those who deprecated the principles of Pitt. It is a good deal in unison with the following prose character of a Whig, drawn up by the celebrated Butler.

"He is the spawn of a regicide, hammered out of a rank Anabaptist hypocrite: his father was enabled to beget him by the fat of sequestered lands, upon a bed stolen from an honest Cavalier. His villanous principles he imbibed in his mother's womb, nourished them when born with her infectious milk, and is an incorrigible rebel by instinct of nature, improved into an incarnate devil by the early infusions of his nurse, which were ripened to maturity by a malicious education. He is hardened in his hatred to kings and bishops beyond the influence of grace, or check of conscience; and thinks nothing can be a more meritorious act, than to sacrifice either to the fury of a mad rabble, who, when they have but liberty and property in their mouths, always let loose the devil in their hearts, and believe the very name of the Protestant religion gives a sanction to their villanies. He is a republican monster, so full of passion and prejudice, that he is blind to all truth, and deaf to all reason; and is so cursedly obstinate in the justification of his own errors, that it is as easie a matter for a man to take an elephant by the snout, and throw it o'er his back, as a fox does a goose, as it is to convince him of any started opposition to his own partial sentiments. When he talks about religion or government, it is generally with as much violence as a fishwoman scolds; and the wise men of Gotham might as well have hedged in their cuckoo, as a man confine him within

the bounds of good manners, when he disputes his principles. He is as hot as pepper, as biting as mustard, and as sour as vinegar. He always talks as impudently of great men, as if they were his fellows; and snuffs up his nose at the name of a king, as if the very title itself was grown offensive to his nostrils. He cannot speak with respect towards our government; but a commonwealth: and if you do but say one word in the behalf of the court or its favourites, in his company, he would with more patience hear you speak twice as much in the praise of the devil; for it is a maxim among such rebels, viz. that all kings are tyrants, and their favourites betrayers of their country. His chiefest recreation is to invent false calumnies; and his greatest industry is to spread them when he has done. His lies are always levelled at those worthy persons who are most difficult to be hit; which is one great reason why his malice is so often disappointed. He always accuses his enemies of his own evils, and measures out their corn by the deceitful bushel that belongs to his own party. The most daring hypocrite of his associates is always cried up as the greatest saint; and the most virtuous and pious enemy to their wicked principles is always cried down as a High-flyer, a Papist, and a traitor to his country. He is an impatient angler, who thinks it best fishing in troubled waters; and hates peace and quietness as much as a poor debtor does the sight of a bailiff, or a country farmer a wet harvest. He is so deeply affected with the memory of his ancestors' villany, that he longs for nothing more than the like opportunity of imbruing his own hands in royal blood, that the son might have the satisfaction of being full as wicked as his father. He has more wild wrinkles in his head relating to government, than a crack-brained mathematician has concerning perpetual motion; and has more ambition in his breast than the most extravagant tyrant in the universe. He is very fearful of being made a slave, but is very desirous of being a slave-maker: for whenever he cries out for liberty, he is endeavouring to destroy it; and never thinks himself a complete freeman, till the nation that he lives in has no religion to guide him, no law to punish him, and no prince to govern him; for his chief aim is to pull down all, when the madness of the common people gives him a

fair opportunity. In all conditions, he is as restless as a froward infant whilst breeding of his teeth; will please no government, and with no government be pleased. He is as tempestuous as the ocean, that swells into a rage with every gale that happens; and seldom reconciles himself to a calm, till, like that, he has been the occasion of some remarkable mischief. He is one that is very swift to revenge, but very slow to gratitude; and, like an ill-tempered jade, loves to run forward when he is checked, and to hang an a—e when he is driven. When angry, he looks as sullen and as gloomy as a thunder-cloud, and, like that, makes a very wonderful deal of noise, whenever he spits his venom. He is never better pleased than when he has got it in his power to oppress others, which he certainly makes use of without mercy; yet nobody bears the slightest sufferings with so much envy and impatience as himself, though he knows in his own conscience, he has justly deserved his punishment. He is a harsh man to his inferiors, and a haughty man to his betters; a severe tyrant in authority, and a turbulent incendiary amongst magistrates when he is out of it. The more his miscarriages are connived at, the more impudent he grows; and the more mercy you show him, the less he will show you. He is of the nature of a nettle; the more gently you handle him, the more apt he is to hurt you: but if ever you meddle with him, the best way to secure yourself, is to gripe him hard. He is one that hates all men, but such who are as wicked as himself; and loves nothing so well in this world, as a calf's head upon the thirtieth of January; but the next time that he sits down to one, in derision of the sufferings of the royal martyr, I heartily wish that the devil may choak him. Amen."

SONG XXVII.

When the King comes o'er the Water,

Is one of the most beautiful of the Jacobite songs of that period, and sung to one of the sweetest airs. It appears either to have been composed by the Lady Mareschal, or, in her name, by some kindred bard.

"My father was a good lord's son,
My mother was an earl's daughter,
And I'll be Lady Keith again,
That day our king comes o'er the water."

Her maiden name was Lady Mary Drummond, daughter of the earl of Perth. She was a Roman Catholic, and so strongly attached to the exiled family, that, on the return of her two sons to Scotland, she would never suffer them to enjoy any rest, till they engaged actively in the cause of the Stuarts.

SONG XXVIII.

Freedom's Farewell.

I INSERTED this song on account of its stupendous absurdity. It must have been written by an incorrigible pedant; for when the overcharged verses and the sublime air are taken together, nothing can be more unique. One can scarce conceive any thing more amusing than such a man singing such words to such a tune in a meeting of true Jacobites, when his spirits and loyalty were elevated to the highest pitch; and there is little doubt that his associates thought it excellent sport.

SONG XXIX.

Come, fill your Bowls,

Is rather a clever song, to an old favourite tune. It is manifestly one of those composed for, and sung at, the celebration of the anniversary of the birth-day of the Chevalier de St George.

SONG XXX.

The King shall enjoy his own again,

Is another of the same, but the festival is supposed to be kept by a number of hinds with their sweethearts in a meadow. It has little merit, but might be instrumental in swaying the political affections of the peasantry where it was sung. The following is a better song, though likely of an earlier date. It is called

The King enjoys his own again.

WHIGS are now such precious things,
  We see there's not one to be found;
All roar, "God bless and save the king!"
  And his health goes briskly all day round.
To the soldier, cap in hand, the sneaking rascals stand,
  And would put in for honest men;
But the king he well knows his friends from his foes,
  And now he enjoys his own again.

From this plot's first taking air,
  Like lightning all the Whigs have run;
Nay, they've left their topping square,
  To march off with our eldest son:
They've left their 'states and wives, to save their precious lives,
  Yet who can blame their flying, when
'Twas plain to them all, the great and the small,
  That the king would have his own again?

This may chance a warning be,
  (If e'er the saints will warning take)
To leave off hatching villany,
  Since they've seen their brother at the stake:
And more must mounted be (which God grant we may see),
  Since juries now are honest men;

And the king lets them swing, with a hey ding a ding,
  Great James enjoys his own again.

Since they have voted that his guards
  A nuisance were, which now they find,
Since they stand between the king
  And the treason that such dogs design'd;
'Tis they will you maul, though it cost them a fall,
  In spight of your most mighty men;
For now they are alarm'd, and all loyalists well arm'd,
  Since the king enjoys his own again.

To the king, come, bumpers round,
  Let's drink, my boys, while life doth last:
He that at the core's not sound
  Shall be kick'd out without a taste.
We'll fear no disgrace, but look traitors in the face,
  Since we're case-harden'd honest men;
Which makes their crew mad, but us loyal hearts full glad,
  That the king enjoys his own again.

SONG XXXI.

Here's a Health to them that's away,

Has always been a popular air, and one of those songs that Allan Ramsay altered into a love song for the sake of preserving the old chorus, which he has done in many instances, and for which he can scarcely be blamed; because to have published any of the Jacobite songs at that day, was risking as much as his neck was worth. It appears to be but a remnant. I took this copy from a set of old manuscript songs belonging to the Honourable Miss Rollo.

SONG XXXII.

Over the seas and far awa,

Is an older song than those among which it is here placed; but there are so many of them of a general nature, that it is impossible to decide in what reign they had their origin; nor does it signify ought to know, for they suit one equally as well as another. I think it probable that this is the original song to which this popular air was first sung. There is indeed a Jacobite song that is more frequently sung to it, *The Wind has blawn my Plaid awa;* but it seems to be more modern, and will appear in the second volume of this work.

SONG XXXIII.

I has nae Mithy, I has nae Mim.

This is a very sweet and curious little old song, but not very easily understood. The air is exceedingly simple, and the verses highly characteristic of the lyrical songs of Scotland. The allusion to the king's daughter would make it appear to be very old. There is another ranting song which I have often heard sung about the same lady, or rather about the ingratitude of her husband, in whose hands she was no more than the clay is in the hand of the potter.

O what's the rhyme to porringer?
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
King James the Seventh had ae dochter,
And he ga'e her to an Oranger.

Ken ye how he requited him?
Ken ye how he requited him?
The lad has into England come,
And ta'en the crown in spite o' him.

The dog he sanna keep it lang,
To flinch we'll make him fain again;
We'll hing him hie upon a tree,
And James shall hae his sin again.

Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
A hempen rein, a horse o' tree,
A psalm-book, and a Presbyter.

The last verse of the song manifestly alludes to some plot that the Jacobites expected would explode, and prove destructive to the other party. The allusion answers best to the Gunpowder Plot, but, from the foregoing part of the song, it is impossible that could have been meant; nor does any other on record answer it. It may indeed allude to the change in Queen Anne's ministry from the Whig to the Tory faction; a change that exalted the hopes of those that favoured the cause of the Stuarts to the highest pitch. The intrigues that were then carried on for the furtherance of that great object may have been the

"Adder that lay in the corbie's nest,
Beneath the corbie's wame."

There was no other plot about this period, save a whimsical one known by the name of the Bandbox Plot, of which the wags made game, and wrote many songs on the subject. The following stanzas from a song of the day describe the circumstances better than any history that I have met with.

But now your last and blackest deed
What mortal can rehearse?
The thought on't makes my heart to bleed:
O Muse, assist my verse!
A plot it was, so deeply laid,
So diabolical,
Had not the secret been betray'd,
In one 't had slain us all.

Two inkhorn tops you Whigs did fill
  With gunpowder and lead;
Which, with two serpents made of quill,
  You in a bandbox laid:
A tinderbox there was beside,
  Which had a trigger to't,
To which the very string was tied
  That was design'd to do't.

As traitors spare nor care nor cost,
  These crackers dire were sent
To th' treasurer, per penny-post;
  And safely so they went:
And if my lord had pull'd the thread,
  Then up had blown the train,
And th' inkhorns must have shot him dead,
  Or else have burst in twain.

But Fortune spar'd that precious life,
  And so sav'd church and queen;
Good Swift was by, and had a knife,
  For corn or pen made keen.
"Stand off, my lord," he cried, "this thread
  "To cut I will not doubt."
He cut, then oped the bandbox lid,
  And so the plot came out.

Now God preserve our gracious queen;
  And, for this glorious deed,
May she the doctor make a dean,
  With all convenient speed.
What though the Tub hath hinder'd him,
  As common story tells?
Yet surely now the bandbox whim
  Will help him down to Wells.

There is another comical one on the same subject, called MINE BUM IN A BANDBOX, of which a copy is here subjoined. For the air, see p. 143.

COME, listen, ye Britons, the whilst I relate
A plot in a bandbox that happen'd of late,
As Abel has wisely set forth in great state;
Which nobody can deny, deny, which nobody can deny.

Unto a lord's porter was sent a small packet,
About which the Tories have made a great racket;
But the schoolboy that made it has not had it back yet;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

This Westminster rogue a pistol had stole,
Nay, fill'd it with powder and cramm'd it with ball,
Resolving to fire it in Mortimer's Hole;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

This pistol a stock had, but yet not two locks,
Which the mischievous dog clapt in a bandbox,
With a meaning as wicked as ever had Vaux;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

For this bandbox he loaded just like a petar,
With two linen barrels of black gunpowder,
To blow up two goose-quills, as sure as you're there;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Two inkhorns did steal too this rogue, a shame on him!
Which in this dire engine he us'd for a cannon.
From the devil, no doubt, this thought came upon him;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

With touch-holes behind, and not at their noses,
These pot-guns stood crossways, as Abel supposes,
To batter down palaces, churches, and houses;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Nay, to shew that this plot went still a deal higher,
In the bandbox were also two quills of wildfire,
Which were to go off, too, when need should require;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Thus loaded with mischief was this box of Pandore,
And sent by a porter, as I told you before,
Nay, unto Bob Presbyter's house, too, that's more;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

But, by Bob's usual luck, the mischief was mist all;
For he knew where to look for't, and soon spied the pistol,
And then gave the box to a wit that was his tool;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Swift goggled and star'd, and turn'd up his whites,
And ran with the box to the window to rights;
Where he found out what put us all into sad frights;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

How lucky 'twas Guiscard ne'er knew this machine,
Nor the rogues that would have Paul's let down on the queen!
For then a good peace we should never have seen;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

And whoever hereafter shall of this vile act read,
Will give thanks for this peeping and stretching of packthread,
And pray that his honour to stretch may ne'er lack thread;
Which nobody can deny, deny, which nobody can deny.

SONG XXXIV.

Ye Jacobites by Name.

The air of this song has always been popular, and is sung to many different songs on different subjects; but none of them are Jacobite save this. Both song and air are copied from Johnson's Museum.

SONG XXXV.

My Love he was a Highland Lad.

One would think that a number of these Jacobite songs had been written by ladies, and those generally the best. No man would think of writing such a song as this, unless it were for a favourite tune that some lady loved to sing, which might cause him to suit the circumstances to the air. It must, however, be confessed, that the sympathy, delicacy, and vehemence, manifested in this song, are strongly characteristic of the female mind, ever ardent in the cause it espouses.

SONG XXXVI.

Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation,

Is a well-known song and air. Both have frequently been published. For an account of the "parcel of rogues" that "treasonably sold us for English gold," see the notes to the song entitled *The Awkward Squad.*

SONG XXXVII.

This is no my ain House.

This is another of the old songs altered by Ramsay into a love song, and greatly to the worse; nothing being preserved in his but the chorus. How beautiful is the allegory here of Scotland losing its rightful owner, compared to the insipid and commonplace trash that we have got in lieu of it! Compare the second stanzas of each. The Jacobite one runs thus:

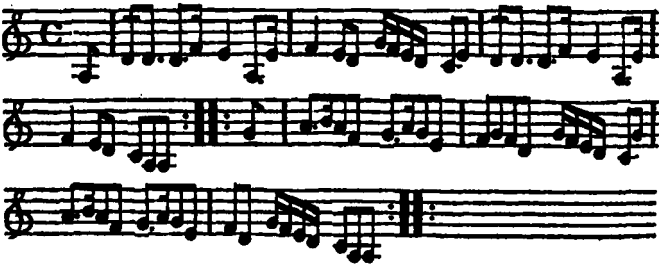
"Wi' routh o' kin, and routh o' reek,
My daddy's door it wadna steek;
But bread and cheese were his door-cheek,
And girdle-cakes the riggin o't."

What a delightful picture of our ancient and homely hospitality these few lines convey! Look at Ramsay's love song.

> "For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
> And mistress o' his fireside,
> Mine ain house I'll strive to guide,
> And please me wi' the triggin o't."

The bathos is enough to turn one's stomach. One naturally gets fond of a literary research on which he has been long employed; but I really expect that the publication of these Jacobite relics will work a revolution in Scottish song, and that, for a time, we shall hear them more generally sung than any other. The airs are unequalled either in sweetness or spirit, and there are songs in the collection suiting every species of singers. The air to which I have set this song is not the original one, but it is the most popular, being always sung both to this song and *This is no my ain Lassie,* by Burns. For my part, I like the old original one much better.

THE ORIGINAL AIR OF "THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE."



SONG XXXVIII.

There'll neber be Peace till Jamie comes hame,

Is another of those beautiful effusions, in which the songs of that party so far excel any thing else of the same age. It is very like

Burns, but is given in Johnson's Museum as an old song without any alterations. The air is likewise remarkably beautiful, and well appropriated to the words.

SONG XXXIX.

The Awkward Squad.

As this song contains such a list of those Whig champions who forwarded the Union, and opposed every measure that was taken in favour of the Stuarts, I have been at some pains to select sketches of the characters of each of them from the writings of those of the other party, as some of the most curious relics of the spirit of the age.

> "The Campbell and the Graham
> Are equally to blame."

Archibald, earl, afterwards duke, of Argyle, in outward appearance was a good-natured, civil, and modest gentleman; but his actions were quite otherwise, being capable of the worst things to promote his interest, and altogether addicted to a lewd profligate life. He was not cut out for business, only applying himself to it in so far as it tended to secure his court interest and politics, from whence he got great sums of money to lavish away upon his pleasures: but when he set himself to it, no man was more capable, or could more quickly, and with greater solidity and judgment, despatch it than himself; so that, for want of application, a great man was lost. He was always an enemy to the loyal interest, and came over with the prince of Orange to England, though King James had been kind to him, and given him hopes of being restored to his estate, which stood at that time under a sentence of forfeiture. But what other could be expected from a man that (to curry favour with King James) had renounced his religion, and turned Papist? Notwithstanding which, and his constant vicious life and conversation, he was the darling of the Presbyterians, being descended from, and the representative of, a

family that suffered for The Cause (as they termed it), and of great power in the country, and himself so involved in treason and rebellion, that they were confident he would never venture to leave them: and thus they supported one another, and he made a great figure.

Of Graham, Lockhart says, 'Twas odd that the marquis of Montrose could be so far seduced, as not only to vote, but even reason with heat and passion, against this resolve (against the succession). But why should I say it was odd? What could be expected from him, who had ratified the Presbyterian government and Revolution in the first session, and in the last went every length with Johnstoun the register, who was the son of the chief persecutor of his glorious great-grandfather, and himself head of the Hanoverian, republican, whiggish faction in Scotland; and, lastly, had several times of late received the sacrament from the Presbyterian ministers, which, in honest men's opinion, inferred necessarily his owning the validity of their excommunication of his great-grandfather? For if they had a power of administering sacraments, it must likewise be allowed that they had a power of excommunication.

When he first appeared in the world, he had enough to recommend him to the love and affection of the nation, by being the representative of that noble, loyal, and worthy family: and his interest increased to so great a degree, by his good behaviour after he came from his travels, and in the first sessions of this parliament, that, had he continued in these measures, he had the fairest game to play of any young man that ever was in Scotland; since undoubtedly he would have been acknowledged and followed as the head and leader of the Cavaliers. But being of an easy, mean-spirited temper, governed by his mother and her relations (the family of Rothes), and extremely covetous, he could not resist the first temptation the court threw in his way; and from the time he first engaged with them, he adhered closely to their interest, and with the greatest vehemence prosecuted their measures, notwithstanding all the friends of his father's family remonstrated to him against it, and that he lost the esteem and favour of them and the Cavaliers. He was a man of good understanding, yet was

led by the nose by a set of men whom he far surpassed, and never, in all his bypast life, did one material action that was prudent and discreet. His courage, upon some certain accounts, was much questioned; but his insincerity and falseness allowed by all.

The Squadronie.—The marquis of Tweeddale and his party were called the *Squadrone volante,* from their pretending to act by themselves, and cast the balance of the contending parties in parliament.

The Dalrymples.—John earl of Stair was the origin and principal instrument of all the misfortunes that befell either the king or kingdom of Scotland. 'Twas he that advised King James to emit a proclamation, remitting the penal laws, by virtue of his own absolute power and authority, and made him take several other steps, with a design (as he since bragged) to procure the nation's hatred, and prove his ruin. 'Twas he that, underhand, carried on the Revolution in Scotland, thus acting the same part as the earl of Sunderland did in England. 'Twas he that, to secure his court interest in King William's time, contrived and was the author of the barbarous murder of Glenco, and had a main hand in the plot to cut off the chief of the Cavalier and country parties: and in this, to whom can he be so well compared as to Catiline? 'Twas he that first suffered—I should rather say, taught and encouraged—England arbitrarily and avowedly to rule over Scots affairs, invade her freedom, and ruin her trade. 'Twas he that was at the bottom of the Union, and to him, in a great measure, it owes its success; and so he may be styled the Judas of his country. As he was thus the bane of Scotland in general, so he and his family were the great oppressors of all the particular persons that did not depend upon him, and go along with his designs; and that so openly and barefacedly, that a Cavalier or anticourtier was not to expect common justice in the session, where his brother was president; whereby he and his family were, at the same time, the most dreaded and detested of any in the kingdom, ruling over whom, and in what manner they pleased. This family had risen but lately from nothing; and it was so much the stranger, that they pretended, and others suffered them, to usurp such a dominion as extended not over the

Cavaliers alone; but even such of the Revolution party as were of any other interest beside theirs, felt the heavy effects of it. From this short abstract of the earl's life, 'tis easy to gather, that he was false and cruel, covetous and imperious, altogether destitute of the sacred ties of honour, loyalty, justice, and gratitude; and, lastly, a man of very great parts, else he could never have perpetrated so much wickedness. He had indeed a piercing judgment, a lively imagination, a quick apprehension, a faithful memory, a solid reflection, and a particular talent of dissimulation and cunning in their greatest extents; so that he was seldom or never to be taken unawares. He was extremely facetious and diverting company in common conversation; and, setting aside his politics (to which all did yield), good-natured. To these qualifications was likewise added that of eloquence; being so great a master of it, that he expressed himself on all occasions and subjects with so much life and rhetoric, and that likewise so pointedly and copiously, that there was none in the parliament capable to take up the cudgels with him. Had a judgment of his inside been taken from his outside, he might well enough have passed for that of which he was the least. These endowments, much improved by long experience and application in business, may justly entitle him to be ranked among the greatest, though, at the same time, likewise among the worst men in this age: and what has been said of him may serve for a character of his two brothers, Sir Hugh and Sir David Dalrymples, yea, the whole name; only with this difference, that though they were all equally willing, yet not equally capable of doing so much evil as his lordship.

Bargeny.—The earl of Stair did suborn false evidence against the Lord Bargeny before the Revolution, who was tried for his life; but the villany was discovered, and Bargeny acquitted.

Lord Annandale.—He was a man framed and cut out for business, extremely capable and assiduous; of a proud aspiring temper, and, when his affairs and politics went right, haughty to a great degree; and, *vice versa*, the civilest complaisantest man alive, and a great affecter of popularity. He had gone backwards and forwards so often, and been guilty of such mean ungentlemanly compliances, to procure the favour of that party with

which he designed to engage, that no man whatsoever placed any trust in him. Even those of the Revolution party only employed him, as the Indians worship the devil, through fear; and as soon as they found themselves strong enough without him, they kicked him out of doors: and though honest men welcomed a guest so capable to serve them, and willing to do their, and now his, adversaries all the prejudice he could, yet they were secretly glad to see one that had been so severe to them humbled. As it was plain his being turned out of the secretary's office was the cause that induced him to oppose the Union, so, upon that account, he was much caressed, but little trusted by the Cavaliers.

Little Rothes.—The earl of Rothes had not, that I know of, one good property to recommend him; being false to a great degree, a contemner of honour and engagements, extremely ambitious, ridiculous, vain and conceited (though of very ordinary parts and accomplishments), extravagantly proud, and scandalously mercenary. No man was more forward in the country party, nor did any profess greater regard to the royal family, than his lordship, and that with repeated oaths and asseverations; but, alas! he had neither enough of sense nor honesty to resist the first temptations.

Coudly Black.—The earl of Rothes fought and fell in the street with a caddie called Black, because he wore a hat with white tracing, in mock of the Whigs, who distinguished themselves as Hanoverians in the end of Queen Anne's reign.

Belhaven.—John Lord Belhaven was a man that could not be fixed to any party or principle, being a mighty projector, and still plodding how to advance himself, and for that end steered his course to many opposite shores; by which means he became distrusted by both Cavaliers and Revolutioners. 'Twas avarice and ambition moved him to desert the country party, and go over with the marquis of Tweeddale: but as soon as he found them going down the hill, he left them altogether, and returned to his old friends, though, I'm afraid, there's too much reason to believe he acted a double part. In parliament he affected long premeditated harangues, wherein, having a prodigious memory, he used to be very full in citing such passages of history as made for what

he advanced, drawing parallels betwixt preceding and present times. He was a well-accomplished gentleman in most kinds of learning, well acquainted with the constitution of this kingdom, very dexterous in choosing the proper seasons and means of managing a debate in parliament, and a forward useful man in a party. Mackay, speaking of him, says, "He was the only peer that opposed the act of succession in Scotland, when the duke of York was present; for which he was sent prisoner to the castle of Edinburgh. He hath been angry with the administration of all reigns ever since, because he can never get into any post. Sets up for a patriot; loves to make long speeches in parliament, and hath the vanity to print them. A rough, fat, black, noisy man, more like a butcher than a lord."

Haddington.—The earl of Haddington was entirely abandoned to Whiggish and commonwealth principles, and one of Cockburn of Ormiston's beloved pupils. He much affected, and his talent lay in, a buffoon sort of wit and raillery; was hot, proud, vain, and ambitious.

Ormiston.—He was a man of good understanding, and wanted not abundance of application to business; but of so hot, virulent, turbulent, and domineering a temper, that he was uneasy even to his own party. Of all that were concerned in the government, there was none equalled him in vindictive persecution of all that he thought enemies to the established government of either church or state, having upon that score regard for neither sex, age, nor quality, but, Jehu-like, drove always most furiously on, and by these means preserved his interest at court, serving as a scarecrow to terrify others.

Sir James Stuart.—Sir James Stuart of Goodtrees was an eminent lawyer of this period, supposed to know all the virtues of his trade, and popularly termed Jamie Wylie. He was king's advocate from the Revolution to 1709; a keen Revolutionist and Presbyterian. There are many traditional anecdotes about him at the Scottish bar.

Mr Cockburn.—Cockburn junior of Ormiston.

Lord Polworth.—Lord Polworth and his comrades used frequently to strip naked and burn their shirts in the taverns, at

bonfires, drinking to the house of Hanover; at one of which they abused two servant-maids in a scandalous manner.

"Mr Bailey's surly sense,
And Roxburgh's eloquence."

George Bailey of Jerviswood was morose, proud, and severe, but of a profound solid judgment, and by far the most significant man of all his party, to whom he was a kind of dictator. In King William's time he had gained a great reputation, by standing so stiffly by the interest of his country; but being of a rebellious race, he never had the least thought of serving the royal family; and though he joined with the Cavaliers and country parties, in opposition to the duke of Queensberry and the court measures, yet he always favoured the Hanoverian succession; and therefore, as soon as the court of England inclined to that measure, he left his maxims and measures, and, being once dipped, never fell off, but served them to the latter end.

John, earl, afterwards duke, of Roxburgh, made his first appearance in the world to the satisfaction of all men. He was a man of good sense, improven by so much reading and learning, that perhaps he was the best accomplished young gentleman of quality in Europe, and had so charming a way of expressing his thoughts, that he pleased even those 'gainst whom he spoke; and it was a thousand pities, a man so capable of doing good should have proven the very bane and cut-throat of his country, by being extremely false and disingenuous, and so indifferent of the ties of honour, friendship, vows, and justice, that he sacrificed them all, and the interest of his country, to his designs, viz. revenge and ambition.

Mr Johnston.—Having mentioned the design of resuming the grants, it will be no great digression to narrate a conversation I had on that subject with Mr Johnston, late secretary of state for Scotland to King William, seeing some things pretty extraordinary appear in it. That gentleman having got from King William a grant of the tithes belonging to the bishops of Scotland, for making up a certain sum of money particularly ascertained by the grant, had, in collecting the same, miserably harassed a great

many gentlemen, by tedious vexatious suits, and compelling them to pay him considerable sums for renewing the leases of their tithes; and he was apprehensive the designed resumption would cut off his right amongst others: whereupon he accosted me, desiring to know if his grant was designed to be comprehended within the act of resumption which Mr Shippen and I had moved for, and were ordered to bring in. I told him I admired how he made any question of it; for as we designed to strike at all grants in general, his could not fail to be comprehended. He returned, that he did not doubt but he would be able to satisfy the house so far with the account he would give, of the occasion of the grant, that they'd except it from the resumption; but at the same time he'd be obliged to discover some things to which none yet, except the late King William and the Lord Portland, were privy, and which would appear so amazing, that people's hair would stand on end on their heads at hearing of them. I was thereupon very curious to know what these wonderful things were, that would appear so strange in an age that was not very nice, and begged him to let me into the secret. He seemed to be exceedingly uneasy; but I could bring him no farther than that, if the resumption bill went on, and he found himself obliged to make this discovery, he would previously communicate the matter to me: and here he once more repeated, that my hair would stand in my head at it. I must confess, the loss of the resumption bill was so much the more regretted by me, that I thereby lost an opportunity of discovering some things that probably would have appeared very extraordinary, with respect to some secret transactions of King William's life.

David Bailey.—A gentleman engaged at that time in some plots with the duke of Queensberry and marquis of Annandale. He was employed as an evidence by the Squadronie; and the duke of Roxburgh set Kersland, after his death, on the same villanous business, and decoyed several poor gentlemen.

Honest Kersland.—Mr Ker of Kersland was the son of a private gentleman in the shire of Ayr; and being married to the heiress of the Kers of Kersland, an inconsiderable but ancient family, and always violent Presbyterians, he set upon that footing,

and aimed at being a ringleader of the Cameronians. During the sitting of the Union parliament, he professed himself a great enemy to the Union, and thereby endeavoured to converse and gain credit with the Jacobites; but as he was known to be a person highly immoral, and guilty of several base actions, such as forgery and the like, no person of any note would have the least intercourse with him; yet he found means to ingratiate himself with several people of no great rank, from whom he picked up stories. But his chief correspondence was with the duchess of Gordon and some Roman Catholic priests, who, though often advertised to beware of him, entered into projects and framed schemes with him, and communicated all they knew from the court of St Germains to him. Being thus sufficiently supplied with means to make himself acceptable and useful to the British court, he was employed as their spy and intelligencer.

Sutherland.—John earl of Sutherland, a privy-counsellor to King William and Queen Anne, and one of the commissioners for the treaty of Union. A contemporary says of his lordship, "He is a very honest man, a great assertor of the liberties of the people; hath a good rough sense, is open and free, a great lover of his bottle and of his friend; brave in his person, which he hath shewn in several duels; too familiar for his quality, and often keeps company below it. He is a fat fair-complexioned man." Jeanie Man is celebrated by some other writers of that period. It is easy to discover to what class of society she has belonged. His lordship raised an army in the north on the breaking out of the rebellion, and was present at the battle of Sheriffmuir.

Traitor M'Kertney.—General M'Kertney, who was engaged in the famous duel between Lord Mohun and his grace the duke of Hamilton, as the following interesting extract shows.

"When they were come to the spot of ground agreed to in Hyde Park, and were throwing off their coats, the Lord Mohun said to the duke, that he hoped these two gentlemen (meaning General M'Kertney, his own; and Colonel John Hamilton, the duke's second) were only to look on; and not be personally engaged in any part of the quarrel. The duke answered, he believed Mr M'Kertney was the chief occasion of their coming on

this errand; and since it was so, he had brought his (M'Kertney's) old friend to entertain him with a share of the dance. All four immediately fell to work; and Hamilton having soon disarmed M'Kertney, and looking about to see what was become of the other two, he perceived Mohun lying dead or expiring on his back, and the duke fallen on his face on the top of the other. Then throwing down his own and M'Kertney's swords, he ran and lifted up the duke, who, he observed, was wounded in two places, and faint with the effusion of blood from the wound in his thigh. Whilst he was performing this good office, M'Kertney took up one of the swords, and, coming behind Hamilton, whilst he supported the duke by the back in his arms, stabbed his grace, who walked nevertheless some little way to a tree, where he soon after expired; and as soon as the keepers of the Park and some others came up, which was just as the duke reached the tree, M'Kertney went off. This account Hamilton gave of the matter; but the Whigs took a world of pains to save M'Kertney's reputation and person, by denying that part which the other second did aver he had acted, and hiding him so carefully, that, though all means were used to discover him, he was securely concealed, and at length safely conveyed beyond sea.

"The Whigs laughed at Hamilton's story; and indeed it seemed very odd, that he who was known to be personally as brave as his sword, and a devoted servant of the duke's, did not himself seize M'Kertney, or call out to those who came up, that they should apprehend him. To which, when I challenged him on it a few days after, whilst he lay concealed, and saw none but some of the duke's friends, whom he sent for to advise with, he replied, that he could not apprehend him himself, for the duke was so lame and faint with the loss of blood, he would have tumbled down if he had not supported him; and when the people came up, he was so confused, and in such a consternation, and withal so apprehensive of what would befall himself after the death of two such great men, that he did not know what he was doing; and after two of the duke's servants came up to take care of his grace's body, thought of nothing but getting off with himself.

"But notwithstanding all the Whigs' endeavours (who, by the

bye, were extremely well pleased at what had happened, and would have bestowed half-a-dozen such lives as Mohun's and M'Kertney's for such a good job), the unbiassed part of mankind did credit Hamilton's account, believing that the duke's death was a wilful premeditated murder; and for illustrating the same, I will mention some particulars that seem to make it unquestionable.

"1st, It is a certain truth, that frequently, and for a long time before this happened, the Whigs were heard to say that they had many irons in the fire to hinder his grace's journey; and some two or three days before his death, the Lord Hinchingbroke, a notorious Whig, being lately come from London, and talking with some people at Boristounness about the duke's journey, told them they might depend upon it his grace would not see France at this time.

"2d, The offensive words were given by the Lord Mohun to the duke, who frequently, upon former occasions, to my hearing, declared his positive resolution to bear every thing but blows from the other during the dependence of the lawsuit, and did accordingly (and likewise, no doubt, because of the public character he bore, and the great trust committed to him) resolve to pass over the injurious words he had then given him. Which the Whigs perceiving, buoyed up the Lord Mohun, persuading him to turn the chace and send the challenge; and as his lordship was never thought a hero (having, even but very lately, been publicly affronted and ill used by a certain gentleman, without resenting it, and never done any thing remarkable but stabbing a poor actor, as he came out of the playhouse, some years ago), M'Kertney and two or three more of that gang never left him, from the time that he was with the duke till the duel was fought, keeping him (as was deposed by the evidences) flushed with wine during all that time, which was two nights and a day and a half, and calling upon him, when he took fits of being grave and melancholy, to cheer up, take the other glass, and not be afraid.

"3d, When the elector of Hanover came to the crown, the Whigs prevailed with him to take off the sentence of outlawry against M'Kertney, though all the Scottish nobility, Whigs and

Tories, opposed it; and when M'Kertney came afterwards and stood his trial, sent orders to his attorney and solicitors-general not to appear and plead against him, allowing them, however, to appear for him if they pleased. And as particular directions were given to pick up a favourable jury for him, a great many of the Whig lords and most considerable commons did attend him at his trial. Now, can it be imagined, that so much pains would be taken and so much respect shown for a person of such an infamous and detestable character, had he not done something to merit it? And indeed it was loudly talked, that he threatened to discover the whole story, if he was not acquitted; which prevailed with the Whigs to carry him through his trial.

"4th, It was impossible for my Lord Mohun to give the duke the wound that killed him; for he was run in at the very top of the left breast, near to the collar-bone, sloping so far down towards his belly, that, had the wound been but an inch or two deeper, it had pierced his belly above his navel: and Mohun could not plant such a thrust, unless he had stood up very high above the duke, or, having enclosed, had shortened his sword. But that this did not happen, appeared from General Gorg's groom's deposition, that as soon as their swords were drawn, the duke attacked, and Mohun retired till he fell; and he was found dead with his arm stretched out and his sword in his hand. Besides, I heard Doctor Garth (before he reflected on the share his friends the Whigs were to have in the story) affirm, a few days after it happened, that it was impossible for my Lord Mohun to grapple and give that wound to the duke, after he himself had received the wound of which he died; and that the duke, after receiving of his wound in his body, could not be able to make a pass with so much vigour as was necessary to give the wound which killed the other. So that, as I said before, by the groom's testimony, they did not enclose, without which that wound could not have been given to the duke by the Lord Mohun; and, in Doctor Garth's opinion, whichever of them received the first wound was not capable to give the other; and consequently Hamilton's account may be the better credited, seeing it is not so much as pretended that any unfair thing was done to Mohun. But to put the matter

out of all controversy, the sword which was found in Mohun's hand, and known to be what he usually wore, was a Saxon blade; whereas the wound in the duke's body, whereof he died, was with a three-cornered blade, which, being the only one of that kind amongst them, belonged to Hamilton, and was snatched up by M'Kertney to perpetrate the execrable deed.

"5th, It was observed, that several of the most violent Whigs, such as the duke of Richmond, Sir Robert Rich, and others, were that morning, about the time of the duel, seen riding disguised in Hyde Park; which made some people think there were other snares laid for his grace, if he had escaped M'Kertney. And a hackney-coachman did depose, that, whilst he waited that morning for a job in St James's-street, a hackney-coach came up to him, and, passing easily by him whilst he sat on his box, the other coachman asked him if he had heard of the two lords being killed; and on his answering, No, and inquiring who had killed them, and how he knew it; the other replied, that the duke had killed Mohun, and M'Kertney the duke; that he had driven out Mohun and M'Kertney, was standing by, and saw it. The coachman who carried out my Lord Mohun, being found out by the number of his coach, but having by this time got his lesson, denied it. The other, when they were confronted, did still affirm upon oath that a coachman had said so to him, but would not take it upon him to assert that this was the person; for that coachman was a stranger to him, and spoke to him after he was past by him, so that he could not see his face so fully that he could swear that the coachman now confronted with him was that person.

"6th, M'Kertney was devoted to the Whigs, and at the same time so scandalous and infamous a wretch, that he had been guilty of all the crimes one can possibly imagine; and that he was capable of so base an action, the Whigs could not well deny: which put me in mind, that, some years ago, he had undertaken to murder the duke of Marlburgh; and though his grace was reconciled to him, whether out of fear, or that he might be useful in executing his designs against others, if his occasions required it, I shall not determine; yet still, one who did certainly undertake so villanous an action then, might be supposed willing and capable

to commit the like now. And indeed his character agreed with the action he committed; for, besides that he was one of the most profligate wretches alive, he was more to be reckoned a bully than a man of courage: and though it is not to be denied that he was a good officer, and had behaved well enough in some public actions, it was certainly and publicly known, that, as he was of a haughty, quarrelsome, and blustering temper, he had been often kicked and cuffed by this same Colonel Hamilton, Lord William Hay, and other officers of the army, without his daring to resent the same.

"I have been more particular in the account of this dismal story, that it may thence appear, there's too much ground to believe the Whigs are a set of men who stand at nothing to accomplish their own ends," &c.

Loudoun.—Hugh earl of Loudoun was, of all the persons concerned in the government, without doubt, amongst the best. He had nothing in his nature that was cruel or revengeful; was affable, courteous, and just 'twixt man and man; and though he pursued his own maxims and designs, yet it was in a moderate gentlemanly way. Being descended of a family enemies to monarchy, and educated after that way, and his fortune in bad circumstances, he easily dropt into the court measures, was soon taken notice of, and first made an extraordinary lord of the session, in which post he behaved to all men's satisfaction, studying to understand the laws and constitution of the kingdom, and determine accordingly. He was endowed with good natural parts, and had much improven them in his younger years by reading; and though he did not much affect to show them in public, yet there were few exceeded him in contriving and carrying on a design, having a clear judgment and ready apprehension.

Lord Ross.—William, twelfth Lord Ross, succeeded his father in 1682. He entered zealously into the Revolution, 1689; was a privy-counsellor to King William and Queen Anne; high commissioner to the church of Scotland, 1704; one of the lords of the treasury, and a commissioner for the Union, of which treaty he was a staunch promoter.

Lady Lauderdale.—This was the Lady Margaret Cunningham,

only child of Alexander, tenth earl of Glencairn, and heir of line of that ancient family.

Forfar.—Archibald earl of Forfar, &c. came early into the Revolution; was sworn a privy-counsellor to King William, and appointed one of the commissioners for executing the office of keeper of the privy-seal. He was also of the privy-council to Queen Anne, and was, by her majesty, constituted one of the commissioners of the treasury, which he held till the dissolution of that court in consequence of the Union, which he steadily supported in parliament.

Tweeddale.—The marquis of Tweeddale never obtained any other character, than that he was a well-meaning but simple man; and I have the charity to believe, he was forced against his will by his friends and those he trusted (who made a mere tool of him), to enter into many of the bad measures he pursued: so I may safely say, he was the least ill-meaning man of his party, either through inclination or capacity.

The following curious poem on the same subject is taken from a manuscript book belonging to Mr Walter Scott.

Advice to the Painter.

LIMNER, would you express Albania's fate?
Draw then a palace in a ruin'd state;
Nettles and briers instead of fragrant flowers;
Sleet, snow, and hail, instead of gentle showers:
Instead of plenty, all things meagre look;
Our swords are turn'd to ploughshare, scythe, and hook:
Instead of guards, you ravenous wolves must place,
And all the signs of government deface:
Instead of order, justice, and good laws,
Let all appear confus'd as the first chaos.
Near to the palace, one on every hand,
The ruins of two noble fabrics stand:
A church where none but priests of Belial stay;
A court of justice fill'd with birds of prey.

With a bold pencil draw the great Argyle,
In some respects the glory of our isle;
Draw his intrepid heart and generous mind,
Where nought that's base did ever harbour find:
But near him place his ——— and display
By what base acts he leads his friends astray;
Give him an air that's sullen and morose,
Still looking downward his dark mind expose.
Place Roxburgh up amid the vilest band
That ever did infest this wretched land;
In proper colours paint his sordid mind,
Which rules of honour never yet could bind.
Now truth and justice banish'd quite away,
Revenge and falsehood bear a sovereign sway.
Limner, proceed: conspicuously expose
The chicken-hearted narrow-soul'd Montrose:
Oh! how he does debase his noble line,
Which heretofore illustriously did shine!
Oh! how he makes himself a tool of state!
Slave unto avarice, to his friends ingrate!
Tweeddale demands a place upon the stage,
Compos'd and learn'd, though scarce attain'd to age:
Time must determine how he will employ
The talents he so largely doth enjoy.
As from the morn the day is often guess'd,
He'll prove, I fear, a hawk like to the nest.
Queensberry next a station here doth claim;
Oh! how I tremble when I write the name!
Will he for what his father did, atone?
Or will he in the self-same course jog on?
To Stair allow, as he deserves, much space,
And round about him the Dalrymples place;
Describe how these their sovereign did betray,
And sold our nation's liberty away.
Let Haddington appear, as is his due,
Amongst a rakish unbelieving crew;

Near to him place no man who does desire
To 'scape the vengeance of eternal fire.
Place Sutherland, Orkney, Lauderdale, and Norton,
Rothes, Ross, Buchan, Belhaven, booby Hopetoun,
All close together as a pack of tools:
And near to them another class of fools,
Where Douglas, Hindford, Selkirk, bear some sway,
And Lothian won't to Forrester give way.
But now observe some place for Athol's grace;
In any of these two last ranks him place:
Do not forget his visage to describe,
And fill his breast with avarice and pride.
Near to him let his grace of Gordon stand,
For these two drakes may neb, go hand in hand;
But if you mount him on his Grecian steed,
Pray leave him room to gallop off with speed.
Findlater surely will pretend some space,
For he ne'er wants pretensions to a place;
For this, a footman couch, his friends betray,
Engage at night, and break his word by day,
Profound respect to every party pay.
A place apart to him assign you must,
For who'd be near to him whom none will trust?
If these will but reflect on what is past,
Give any one a stone who first will cast.
With these you may a canvass large supply,
And then to match them all the world defy.

SONG XL.

The Union.

"There's Queensberry, Seafield, and Mar."

Queensberry was the son of William, duke of Queensberry, who was highly in favour both with King Charles and King James, and by them intrusted with the greatest offices and employments

(which he well deserved, being in all respects a great man); but after the Revolution he retired, and lived privately for the most part, and continued firm to King James's interest all the time he lived: but the son, notwithstanding King Charles and King James's kindness to his father and family (through which he was created a duke, and scraped together a vast fortune), and the respect and favour which King James had all alongst bestowed on himself, was the first Scotsman that deserted ever to the prince of Orange, and from thence acquired the epithet (amongst honest men) of Proto-rebel; and has ever since been so faithful to the Revolution party, and averse to the king and all his adherers, that he laid hold on all occasions to oppress and depress the loyal party and interest. Having thus made his first appearance in the world by deserting his king and benefactor, we are not to expect he'll prove more faithful to his country; and had he deserted her, as he did the former, 'twould have been happy for us: but, alas! he stuck close by her, and never left her till he had ruined her to all intents and purposes; having undertaken and promoted every proposal and scheme for enslaving Scotland, and invading her honour, liberty, and trade, and rendering her obsequious to the measures and interest of England. This proceeded, I suppose, from his being of a lazy easy temper; and falling at first into bad hands, he was seduced by them; and being once deeply dipt in all projects against the king and country, he never could imagine that repentance and amendment would be accepted of (the frequent effects of a hardened conscience), and that he was safe against an after-reckoning. He was reputed a man of good parts, but wanted application to business; was extremely covetous, and, at the same time, extremely lavish of his money; for though he got vast sums of money by his public employments, most of it was squandered away. He was well-bred, and had so courteous a behaviour, that what by this, and the occasion of doing acts of kindness, by having the chief administration of affairs a long time in his hands, he engaged the favour and friendship of very many of all ranks of people, and entirely managed the Revolution party, and such as were willing to prostitute themselves to serve the court measures. To outward appearance, and in his ordinary

conversation, he was of a gentle and good disposition, but inwardly a very devil, standing at nothing to advance his own interest and designs. Though his hypocrisy and dissimulation served him very much, yet he became so very well known, that no man, except such as were his nearest friends and *socii criminis*, gave him any trust: and so little regard had he to his promises and vows, that it was observed and notour, that if he was at any pains to convince you of his friendship, and, by swearing and imprecating curses on himself and family, to assure you of his sincerity, then, to be sure, he was doing you underhand all the mischief in his power. To sum up all, he was altogether void of honour, loyalty, justice, religion, and ingenuity; an ungrateful deserter of, and rebel to, his prince; the ruin and bane of his country, and the aversion of all loyal and true Scotsmen.

James, earl of Seafield, was the son and heir of the earl of Findlater, at that time alive. In his younger years, his father's family being very low, and his elder brother alive, he was bred a lawyer, and entered and continued an advocate with a good reputation. In the convention 1689 he was much taken notice of, by reason of a speech he made against the forfeiting of King James: but he did not long continue in these measures; for, by William duke of Hamilton's means, he was made solicitor to King William, and enjoyed that office several years; during which time he prosecuted his employment to good purpose, and made a fair estate. In the year 1696 he was called to court, to be one of King William's secretaries of state; and indeed it must be owned he served him very faithfully, consenting to and going alongst with any thing demanded of him, though visibly against the interest of his country; and trimmed and tricked so shamefully in the affair of Darien, that he thereby, from being generally well beloved, drew upon himself the hatred of all who wished well to that glorious undertaking. He was believed to be of loyal enough principles, but had so mean and selfish a soul, that he wanted both resolution and honesty enough to adhere to them; which evidently appeared from his changing sides so often, and cleaving to that party he found rising. People were willing to excuse, at least extenuate, his first faults, because of the lowness of his worldly

circumstances; but after he had raised them to a considerable height, and had a fair occasion of retrieving his reputation, when he joined with the Cavaliers in the parliament 1703, to leave them so basely and meanly as he did, is altogether inexcusable. He was finely accomplished; a learned lawyer, a just judge, courteous and good-natured; but withal so entirely abandoned to serve the court measures, be what they will, that he seldom or never consulted his own inclinations, but was a blank sheet of paper, which the court might fill up with what they pleased. As he thus sacrificed his honour and principles, so he likewise easily deserted his friend, when his interest (which he was only firm to) stood in competition. He made a good figure, and proceeded extremely well in the parliament and session, where he despatched business to the general satisfaction of the judges. He had a principal hand in carrying through the treaty of Union; and when he sanctioned that act, which annihilated Scotland as an independent kingdom, he said, with brutal levity, "There is an end of an auld sang." His brother, Colonel Ogilvy, dealt deeply in the droving trade; and once upon a time, when his brother, Lord Seafield, was upbraiding him for practising a sort of traffic which was beneath his rank, the colonel replied, in his broad Angusshire dialect, "Ay, ay, my lord, we maun baith do as we dow—I only sell *nowt*, but you sell *nations*:" alluding to the share Lord Seafield was supposed to have in the celebrated Equivalent.

John, earl of Mar, was descended from, and the representative of, a family noted for its loyalty on many occasions, both ancient and modern, and much beholden to the bounty of the crown. 'Tis true indeed, his father embarked with the Revolution; but if all be true that is reported, his lordship gave a particular though fatal sign of his remorse and repentance. This present gentleman's fortune being in bad circumstances when he came to age, he devoted himself to the duke of Queensberry and the court measures, to which he always stuck close, till, in the year 1704, he headed such of the duke of Queensberry's friends as opposed the marquis of Tweeddale and his party's designs, and that with so much art and dissimulation, that he gained the favour of all the Tories, and was by many of them esteemed an honest man,

and well inclined to the royal family. Certain it is, he vowed and protested so much many a time; but no sooner was the marquis of Tweeddale and his party dispossessed, than he returned as the dog to the vomit, and promoted all the court of England's measures with the greatest zeal imaginable. He was not a man of a good *coram vobis*, and was a very bad, though very frequent, speaker in parliament; but his great talent lay in the cunning management of his designs and projects, in which it was hard to find him out, when he aimed to be *incognito;* and thus he shewed himself to be a man of good sense, but bad morals.

Morton.—A contemporary says of him, "This gentleman was zealous for the Revolution, and always a follower of the duke of Queensberry; of no great capacity but for the ladies, and hath been famous that way. He is very fair, sanguine complexioned, well shaped, and taller than the ordinary size."

Leven.—David, earl of Leven, in the beginning of his life, was so vain and conceity, that he became the jest of all sober men; but as he grew older, he overcame that folly in part, and from the proudest became the civilest man alive. He was a man of good parts and sound judgment, but master of no kind of learning; and though he had once the command of a regiment, and was at last created lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief of the forces in this kingdom, yet his courage was much called in question upon sundry accounts, not necessary to be mentioned here. He was born and bred an enemy to the royal family, and therefore cheerfully embraced, and significantly promoted, every thing against its interest. However, he was noways severe, but rather very civil to all the Cavaliers, especially such as were prisoners in the castle of Edinburgh when he was governor; from whence he gained more of their favour than any man in the government.

Weems.—David, third earl of Wemyss, succeeded his mother in 1705. Same year he took the oaths and his seat in parliament, was sworn a privy-counsellor, and nominated one of the commissioners for the treaty of Union. In 1706 he was appointed high-admiral of Scotland, steadily supported the Union and parliament, and was by them chosen one of the sixteen representatives

of the Scottish peerage in 1707. At the general election in 1708, the earl of Wemyss was rechosen one of the sixteen peers. He died in 1720.

Roseberry.—Archibald Primrose of Dalmeny, only son of the second marriage of Sir Archibald Primrose, lord register. In the reign of James VII. opposing the measures of that monarch, he was summoned before the privy-council on a charge of leasing-making on the chancellor, and sowing discord among the officers of state; but, by the friendship of the earl of Berwick, he obtained a countermand of the process. At the Revolution he was appointed one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber to Prince George of Denmark. In 1695 he was chosen one of the members of parliament for the county of Edinburgh, and was a zealous supporter of the king's ministers. In 1700 Mr Primrose was raised to the peerage, by the title of Viscount of Roseberry, Lord Primrose and Dalmeny. Upon the accession of Queen Anne he was sworn a privy-counsellor, and further dignified with the titles of Earl of Roseberry, Viscount of Inverkeithing, &c. He was selected as one of the commissioners for the treaty of Union, which he steadily supported in parliament, and was chosen one of the sixteen peers by the parliament of Scotland. His lordship died in 1723.

Glasgow.—David, earl of Glasgow, had nothing to recommend him, save that his surname was the same with the duchess of Queensberry's; being upon no account to be reckoned a man of more than ordinary sense. He was esteemed proud, arrogant, greedy, extremely false, and a great speaker at random; was so ridiculously vain, that he affected a great deal of respect and reverence as his due. Nothing pleased him so much, as to dedicate a book to his lordship; and he was sure to take it and its author into his protection, provided much and frequent mention was made in the preface, of his illustrious and ancient family; though he and all the world knew his predecessors were not long ago boatmen, and since married to the heiress of Kelburn, a petty little family in the shire of Ayr, the representatives of which, until his father's time, were never designed the Laird, but always the Goodman, of Kelburn. However, having, by being concerned in farming the public revenues, scraped together a good estate, he

wanted not ambition to be a man of quality, and concerned in the government; both which the duchess's favour and his own impudence procured him. Thus we see to what height ambition and impudence, without any merit, will bring a man in this world. There was no man had such a sway with the duke of Queensberry, as he; and I look upon him as the chief of those evil counsellors that persuaded and engaged him to follow, at least persevere in, such pernicious ways.

Duplin.—Thomas Hay of Balhousie, second son of George Hay of Balhousie, was elected member of parliament for the county of Perth, and took the oaths and his seat in 1698. He was created a peer, by the title of Viscount Duplin, 1697; and took the oaths and his seat in parliament, as such, in 1698. He was one of the commissioners for the Union; supported that treaty in parliament; succeeded as earl of Kinnoul, 1709; was chosen one of the sixteen representatives of the Scottish peers at the general election in 1710, and was rechosen in 1713. He was one of the supporters of the Tory administration. On the breaking out of the rebellion in 1715, he was, amongst other suspected persons, summoned to surrender himself, and was committed a prisoner to the castle of Edinburgh. He died in 1719.

Francis Montgomery.—The Honourable Francis Montgomery of Giffen, second son of Hugh, seventh earl of Eglintoun, was a privy-counsellor to King William and Queen Anne, and one of the lords of the treasury of Scotland in their reigns. He was appointed one of the commissioners for the treaty of Union, 1705, of which measure he was a zealous supporter. He was chosen one of the members of the parliament of Great Britain in 1707. He died in 1753. *Macay. Wood. Lockhart, priv. com.*

The others that are mentioned in this song are of so little note, that I scarcely find any notice taken of the parts that they acted during that eventful period, in the annals that have come to my hand.

SONG XLI.

The Thistle and the Rose,

Is an allegorical song, written about the year 1710, when the effects of the Union were most severely felt in this country. Its merit is not of the first rate, though it is rather a fair specimen of a certain illegitimate kind of song-writing which became fashionable about that period, and continues so among a numerous high-looking pedantic class for the greater part of a century. The following is another allegorical song, which seems to have been written about the same time.

The New Game of Forty-One.

Come, cut again; the game's not done,
Though strangely yet the cards have run,
  As if they pack'd had been:
And those most like to lose may say,
They know not what's next best to play;
  Such shuffling ne'er was seen.

Look well, my masters, to your hits,
And have about you all your wits,
  For high the play does run:
Three kingdoms now at stake do lie,
And rooks all pocus-tricks do try,
  That ye may be undone.

On clubs and spades some wholly bet,
For they the most are like to get;
  While hearts in vain contest,
And diamonds too (unto their cost
That have them), sure are to be lost:
  The blackest cards are best.

God bless all kings and queens, though now
The best coat-cards (the Lord knows how)
At this preposterous game,
Are like all to commanded be,
And trump'd with all their royalty,
By every knavish pam.

So Hewson blind, though he be dead,
Alive, was by blind fortune led,
And still did winning go;
And ever since, we find that he
Sweeps all with his *effigie*,
The great Pamphilio.

Now trays and deuces, which were deem'd
The basest cards, are now esteem'd
Prime ones, to win the day.
All ye that wish to gain the prize,
Both kings and queens you must despise,
And honours throw away.

Thus the best cards are now the worst,
And what was last's become the first:
No wonder, now-a-days,
The nation topsy-turvy lies,
And, as 'twere pleas'd with contraries,
At losing-load-'em plays.

SONG XLII.

Queen Anne; or, the Auld Gray Mare.

THIS is another allegorical song of the same period. The poetry is wretched, and it is a pity it should be so, for the allegory is excellent, and well supported throughout. By the "twa mares on the hill" is meant Ireland and Wales, and by the "ane into

the sta'," England, which the author supposed enjoyed the principal fruits of the Union. Scotland is represented by the "auld gray mare;" and nothing can be happier or more humorous than the whole description of the operation of taming her. And truly a slight perusal of the history of our own country about that period will show how well every one of the cruelties which they exercised so wantonly on the "auld mare" are applicable to Scotland. By the "farrier stout," that was hired out of "the west countrye," is obviously meant the duke of Queensberry, who, without doubt, was

> "A crafty selfish loon,
> That lo'ed the white moneye:"

And by the other smiths which he hired and paid well are meant those who supported him in that great measure, they whose characters are given in the notes to some foregoing songs, and whom, it was supposed, his grace bribed most liberally. Among the smiths may likewise be numbered the horde of excise and custom-house officers that were poured into the country, the vilest set to whom such a charge was ever before deputed. They might well be said to have bound "the auld mare head and heel," and to have teased her in no ordinary degree. The account given of them by George Lockhart is believed to be nothing exaggerated.

"No sooner was the first of May past, than the ministry (now of Great Britain) took care to establish the union of the two kingdoms; and as by the articles it was agreed, there should be the same regulations, impositions, &c. of trade, throughout the United Kingdom (that is to say, that the laws relative to trade in England should take place in Scotland), a set of commissioners was immediately appointed, one for managing the customs, the other the excise, of Scotland, consisting partly of English and partly of Scotsmen, though these latter had no pretensions to entitle them to that name, save their being born in that country. At the same time, vast numbers of surveyors, collectors, waiters, and, in short, all or most of the officers of the customs and excise, were sent down from England, and these, generally speaking, the very scum and canalia of that country; which remembers me of a very

good story. Sometime thereafter, a Scots merchant travelling in England, and shewing some apprehension of being robbed, his landlady told him he was in no hazard, for all the highwaymen were gone: and upon his inquiring how that came about; "Why, truly," replied she, "they are all gone to your country to get places." These fellows treated the natives with all the contempt, and executed the new laws with all the rigour, imaginable: so that, before the first three months were expired, there were too apparent proofs of the truth of what had been often asserted, in relation to the bad bargain Scotland had made. 'Tis true indeed, some particular merchants made vast gain at this juncture; for the duties upon wine and most other foreign commodities being much less in Scotland than in England, great quantities were imported into the former before the commencement of the Union, and being afterwards carried into England, returned an extraordinary profit. But as discerning people saw that was only the accidental consequence of what could not be well avoided at this juncture, and that these sunshine days would be soon overclouded (as the merchants have since effectually experimented), it did noways lessen the dreadful apprehensions of the consequences of the Union; and people of all ranks and persuasions were more and more chagrined and displeased, that nothing but the restoration of the royal family, and that by the means of Scotsmen, could restore them to their rights. So that now there was scarce one of a thousand that did not declare for the king: nay, the Presbyterians and Cameronians were willing to pass over the objection of his being Papist; for, said they (according to their predestinating principles), "God may convert him, or he may have Protestant children; but the Union can never be good." And as the commons shewed a great alacrity and readiness to join against the promoters of the Union, whilst it was in agitation, than did those of better rank and quality, so were they at this time more uneasy at their subjection, and zealous to redeem the liberty of the country; and thence it was, that on all occasions, in all places, and by people of all persuasions, nothing was to be heard throughout all the country, save an universal declaration in favour of the

king, and exclamations against the Union, and those that had promoted it.

"Nay, so great a length did their indignation lead them, that the Presbyterian ministers became universally hated and despised, and lost all their interest with the commons; these not sticking to tell them publicly that they were time-servers, and had preached up against the Union whilst they thought their kirk not well enough secured; but that once being done, they valued not the country nor the people's liberties: and thus were the commons come to this lucky pass, that they would have entered into and prosecuted any measure without the previous advice and constant concurrence of their ministers, who formerly, on all other occasions, acted only with a view to themselves, could never be guided by the nobility and gentry, and rendered the commons ungovernable by the influence they had over them.

"As these were the people's inclinations, so likewise was there an universal expectation of the king's coming over to them. Whence this came I cannot tell, but people were over all parts prepossessed, and pleased themselves with an opinion it would happen very soon, so that for several months they were in constant expectation of him; and this was before any measure for the purpose was finally concluded, and in such countries where few or none were privy to the concert. Besides, they acted consequentially to this their belief and expectation, in preparing themselves to receive and assist him; for the western shires had their private delegates from each parish to meet and concert measures together; and, amongst others, they appointed several of their number to apply themselves towards getting of intelligence; they named their officers who should head them, till once the nobility and gentry took the command upon them; they had arms making in all places, and appointed people to buy horses; so that a worthy friend of mine, in the shire of Ayr, assured me, that very summer twelve or fifteen hundred good horses had been brought over from Ireland, which were picked and brought up by country people, and carried where nobody knew: and some of these delegates and ringleaders in Clydesdale did come to Mr Lockhart of Carnwath, telling him they were ordered by a considerable party to inquire

of him against what time he thought the king would land; and upon his answering, that he wondered how they could ask such a question of him, and that he knew nothing of these matters, they answered, he might indeed be shy in divulging his mind to them, but they doubted not but that he knew, and they would be glad to know likewise, that each of them might spare one or two of their best horses from work, and have them in good condition against he landed. And on another occasion, one of the chief Cameronians told him, they were content to join in an army with the Episcopalians, for it was not now a time for Scotland to be divided amongst themselves.

"I have instanced these two particulars, to shew the inclinations of the people, the like to which happened to several other people in all parts of the kingdom; so that I may well aver that the commons were most impatient at the king's delay in coming over, and were most sincerely ready to have made him welcome, by assisting him to the utmost of their powers. And though the commons appeared with less caution and more barefacedly, yet were not the nobility and gentry less desirous to have him amongst them, so that never was a prince or deliverer more longed for by a people; and what Ovid observed long ago,

> "Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine tangit
> Humanas animas,"

was remarkably evident on this occasion: for from hence arose that unanimity amongst the Episcopals, Presbyterians, Cavaliers, and many of the Revolutioners, so that, according to the Scots proverb, "They were all one man's bairns," had the same desire, and were ready to join together in the defence of their country and liberties."

SONG XLIII.

Bishop Burnet's Descent into Hell.

It is not easy to conceive what made the Jacobite party so utterly to detest Bishop Burnet, who was always a moderate man, and

advised the Stuarts to moderate measures, and never in his life took any very decided part against the adherents of the abdicated family. It appears they considered him as a time-serving hypocrite. Probably it was after the publication of his Memoirs that all these bitter *jeux-d'esprit* were vented against him; for it was always considered by the Jacobites as an unfair representation of their party that he gave in that work. The following humorous parody of his manner and epitaph are copied from a miscellany of that age.

"*Monday, 6th March* 1715.

"Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit."—Lilly.

"No folding of the hands to sleep, no slumber all night: can't lie in bed for fear. Rise at one. *Asthma* a fatal distemper. Consider much how my lungs should be distempered: used them with *great vehemence* in my younger days. Could not leave it off at last. Think if it could proceed from some other reason. Hope not. I don't remember all: all from the violent *pulpit*-motions: could not possibly help it: the power of the spirit certainly straitened the organs of the body. Call my servant in haste: send for *opium* and *balsams*. *Flesh* is *grass;* certainly *grass*. Life is like many things; a *shadow*, a *bird*, a *line* in the *water*, an *old story:* Fumus et umbra simus, a good *motto* for a *chimney*, or a *black gown*. Head swims. Get out, *Tories!* I have nothing to say to you. A *perverse generation*. Convocation. Dr S——pe. Let them do what they will. No good. *Chaplains* too. Honest *Ben:* a double portion for him. Present settlement. Kissing goes by favour. *Butter the rook's nest*, said Sir *Thomas Wiat*, at the Reformation, *and then you may do what you please. All joy to great Cæsar*, to little *Cæsar*. Another good saying of Sir Thomas; *It is a strange thing a man can't repent of his sins, without the leave of the Pope.* Pshaw! how came the *Pope* into my head? Give me the *drops;* I'll try to forget every thing. Doze till four. *Opium* an excellent medicine. Many debates in my mind about a proper doctor. Dr W——d, he is my country-

man; don't care to trust him. *Garth*, he will laugh at me and tell stories. Why can't a man do without them? Necessary evils. Resolve to ask advice of *Jonathan* about it. Give my mind to contemplation. William the Conqueror; Rufus; the *Third*. Happy day! Grand restorative: pleasant to think of these things. Cough again twice. Distempers will not be flattered. I wish they would: nobody could do it better. *Jonathan* comes in; looks with a sad air. Don't like such looks at all. Order the family to come up stairs at seven: resolved to *preach* before them *extempore*. Not much matter what the *text* is: easy to run off from the subject, and talk of the *times*. Late *order* about *preaching*: it cannot relate to *chamber-practice*. Bid my man set the great chair ready. Family comes up. Survey them with delight. The damsel *Jane* has a wicked eye. *Robin* seems to meet her glances. *Unsanctified vessels! Children of wrath! Lust of the eye. Evil concupiscence.* No flock without these evil ones. Look again at *Jane*: a tear of penitence in her eye. Sweet drops! *Grace* triumphs. Sin lies dead. Wish *Tom* were present: he might be reformed. Consider how many *sermons* it is probable *Tom* hears in one year: afraid not one. Alas, the *Temple!* alas, the *Temple!* The *law* eats up divinity; it corrupts manners, raises contentions among the faithful, feeds upon poor *vicarages*, and *devours widows' houses without making long prayers*. Alas, the *Temple!* Never liked that place since it harboured *Sacheverall*: he certainly spread an infection there. A swimming of my head. Seem to hear the noise of *tumults, riots, seditions*. Fresh noises of *High Church*, the *Doctor*. What would the multitude have? Why are they incensed? Who of our *order* has offended? *Impeach, silence, hang, behead!* That the name of a man should turn one's head to a giddiness! Say a short *mental* prayer. Cool by degrees. *Jane* petitions not to hear the *sermon*, but make her beds. There is no dealing with youthful inclinations: they are unsteady in every path: they leave the direct way: walk in bye-places and corners. Give her leave to depart. Resolved within myself to deny *Robin* to go, if he should ask. *Robin* asks. Reprove him thus:—I have watched your mutual temptations, and the snares you laid for each other; you,

Robin, I say, and the damsel *Jane*: forbear your iniquity, struggle with sin; make not excuses to follow the *handmaid*: thou shalt stay here, and hear and edify.—Prepare to preach: *hem* thrice: spread my hands: lift up my eyes: attempt to raise myself: sink backwards: faint suddenly: don't know what is done for half an hour: awakened to life by cold water, and many cries: rub my eyes: ask where I have been: servants tell me strange things: all press for a doctor: consent: send for *Garth*. Think of a *chapter* in praise of physicians; no commentators guess who was the author. It must be *apocryphal*. Never was but one *saint* of the *faculty*. Hei mihi! Religio Medici: where shall one find more than the title? Send for Mr *Boyle's* receipts: he was an excellent man: I knew him. Read in the book, *For a cough, honey and brimstone*. Can't take it. Fling away the book. *Garth* comes: takes up Mr *Boyle's* receipts."

An Inscription,

DESIGNED FOR HIS MONUMENT.

Beneath
There lies, against his own wishes,
A Man at last in PEACE.
He was master of a cunning, various Wit,
Agreeable to his own COUNTRY.
Great was He in Divinity, in Fable greater,
In POLITICS (if you'll believe himself) greatest.
So faithful a lover of *Truth*,
That it equally appears in his *Life*,
And *Writings*.
A violent, mighty, unwearied Preacher:
Many have had *purer Doctrine*,
No one stronger Sides and Lungs.
So averse to ROME in all points,
That he almost approached GENEVA.
He died, to the universal grief of the *Dissenters*,
On the *Kalends* of *March*.

Ben Hoadly is my Lord Sunderland. The rest of the characters are all well known, save Hugh Peters, a mad fanatical preacher in the days of Cromwell, and one of his chaplains. He was highly instrumental in inflaming the people, and impelling them to regicide. He was condemned and executed after the Restoration; and the following is part of his funeral sermon.

"Ah! my beloved, these are precious, I say precious enjoyments. Therefore I shall conclude in the words of my text, *Let us, while we may, make use of our time*, taking for our pattern the life and manners of our deceased brother here before us; of whom, that I may make him a short encomium, I shall say thus much: That from his youth he followed the calling of the ministry; and because then the wicked prevailed, and he was a sufferer, he went about giving consolation to those who suffered for theft, and such like criminal offences. Afterwards he travelled, and as he found occasion he sowed his seed, sometimes in fruitful, sometimes in barren soils: and I may say this of him, that, while he lived, such was his zeal, he layed many a sinful daughter of Babylon on her back. When the faithful began to exalt their horns in this nation, he was a great fomentor of the quarrel, and gave occasion to the rest of his brethren to fish in troubled waters. To his prince he was a great assistance in all his designs, laying aside that notional impediment of a statesman called Conscience, that he might be the more serviceable to his country. His charity was not unknown, he giving two notable examples thereof, in his relieving our two dear sisters, the butcher's wife and Mistress Middleton, in both their afflictions. He died not without associates to accompany him to his last rest; for, as I am informed, on the very night he departed, departed also a dear brother and sister of ours, the hangman and Moll Cut-purse."

SONG XLIV.

A wicked old Peer.

THIS is a very clever and shrewd old song, on the same subject with the last. It has been a constant amusement with our Jaco-

bite song-makers to send the most obnoxious of their opponents to hell, and give some account of their treatment there, as abundantly appears in the course of this work. When they could get no other amends of them, they kept that behind as a corps-de-reserve, or rather as a forlorn hope: seeming to feel for them exactly as the old mariner did toward the deceased gentleman who had left his estate wrongously, as he supposed, and cut off the right heir, his nephew, with a shilling: "The old gentleman's in hell, that's some comfort!"

SONG XLV.

Surum's Dirge,

Is a trifle of the same stamp, pretending to give a character of the Doctor. The following is a much more perfect one, from an old Jacobite poem, entitled, "The Republican Procession," a piece of great cleverness, and, though anonymous, has merit which may justify the fathering of it on one of our best humorous poets.

"Next these a lecturer of note,
A preaching scandal to his coat,
A busy, prating, factious priest,
Advanc'd, as joyful as the rest;
Distinguish'd by his habit holy,
Though 't gave no sanction to his folly,
But made the wiser sort believe
A knave was hid in pudding-sleeve:
To pulpit rais'd by Whigs, to smother
The doctrines of his sacred mother,
And to confound his factious hearers
With Whiggish and fanatic errors;
Which he hath done with zeal so hearty,
To curry favour with his party,
That his whole parish, to his shame,
Is nicknam'd *Little Amsterdam*.

Himself a prating good-for-nothing,
A very wolf in shepherd's clothing,
Who does his utmost forces bend
To wrong the church he should defend,
And, caterpillar-like, indeed,
Destroys the tree by which he's fed."

SONG XLVI.

Alas, Whigs, alas.

The air of this song is one of the most ancient Scots airs in existence. I am informed by my friend Mr William Stenhouse, a gentleman thoroughly versed in Scottish music, that originally it consisted only of one measure, and that the second is a modern variation of that. Burns sent a bad copy of it to the late Mr Clarke, who put a bass to it; and it was that copy which was published in the Scots Museum, and which Ritson copied, with all its imperfections on its head. The air of the popular song, *What ails this Heart o' mine?* is merely a modification of this ancient tune: so also is *My Dearie an ye die.* Part of the verses are as old as the time of Cromwell, but others have been added of a later date, it is impossible to say when. There is a tradition, that, at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, the piper to Clavers' own troop of horse stood on the brink of the Clyde, playing it with great glee; but being struck by a bullet, either by chance, or in consequence of an aim taken, as is generally reported, he rolled down the bank in the agonies of death; and always as he rolled over the bag, so intent was he on this old party tune, that, with determined firmness of fingering, he made the pipes to yell out two or three notes more of it, till at last he plunged into the river, and was carried peaceably down the stream among a great number of floating Whigs.

SONG XLVII.

The Broad Swords of Scotland,

Is a popular song, said to have been written by an English gentleman who was sojourning here after the time of the Union, and witnessed the feelings of the country-people on that occasion. The nationality of the song has made it a favourite, although the air be originally an English one.

SONG XLVIII.

There was a Man came from the Moon,

Is as hard to be understood as any song I have ever met with. Mr Scott, after considering it thoroughly, gave it up as a song made about some burgh politics; but as I got it among a number of genuine old Jacobite manuscripts, I remained unalterably of opinion that it related to some national occurrence offensive to the Jacobites, and am now convinced, howsoever ill I can make it out, that it alludes to the establishment of the Whig ministry by George I. in 1714.

I conceive, then, that the man that "came from the moon" may be considered as an allegory, a personification of a general overruling providence in the affairs of government.

"And first he brought a dozen'd drone,
And rais'd him up on high, sir,
Who knew not what was right or wrong,
And neither buff nor sty, sir."

This "dozen'd drone" I take to be George I. who was not over accurate in making his estimates of the British character.

"And then he took a maudlin wight,
A horse-cowper by name, sir."

By this, though hinged on a vile pun, I take to be meant the Lord Cowper, keeper of the great seal.

> "And after him two shallow knights,
> To help to play the game, sir."

These might be the earl of Wharton and Lord Townshend; the one made keeper of the privy-seal, and the other secretary of state.

> "A duke that daddled long in blood,
> A dog without the nose, sir."

These are doubtless the duke of Marlborough, appointed at this time colonel of the first regiment of foot and master of the horse, as well as head of the cabinet-council, and Mr Pulteney, who was made secretary of war; but whether the latter had a long or short nose, or no nose at all, I have been unable to learn.

> "And four braw norland pipers' sons,
> From traitor race that rose, sir."

These are likely the dukes of Argyle, Roxburgh, Montrose, and Mr Stanhope, all of whom got offices at that time, and made use of them to thwart the designs of the Tories to the utmost of their power: but that all their fathers should have been pipers is rather an extraordinary coincidence.

> "And when this dog's game will be done,
> There is no one can tell, sir;
> Or whether this man came from the moon,
> Or if he came from hell, sir."

In this verse the rascally Jacobite doubts that the special providence which brought about the deposing of the rightful heir, and raising the Whigs over their heads, came from heaven at all, and slyly suggests that it came from the other place.

This, I think, is a solution of the song throughout: if it is not the true one, there is a strong similarity. But I have always found, that the more closely these party songs are searched into, the more plainly do the dark allusions contained in them appear, and the more pointed at individuals of the other party.

SONG XLIX.

At Auchindown.

This is a north country song, and sung to the celebrated old tune of *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen*. There are many copies of it. In one that I have seen, there is a long story about Jeanie Gordon introduced. It evidently alludes to a festival held at Auchindown on the Chevalier de St George's birth-day, and is likewise a song of 1715. This copy is partly taken from one in a volume of old MSS. kindly sent to me by Mr Hardy of Glasgow, and partly from one sent me in a letter from a correspondent at Peterhead.

SONG L.

The Riding Mare,

Is another allegorical song, wherein the throne of Britain is pictured out by a *riding mare*, and the different sovereigns as the riders. The author, however, seems to have been extremely stupid, for in the antepenult verse he forgets that the throne is the riding mare, and takes the monarch in place of it, with a sow for his director, namely, the countess of Darlington. The Jacobites must have considered the joke of the sow as an excellent one, it has kept its ground through so many of their sarcastic effusions. This is altogether one of the most vulgar of the songs admitted, but nothing like hundreds that have been left out.

SONG LI.

The wee wee German Lairdie,

Is one of the most spirited songs existing, and a great favourite all over Scotland. It is copied from Cromek's Galloway and

Nithsdale Relics, all save three lines taken from an older collection. It is sung to many different tunes in different districts of the kingdom; but the one to which it is here set was composed by me a number of years bygone, and it having been sung so often to it, I found that, all over the south country, any other would have been reckoned spurious. I have, however, added the best original one that I could find, which, though perhaps scarcely so good a tune as the former, is more in character. It is a capital song sung to either of these airs.

SONG LII.

The Ringing o't.

This song ought, in the arrangement, to have been placed farther on, as it begins by an allusion to circumstances to which this volume does not reach, namely, the severity of the king in punishing those who rose in behalf of the exiled house. But, for the sake of explaining a circumstance that is often mentioned and alluded to in these songs, it was necessary to give it a place here.

> "At home, in Hanover, he kill'd, in cold blood,
> A pretty young prince, for the cuckolding o't."

This was the Swedish Count Koningsmark, who was the cause of many unpleasant circumstances that fell out in King George's family. He had, while he was electoral prince, married his cousin, the princess Dorothea, only child of the duke of Zell; a match of convenience, to reunite the dominions of the family. Though she was very handsome, the prince, who was extremely amorous, had several mistresses; which provocation, and his absence in the army of the confederates, probably disposed the princess to indulge some degree of coquetry. At that moment arrived at Hanover the famous and beautiful Count Koningsmark, the charms of whose person ought not to have obliterated the memory of his vile assassination of Mr Thynne. His vanity, the beauty of the electoral princess, and the neglect under which he

found her, encouraged his presumption to make his addresses to her, not covertly; and she, though believed not to have transgressed her duty, did receive them too indiscreetly. The old elector flamed at the insolence of so stigmatised a pretender, and ordered him to quit his dominions at a day's warning. The princess, surrounded by women too closely connected with her husband, and consequently enemies of the lady they injured, was persuaded by them to suffer the count to kiss her hand before his abrupt departure; and he was actually introduced by them into her bedchamber the next morning before she rose. From that moment he disappeared; nor was it known what became of him, till, on the death of George I. on his son the new king's first journey to Hanover, some alterations in the palace being ordered by him, the body of Koningsmark was discovered under the floor of the electoral princess's dressing-room; the count having probably been strangled there the instant he left her, and his body secreted there.

This is the short and distinct account of the matter given by Lord Orford; and he farther adds, with regard to the consequences: "Of the circumstances that ensued on Koningsmark's disappearance I am ignorant; nor am I acquainted with the laws of Germany relative to divorce or separation; nor do I know, or suppose, that despotism and pride allow the law to insist on much formality, when a sovereign has reason or a mind to get rid of his wife. Perhaps too much difficulty of untying the Gordian knot of matrimony, thrown in the way of an absolute prince, would be no kindness to the ladies, but might prompt him to use a sharper weapon, like that butchering husband our Henry VIII. Sovereigns who narrow or let out the rules according to their prejudices and passions, mould their own laws, no doubt, to the standard of their convenience. Genealogic purity of blood is the predominant folly of Germany; and the code of Malta seems to have more force in the empire than the ten commandments. Thence was introduced that most absurd evasion of the indissolubility of marriage, espousals with the left hand; as if the Almighty had restrained his ordinances to one half of a man's person, and allowed a greater latitude to his left side than to his right, or

pronounced the former more ignoble than the latter. The consciences both of princely and noble persons in Germany are quieted, if the more plebeian side is married to one who would degrade the more illustrious moiety; but, as if the laws of matrimony had no reference to the children to be thence propagated, the children of a left-handed alliance are not entitled to inherit. Shocking consequence of a senseless equivocation, that only satisfies pride, not justice; and calculated for an acquittal at the herald's office, not at the last tribunal!

"Separated the princess Dorothea certainly was, and never admitted even to the nominal honours of her rank, being thenceforward always styled duchess of Halle. Whether divorced is problematic, at least to me; nor can I pronounce, as, though it was generally believed, I am not certain that George espoused the duchess of Kendal with his left hand. As the princess Dorothea died only some months before him, that ridiculous ceremony was scarcely deferred till then; and the extreme outward devotion of the duchess, who every Sunday went seven times to Lutheran chapels, seemed to announce a legalized wife. As the genuine wife was always detained in her husband's power, he seems not to have wholly dissolved their union; for, on the approach of the French army towards Hanover, during Queen Anne's reign, the duchess of Halle was sent home to her father and mother, who doted on their only child, and did implore, though in vain, that she might continue to reside with them. As her son too, George II. had thoughts of bringing her over and declaring her queen-dowager, one can hardly believe that a ceremonial divorce had passed, the existence of which process would have glared in the face of her royalty. But though German casuistry might allow her husband to take another wife with his left hand, because his legal wife had suffered her right hand to be kissed in bed by a gallant, even Westphalian or Aulic counsellors could not have pronounced that such a momentary adieu constituted adultery; and therefore of a formal divorce I must doubt,—and there I must leave that case of conscience undecided, till future search into the Hanoverian chancery shall clear up a point of little real importance.

"I have said that the disgraced princess died but a short time

before the king. It is known, that in Queen Anne's time there was much noise about French prophets. A female of that vocation (for we know from Scripture that the gift of prophecy is not limited to one gender) warned George I. to take care of his wife, as he would not survive her a year. That oracle was probably dictated to the French Deborah by the duke and duchess of Zell, who might be apprehensive lest the duchess of Kendal should be tempted to remove entirely the obstacle to her conscientious union with their son-in-law. Most Germans are superstitious, even such as have few other impressions of religion. George gave such credit to the denunciation, that, on the eve of his last departure, he took leave of his son and the princess of Wales with tears, telling them he should never see them more. It was certainly his own approaching fate that melted him, not the thought of quitting for ever two persons he hated.

* * * * * *

"I do not know whether it was about the same period, that, in a tender mood, he promised to the duchess of Kendal, that if she survived him, and it were possible for the departed to return to this world, he would make her a visit. The duchess, on his death, so much expected the accomplishment of that engagement, that a large raven, or some black fowl, flying into one of the windows of her villa at Ilesworth, she was persuaded it was the soul of her departed monarch so accoutred, and received and treated it with all the respect and tenderness of duty, till the royal bird or she took their last flight."

Here we see the superstition of potentates and their illustrious associates, far outdoing those entertained by our own peasantry of the same age, which our enlightened neighbours have so often ridiculed. Concerning the prediction that related to the princess's death, and that of King George I. her husband, Lockhart, with all manner of gravity, tells the following extraordinary story.

"The circumstances of King George's death are terrible, and worth the knowledge of all our friends. They are kept concealed as much as possible even in Germany, so probably will be a secret both in England and France. What was told me lately by a person of superior rank, and of great esteem in these parts, I had

heard imperfectly before from a lady of quality. It seems, when the late electress was dangerously ill of her last sickness, she delivered to a faithful friend a letter to her husband, upon promise that it should be given into his own hands. It contained a protestation of her innocence, a reproach for his hard usage and unjust treatment, and concluded with a summons or citation to her husband, to appear within the year and day at the divine tribunal, and there to answer for the long and many injuries she had received from him. As this letter could not, with safety to the bearer, be delivered in England or Hanover, it was given to him in his coach on the road. He opened it immediately, supposing it came from Hanover. He was so struck with these unexpected contents, and his fatal citation, that his convulsions and apoplexy came fast on him. After being blooded, his mouth turned awry, and they then proposed to drive off to a nearer place than Osnaburg; but he signed twice or thrice with his hand to go on, and that was the only mark of sense he shewed. This is no secret among the Catholics in Germany, but the Protestants hush it up as much as they can."

SONG LIII.

Came ye o'er frae France,

Is a shrewd and clever rant, with some good lines in it; but somewhat disjointed, and apparently incomplete. It again alludes to the old jokes of the sow and the Count Koningsmark, whom it mentions as a notable weaver. I can make nothing of the other characters alluded to in it. "Montgomery's lady" may have been the lady of Lord James Montgomery, who was engaged in a plot in 1695, and who, it is likely, would be connected with the Jacobites. Neither can I tell who "Sandy Don" and "Cockolorum" are; but it is evident, that by "Bobbing John" is meant John earl of Mar, who must, at the time this song was made, have been raising the Highlanders. The appellation seems to have been appropriately applied, as, both in his personal demean-

our, letters, and orders, he assumed a mighty importance. Witness the following original letter of his, as a single instance.

"We, John, earl of Mar, &c. commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in Scotland, grants us to have received from the magistrates of Montrose, for the use of his majesty's army, three hundred and seventy pound weight of powder, whereof we hereby grant receipt, and bind and oblige us either to pay for the same, or otherwise to see the same allowed to the said magistrates of Montrose, out of the first money that shall become due by the said town of Montrose to the government. In witness whereof, we have subscribed these presents with our hand, at the camp of Perth, this 24th of October 1715.

"MAR.

"To the magistrates of the
town of Montrose."

SONG LIV.

Let our great James come over.

THIS is a long song of some merit, but so general in every observation contained in it, that there is no laying hold of any one part, either to found anecdotes on, or from which to draw inferences.

SONG LV.

The Sow's Tail to Geordie.

ALL this gibing and fun about the sow and Geordie, that runs through so many of the songs of that period, without explanation must appear rather inexplicable; but from whatever cause it may have originated, it is evident that the less that is said about it the better. Both this song and air have always been popular, and the latter has been ornamented with scores of variations by the delighted masters of the fiddlestick. I remember, when a boy, of hearing the song frequently sung by an old woman, a determined

Jacobite, who always accompanied it with the information, that "it was a cried-down sang, but she didna mind that; and that baith it and *O'er Bogie* were cried down at Edinburgh cross on the same day." From this tradition I have been led to suppose that the original song of *O'er Bogie* must have been some intemperate party song, although no farther traces of it remain, that I have been able to discover, save this anecdote.

George's favourite mistress was Madame Schulemberg, afterwards created duchess of Kendal; but as she was lean and haggard in her appearance, the beautiful appellation of *the Sow* could in nowise be applicable to her. But, says Lord Orford, in his Reminiscences, "he was not more constant to her than to his wife; for another acknowledged mistress, whom he also brought over, was Madame Kilmansegge, countess of Platen, who was created countess of Darlington, and by whom he was indisputably father of Charlotte, married to Lord Viscount Howe, and mother of the present earl. Lady Howe was never publicly acknowledged as the king's daughter; but Princess Amelia treated her daughter, Mrs Howe, on that footing; and one evening, when I was present, gave her a ring with a small portrait of George I. with a crown of diamonds.

"Lady Darlington, whom I saw at my mother's in my infancy, and whom I remember by being terrified at her enormous figure, was as corpulent and ample as the duchess was long and emaciated. Two fierce black eyes, large, and rolling beneath two lofty arched eyebrows; two acres of cheeks, spread with crimson, an ocean of neck, that overflowed, and was not distinguished from the lower part of her body, and no part restrained by stays. No wonder that a child dreaded such an ogress, and that the mob of London were highly diverted at the importation of such a seraglio. They were food for all the venom of the Jacobites; and indeed nothing could be grosser than the ribaldry that was vomited out in lampoons, libels, and every channel of abuse, against the sovereign and the new court, and chanted, even in their hearing, about the public streets. One of these German ladies being abused by the mob, was said to have put her head out of the coach, and cried, in bad English, "Good people, why you wrong us? We

come for all your goods." "Yes, damn ye!" answered a fellow in the crowd, "and for all our chattels too, I think."

Of these gibes and lampoons our own countrymen have had apparently their full share; and no one need doubt, after this account of honest Horace's, who is meant by the black sow. One cannot help being amused, even at this distance of time, by his majesty's taste in beauty and accomplishments. The following mad rant, called PETTICOAT'S LOOSE, must likewise have been made on these celebrated beauties. *Feddy* is Prince Frederick; *Robin*, Sir Robert Walpole; *Killy*, Madame Kilmansegge; and *Kenny*, the duchess of Kendal.

IT'S Hanover, Hanover, fast as you can over,
Hey gudeman, away gudeman;
It's Hanover, Hanover, fast as you can over,
Bide na here till day gudeman.
For there is a harper down i' the north,
Has play'd a spring on the banks o' Forth,
And aye the owre-word o' the tune
Is, Away gudeman, away gudeman.
It's Hanover, Hanover, &c.

It's Feddy maun strap, and Robin maun string,
And Killy may wince, and fidge, and fling,
For Kenny has loos'd her petticoat-string,
Gae tie 't again, gae tie 't again.
It's Hanover, Hanover, &c.

O Kenny my kitten, come draw your mitten,
And dinna be lang, and dinna be lang;
For petticoat's loose, and barrie's kitten,
And a's gane wrang, and a's gane wrang.
It's Hanover, Hanover, &c.

SONG LVI.

Plain Truth.

THIS song seems to allude to the association entered into by King George, the Emperor, and other princes and states of the Continent, against the power of the King of Sweden, who had acknowledged King James, and, had he lived, intended to have invaded Britain, in order to establish him in his rights.

It is a middling good song; but whether it is a true or a false character of the nation, and the Whigs in particular, it becomes not me to decide. I put down the sentiments of my friends the Jacobites as I find them. Their poetry and music I admire in part; their loyalty always. I do not know any thing about the air, or where I first got it. It sounds like an Irish one.

SONG LVII.

The Pilfering Brood,

Is a song of 1714, and relates to the arrival of George I. in England. It is an intemperate song, having all the bitterness of the *Wee wee German Lairdie*, without its genuine merits.

> "Had you seen their public entry,
> When first they grac'd the city,
> Each did appear, in his best gear,
> Like pilfering poor banditti."

There is a poem of the same year that describes this "public entry" with more humour than any thing of the kind I ever saw. It must have been a high treat to those who were acquainted with the characters. When we consider that this Jacobite poem ran through several editions without any inquiry or trial having been instituted, we cannot but wonder at the forbearance of our brethren of the south, and calculate of how little note a "Chaldee

Manuscript" would have been among them. I can only afford to give a very few extracts from this old poem of sterling rough humour, though I believe it is unknown in Scotland.

* * * * *

" But as between the cup and lip
Things unforeseen will often slip,
So death was pleas'd to interpose,
And gratify the nation's foes,
By cutting short a milder reign
Than faction e'er will find again;
For none that ever rul'd the roast,
Less ease or greater fame could boast,
None labour more for England's good,
Repaid with such ingratitude;
Nor queen o'er any stubborn race
E'er suffer'd more, or punish'd less.
But yet, no sooner was it known
That Heaven had snatch'd her from the throne,
But envy made her death her sport,
And seem'd well pleas'd at the report;
Whilst the glad Whigs reform'd their faces,
And chang'd to smiles their late grimaces,
Advanc'd their stocks, cried " Heaven bless her!"
And rung loud peals to her successor,
Who was proclaim'd, as princes ought,
With wondrous joy, surpassing thought:
Which tidings flying round as fast
As winds and seas could give 'em haste,
Soon brought our slighted champion over
From foreign shelter, back to Dover;
Then moving on in princely pomp,
Like any Noll to meet a Rump,
Till he at length to town was brought,
Hoping to be the Lord knows what;
And how he enter'd London city,
I'll tell you in the following ditty.

As cruel Nero triumph'd o'er
His lifeless mother heretofore,
And shamefully expos'd the womb
That brought the monster into Rome;
To shew their madness much the same,
Our quondam champion and his dame,
In mighty pomp, the other day,
Came in t'insult their mother's clay;
That is, a queen who'd been, in troth,
A nursing mother to them both,
And made 'em, as 'tis understood
By all the world, more great than good.
From Kent, where they dispens'd their bounty,
To win the rabble of the county,
And bribe the rural looby-louts
To change their hisses into shouts,
They mov'd in state to Kent-street end,
With scarce a follower or a friend,
Besides the civil-list our Lord-
Protector landed from aboard;
But here a mottled prick-ear'd troop
Of horse were drawn in order up,
Consisting of a factious crew
Of all the sects in Rosse's view,
From Calvin's Anti-Babylonians,
Down to the frantic Muggletonians,
Mounted on founder'd skins and bones,
That scarce could crawl along the stones;
As if the Roundheads had been robbing
The higglers' inns of Ball and Dobbin,
And all their skeletonian tits
That could but halt along the streets:
The frightful troop of thin-jaw'd zealots,
Curs'd enemies to kings and prelates,
Those champions of religious errors,
Looking as if the king of terrors

Was coming, with his dismal train,
To *plague* the city once again.
Before this inconsistent throng,
In solemn order march'd along
A file of liverymen or two,
On horseback, cloth'd in German blue,
To shew the Whigs, that, though they lead 'em,
Their masters ready were to head 'em.
Behind these blue dragoons, cut out
To serve on horseback or on foot,
Advanc'd a Brewing Knight, notorious
For actions foolish and inglorious;
An excellent doctor, well as warder,
To cure or keep madmen in order,
Or, by sequest'ring what they've got,
To make men mad, in case they're not.
Nor is this famous knight less valiant
Than any Covent-garden gallant,
But claims a place among bravadoes,
For paying *bills* with *bastinadoes*,
And tearing notes himself has made,
Before they're satisfied or paid.
Besides, as other knights have kill'd
Their dragon-foes on open field,
And conquer'd giants, in defence
Of ladies and their innocence;
So did our knight vouchsafe to thwack
A surly carman's sturdy back,
And prick'd his thill-horse in the a—e,
To shew himself a son of Mars,
Laying him sprawling on the ground,
With one victorious bloody wound;
And all because the brute, they say,
Refus'd to give the knight the way.
Thus do some champions win renown
By deeds of prowess they have done,

Whilst other knights, who fear to face
Like dangers, dwindle in disgrace.
Next to the knight there rode a true-
Blue cobbling Protestant St Hugh,
So call'd, because that saint is made
The leathern patron of his trade,
Whose wooden bones he worships more
Than God, his church, or sovereign power,
Or any thing, except his glorious
Triumphal idol so victorious,
Ador'd by all the gentle craft
That work in garrets up aloft,
As well as cobbling sots that breathe
His praises out in stalls beneath.
  Next him a famous Southwark Jailor,
A trusty Whig of equal valour,
Rode, shouting to the hissing crowd,
And crying "Liberty!" aloud,
Although, whene'er the laws o'ercome us,
His business is to keep it from us,
And, tyrant-like, to never grant it,
Unless we pay for't when we want it.
So rebels, that inflame a nation,
Whene'er they rise, cry "*Reformation!*"
But if they bring their betters under,
Their whole religion ends in plunder.
  Amidst this pompous cavalcade,
The Doctor, on his spotted jade,
Not only made the greatest jest,
But the best show of all the rest;
Spurring into his horse new vigour,
That both might make the better figure;
Attended with his Indian trump,
And pacquet-bearer at his rump;
One sounding forth the victor's fame
In notes adapted to the same,

Whilst t'other two strain'd hard to raise
Their hoarse flux'd voices in his praise,
And made a concert sweeter far
Than that which terrified the ear
Of poor Belfegar, when 'twas told him
His noisy wife was come to scold him.
  A broken leather-selling Roundhead,
Who for much less than half compounded,
Was also proud among the rest
To shew himself upon his beast;
Though most men thought his ill-look'd person
Disgrac'd the brute he clapp'd his a—e on:
For sure no counter-catchpole, mounted
For Tyburn-road, with soul undaunted,
When at cart's-tail he creeps full slow,
With javelin rested on his toe,
Could be more hiss'd at by the rout,
Or teas'd by those that rak'd about,
Than was our bankrupt emissary,
Who seem'd about the mouth so merry,
That all men in his smiles might see,
He triumph'd o'er dead majesty;
Nay, often has been heard to prate,
And say, "She died three years too late."
A venomous revengeful cit,
Who daily does in public spit
More poison, wheresoe'er he comes,
Than fifty toads have in their gums;
A sharper, who has all his paces
In knavish suits and bankrupt cases;
Well fitted for such jobs, or rather
To punish flies, in sultry weather,
For spitting upon Turkey leather.
  A famous Brewer next advanc'd,
Upon a steed that finely pranc'd,
A horse well fatted for the day
With goods instead of oats and hay;

Which made his laxative bumtwizzle
Oft stain the streets with brewer's fizzle,
And poison those that came behind
With something worse than stinking wind,
As odious as the rider's breath,
Who curs'd the queen before her death;
For which, to his eternal shame,
He paid marks forty for the same;
Yet afterwards was heard to rail,
And say, if curses could prevail,
He would be glad, at such a rate,
To curse away his whole estate.
If this be true, as some report,
May he be curs'd for ever for't,
Unless he do repent at heart!

Next these a Presbyterian Shot-man,
In state affairs a very hot man,
Advanc'd among the 'prentice boys
And prick-ear'd saints, those sons of noise,
Who seldom in such pomp appear
Elated, but when danger's near.
This rank republican, and great
Reformer of the church and state,
Although he's rich, yet made his father
His porter, or his packhorse rather,
And threaten'd oft, as some have heard him,
In case he grumbled, to discard him;
Yet every Tuesday cramm'd a crew
Of pantile parsons, God knows who,
Whilst his poor father, now at ease,
Was glad to feed on bread and cheese:
For which, and other things as bad,
Returning from the cavalcade,
His courser gave him such a cant,
That broke the noddle of the saint,
And would have given his brains a bruise,
But that he'd none to hurt or lose.

Next these, who, like to blazing stars,
Portend domestic feuds and wars,
Came Managers and Bank Directors,
King-killers, Monarchy-electors,
And votaries for Lord Protectors;
That, had old subtle Satan spread
His net o'er all the cavalcade,
He might, at one surprising pull,
Have fill'd his lower dominions full
Of atheists, rebels, Whigs, and traitors,
Reforming knaves, and regulators,
And eas'd at once this land of more
And greater plagues than Egypt bore."

* * * * *

SONG LVIII.

Kirn-Milk Geordie.

THIS is an uncommonly clever and shrewd old song, possesses much liveliness and humour, and the allegory, though rather too easily unriddled, has the same sly appropriation with the rest. It is evident, that by "Donald the piper" is represented the Highland clans. "Jockie" is John Bull, or the English; and "douce Sawney" is the Scots Lowlanders. Who is meant by "the aumry cook", I have not been able to discover; but it is likely to have been some of King George's household, whom they had supposed favoured the exiled family.

"Then down wi' Geordie, kirn-milk Geordie!
He maun hame but stocking or shoe,
To nump his neeps, his sybows and leeks,
And *a wee bit bacon* to help the broo,"

is such a picture of the pinching poverty of a German potentate as is not to be met with in as few words, while, at the same time, the humour is heightened by the sly allusion to the enormous

favourite in the "wee bit bacon." The song is popular, and would likely have been more so, had the tune been good, which is rather indifferent and common-place. In general there wont only to be two verses of it sung.

SONG LIX.

Come, let us drink a Health, Boys,

Is rather a common-place long song, but to a primitive air, which I suppose belongs exclusively to the song, though it is evidently the original from which *Cawder Fair* is imitated, as well as another one in Johnson's Museum. This is likewise a song of 1714; it having been in that year that the princess Sophia, the grand-daughter of James VI. died.

SONG LX.

Donald Macgillavry.

This is one of the best songs that ever was made, and manifestly alludes to one of the risings either in 1715 or 1745. The Clan-Macgillavry is only a subordinate one, so that the name seems taken to represent the whole of the Scottish clans by a comical patronymic, that could not give offence to any one, nor yet render any clan particularly obnoxious to the other party, by the song being sung in mixed assemblies. It may, however, have been written in allusion to that particular clan, small as it was, as we see Macgillavry of Drumglass mentioned in some copies of the *Chevalier's Muster-Roll,* as one of the chiefs that was coming on his part. There was, besides, one gentleman of the name (John Macgillavry) tried at Liverpool, and executed at Preston on the 10th of January 1716; and in the year 1745–6, the brave and powerful clan of M'Intosh were led by a Colonel Macgillavry, for the name belongs to the Clan-Chattan, of which M'Intosh is the

head: therefore a bard connected with that associated clan may have written it. I am, however, disposed to think, that by that single name all the Highlanders are meant. It is a capital old song, and very popular.

SONG LXI.

Jamie the Rover,

Is another song in celebration of the Chevalier de St George's birth-day; and there can be little doubt that it alludes to the very same festival on which Song XLIX. had been composed, as that likewise is said to be at Auchindown, on the tenth of June. This place is likewise mentioned in the old song of *The Haughs of Cromdale,* where it is denominated a *town;* a term quite improperly applied, save for the rhyme. One is naturally curious to know where this place, so celebrated in Jacobite song for its loyalty, is. It is neither more nor less than an old ruinous castle in Glen-Fiddich, in Banffshire: and it would appear that these festivals in honour of the exiled sovereign had been among the last entertainments given there; for about that very time the castle ceased to be inhabited, and we hear of the knights of Auchindown no more. The building is extremely ancient: no one knows in what age it was built, or by whom. At a very early period it belonged to the Ogilvies; but in the year 1535 it came into the possession of the family of Gordon, and of that name there have been both knights and lords of Auchindown. It stands on a bold and commanding situation, on the top of a green mound that overhangs the Fiddich; and in the central apartment of the castle there is a piece of curious and admirable workmanship, in grand and Gothic style.

SONG LXII.

The Curses.

This song reminds one of the string of anathemas that forced Dr Slop to feign asleep, and set my uncle Toby to whistle *Lillabullero*. "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," said my uncle Toby, "but nothing to this." It seems to have been written by some Cavalier, in the height of despite and indignation.

> "Curs'd be the parliament that day,
> Who gave the first occasion."

Our Scottish royalists had a wretched opinion of the English parliament. Nothing can be better than George Lockhart's description of it.

"And as what I have said will be found a just enough character of the people of England's notions of liberty and government in general, the members of the house of commons are much of the same temper, and manage their affairs after the same manner. For though all of them are vested with equal powers, a very few of the most active and pragmatical, by persuading the rest that nothing is done without them, do lead them by the nose, and make mere tools of them, to serve their own ends. And this, I suppose, is owing to the manner and way of electing the members: for, being entirely in the hands of the populace, they for the most part choose those who pay best; so that many are elected who very seldom attend the house, give themselves no trouble in business, and have no design in being chosen, even at a great expense, but to have the honour of being called Parliament-men. On the other hand, a great many are likewise elected who have no concern for the interest of their country, and, being either poor or avaricious, aim at nothing but enriching themselves; and hence it is that no assembly under heaven does produce so many fools and knaves. The house of commons is represented as a wise and august assembly: what it was long ago I shall not say, but in our days it is full of disorder and confusion. The members that are

capable and mindful of business are few in number, and the rest mind nothing at all. When there's a party job to be done, they'll attend, and make a hideous noise like Bedlamites; but if the house is to enter on business, such as giving of money or making of public laws, they converse so loud with one another in private knots, that nobody can know what is doing except a very few, who for that purpose sit near the clerk's table; or they leave the house, and the men of business, as they call them, to mind such matters."

SONG LXIII.

Perfidious Britain,

Is a middling good old song, and one, among many others, that I got among Mr Scott's original papers. I do not always understand what the bard means; but as he seems to have been an ingenious though passionate writer, I take it for granted that he knew perfectly well himself what he would have been at, so I have not altered a word from the manuscript, which is in the hand-writing of an amanuensis of Mr Scott's, the most incorrect transcriber, perhaps, that ever tried the business.

SONG LXIV.

The Thistle of Scotland.

This is a modern song, and the only one that is in the volume, to my knowledge. It had no right to be here, for it is a national, not a Jacobite song; but I inserted it out of a whim, to vary the theme a little. It is an excellent song, though professedly an imitation; and, when tolerably sung, never misses of having a good effect among a company of Scots people. It has been published as mine in several collections; I wish it were: but I am told that it was written by Mr Sutherland, landsurveyor, a gentleman of whom I know nothing, save that he is the author of some other popular songs.

SONG LXV.

Frae the Friends and Land I love,

Is copied from Johnson's Museum. A song of no great merit; but both words and air are affectingly simple.

SONG LXVI.

Here's to the King, Sir,

THOUGH apparently a song of no merit, is exceedingly popular, and always has been so from the time of its first appearance, which, from the allusion to the king of Sweden, seems to have been about the period of which we are treating. It must have been owing to the celebrated old air of *Hey tutti tatti*, to which this song is sung, that it became so popular. The best song that ever was written, if set to a bad tune, must sink into oblivion.

SONG LXVII.

The Cuckoo,

Is a delightful little allegorical song, to an air highly appropriate. I never saw it either in print or manuscript, but have heard it sung frequently since ever I recollect. It must have been a great favourite in the last age; for about the time when I first began to know one song from another, all the old people that could sing at all sung *The Cuckoo's a bonny Bird*. There are many more verses, but I could not find them. I took these two verbatim from a shrewd idiot, or one whom we denominated much better in broad Scots, "a half-daft man," named William Dodds, who gave it as a quotation in a mock discourse, which he was accustomed to deliver to the boys and lasses in the winter evenings,

to their infinite amusement, in the style and manner of a fervent preacher. It is not easy to discover where the similarity existed between the Chevalier and the cuckoo.

SONG LXVIII.

The Rebellious Crew.

I COPIED this song from an old printed ballad which I found among Mr Walter Scott's original Jacobite papers; and the tune I took down from the singing of Mr Thomas Brown, who said he had heard the song sung to it.

> "Her son is a poor matchless sot,
> His own papa ne'er lov'd him."

That "his own papa ne'er lov'd him," may be gathered, from the following anecdotes, from Orford's Reminiscences.

"One of the most remarkable occurrences in the reign of George I. was the open quarrel between him and his son, the prince of Wales. Whence the dissension originated; whether the prince's attachment to his mother embittered his mind against his father, or whether hatred of his father occasioned his devotion to her, I do not pretend to know. I do suspect, from circumstances, that the hereditary enmity in the house of Brunswick between the parents and their eldest sons, dated earlier than the divisions between the first two Georges. The princess Sophia was a woman of parts and great vivacity. In the earlier part of her life she had professed much zeal for the deposed house of Stuart, as appeared by a letter of hers in print, addressed, I think, to the Chevalier de St George. It is natural enough for all princes, who have no prospect of being benefited by the deposition of a crowned head, to choose to think royalty an indelible character. The queen of Prussia, daughter of George I. lived and died an avowed Jacobite. The princess Sophia, youngest child of the queen of Bohemia, was consequently the most remote from any pretensions to the

British crown;* but no sooner had King William procured a settlement after Queen Anne on her electoral highness, than nobody became a stauncher Whig than the princess Sophia, nor could be more impatient to mount the throne of the expelled Stuarts. It is certain, that during the reign of Anne, the elector George was inclined to the Tories; though, after his mother's death and his own accession, he gave himself to the opposite party. But if he and his mother espoused different factions, Sophia found a ready partisan in her grandson, the electoral prince:† and it is true, that the demand made by the prince of his writ of summons to the house of lords as duke of Cambridge, which no wonder was so offensive to Queen Anne, was made in concert with his grandmother, without the privity of the elector his father. Were it certain, as was believed, that Bolingbroke and the Jacobites prevailed on the queen‡ to consent to her brother coming secretly to England, and to seeing him in her closet, she might have been induced to that step when provoked by an attempt to force a distant and foreign heir upon her while still alive.

* * * * * *

"The reconciliation of the royal family was so little cordial, that I question whether the prince did not resent Sir Robert Walpole's return to the king's service. Yet had Walpole defeated a plan of Sunderland, that would in futurity have exceedingly

* "It is remarkable, that either the weak propensity of the Stuarts to Popery, or the visible connexion between regal and ecclesiastic power, had such operation on many of the branches of that family, who were at a distance from the crown of England, to wear which it is necessary to be a Protestant, that two or three of the daughters of the king and queen of Bohemia, though their parents had lost every thing in the struggle between the two religions, turned Roman Catholics; and so did one or more of the sons of the princess Sophia, brothers of the Protestant candidate, George I.

† "Afterwards George II.

‡ "I believe it was a fact, that the poor weak queen, being disposed even to cede the crown to her brother, consulted Bishop Wilkins, called the Prophet, to know what would be the consequence of such a step. He replied, "Madam, you would be in the Tower in a month, and dead in three." This sentence, dictated by common sense, her majesty took for inspiration, and dropped all thoughts of resigning the crown.

hampered the successor, as it was calculated to do; nor do I affect to ascribe Sir Robert's victory directly to zeal for the prince: personal and just views prompted his opposition, and the commoners of England were not less indebted to him than the prince. Sunderland had devised a bill to restrain the crown from ever adding above six peers to a number limited. The actual peers were far from disliking the measure; but Walpole, taking fire, instantly communicated his dissatisfaction to all the great commoners, who might for ever be excluded from the peerage. He spoke, he wrote, he persuaded, and the bill was rejected by the commons with disdain, after it had passed the house of lords.

"But the hatred of some of the junto at court had gone farther, horridly farther. On the death of George I. Queen Caroline found in his cabinet a proposal of the earl of Berkeley, then, I think, first lord of the admiralty, to seize the prince of Wales, and convey him to America, whence he should never be heard of more. This detestable project, copied probably from the earl of Falmouth's offer to Charles II. with regard to his queen, was in the hand-writing of Charles Stanhope, elder brother of the earl of Harrington: and so deep was the impression deservedly made on the mind of George II. by that abominable paper, that all the favour of Lord Harrington, when secretary of state, could never obtain the smallest boon to his brother, though but the subordinate transcriber. George I. was too humane to listen to such an atrocious deed. It was not very kind to the conspirators to leave such an instrument behind him: and if virtue and conscience will not check bold bad men from paying court by detestable offers, the king's carelessness or indifference in such an instance ought to warn them of the little gratitude that such machinations can inspire or expect.

* * * * * *

"The princess of Wales had been delivered of a second son. The prince had intended his uncle the duke of York, bishop of Osnaburg, should, with his majesty, be godfathers. Nothing could equal the indignation of his royal highness when the king named the duke of Newcastle for second sponsor, and would hear of no other. The christening took place, as usual, in the princess's

bedchamber. Lady Suffolk, then in waiting as woman of the bedchamber, and of most accurate memory, painted the scene to me exactly. On one side of the bed stood the godfathers and godmother; on the other the prince and the princess's ladies. No sooner had the bishop closed the ceremony, than the prince, crossing the feet of the bed in a rage, stepped up to the duke of Newcastle, and, holding up his hand and fore-finger in a menacing attitude, said, "You are a rascal, but I shall find you;" meaning, in broken English, "I shall find a time to be revenged."—"What was my astonishment," continued Lady Suffolk, "when going to the princess's apartment next morning, the yeomen in the guard-chamber pointed their halberds at my breast, and told me I must not pass! I urged, that it was my duty to attend the princess. They said, 'No matter; I must not pass that way.'"

"In one word, the king had been so provoked at the prince's outrage in his presence, that it had been determined to inflict a still greater insult on his royal highness. His threat to the duke was pretended to be understood as a challenge; and, to prevent a duel, he had actually been put under arrest—as if a prince of Wales could stoop to fight with a subject. The arrest was soon taken off; but at night the prince and princess were ordered to leave the palace, and retired to the house of her chamberlain, the earl of Grantham, in Albemarle-street."

"And Feckie is an idiot,
As they can swear who prov'd him."

The following anecdotes, from the same gossipping courtier, make this accusation look but too like the truth.

"The queen's dread of a rival was a feminine weakness: the behaviour of her eldest son was a real thorn. He early displayed his aversion to his mother, who perhaps assumed too much at first; yet it is certain, that her good sense, and the interest of her family, would have prevented, if possible, the mutual dislike of the father and the son, and their reciprocal contempt. As the opposition gave into all adulation towards the prince, his ill-poised head and vanity swallowed all their incense. He even, early after his arrival, had listened to a high act of disobedience. Money he

soon wanted: old Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, ever proud and ever malignant, was persuaded to offer her favourite grand-daughter, Lady Diana Spencer, afterwards duchess of Bedford, to the prince of Wales, with a fortune of an hundred thousand pounds. He accepted the proposal, and the day was fixed for their being secretly married at the duchess's lodge in the Park at Windsor. Sir Robert Walpole got intelligence of the project, prevented it, and the secret was buried in silence.

"Youth, folly, indiscretion, the beauty of the young lady, and a large sum of ready money, might have offered something like a plea for so rash a marriage, had it taken place: but what could excuse, what indeed could provoke, the senseless and barbarous insult offered to the king and queen, by Frederick's taking his wife out of the palace of Hampton-court in the middle of the night, when she was in actual labour, and carrying her, at the imminent risk of the lives of her and the child, to the unaired palace and bed at St James's? Had he no way of affronting his parents but by venturing to kill his wife and the heir of the crown? A baby that wounds itself to vex its nurse is not more void of reflection. The scene which commenced by unfeeling idiotism closed with paltry hypocrisy. The queen, on the first notice of her son's exploit, set out for St James's to visit the princess by seven in the morning. The gracious prince, so far from attempting an apology, spoke not a word to his mother; but on her retreat gave her his hand, led her into the street to her coach—still dumb!—But a crowd being assembled at the gate, he kneeled down in the dirt, and humbly kissed her majesty's hand. Her indignation must have shrunk into contempt."

The following whimsical epitaph on this prince I found among the papers of the Honourable Miss Rollo.

HERE lies Prince Fede,
Gone down among the dead.
Had it been his father,
We had much rather;
Had it been his mother,
Better than any other;

Had it been his sister,
Few would have miss'd her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Ten times better for the nation:
But since 'tis only Fede,
There's no more to be said.

SONG LXIX.

My Laddie.

I GOT this song likewise among Mr Scott's manuscripts, and collated it with one in young Dalguise's collection. I likewise got several copies of it from other quarters. Some of my correspondents may wonder that I do not acknowledge their favours, when they see the songs which they sent me inserted: but, save in a few instances of rare songs, this is impossible. Exclusive of casual correspondences, I have amassed upwards of twenty collections of MS. songs, and in all of these numbers of the songs are repeated. This is rather a good song: I am sure the bard who composed it thought it so, and believed that he had produced some of the most sublime verses that had ever been sung since the days of Homer.

SONG LXX.

Geordie Wilhelps' Testament.

I GOT likewise innumerable copies of this whimsical and ridiculous song. Mr Scott's copy was the one principally adhered to. For an account of the respectable personages mentioned at the end of the song, see notes on *The Sow's Tail to Geordie.*

SONG LXXI.

O, Royal James,

Though one of the best rhymed of the old songs, is nevertheless an overcharged and outrageous composition. It is in many MS. collections. I know nothing about the air, never having heard it till I got this copy sent me from a Jacobite lady. It is apparently Scottish.

SONG LXXII.

The Auld Stuarts back again.

This song seems to have been composed on the very eve of the breaking out of the rebellion in 1715; at which time Ayr, Irvine, Kilmarnock, and all the western towns, were very active in raising men for the defence of the Protestant succession, which had moved the spleen of those who adhered to the Stuarts. The latter part of the song alludes to the famous hunting in the forest of Brae-Mar, which the earl of Mar contrived as a pretence for bringing the Jacobite nobles both of the south and the north together. It was concerted among them, that *Hunting* should be the watch-word by which the design of their meeting might be understood to one another, and not to any one else, lest their letters and notifications should fall into the hands of government. Accordingly, many chiefs arrived daily, and they continued the hunt among these wild mountains, covered with pines, deer, and roes, to this day; and at length, on the 26th of August, he called a council at the castle of Brae-Mar; where appeared "the marquis of Huntly, eldest son to the duke of Gordon; the marquis of Tullibardine, eldest son to the duke of Athol; the earls of Nithsdale, Mareschal, Traquair, Errol, Southesk, Carnwath, Seaforth, Linlithgow, and several others; the viscounts of Kilsyth, Kenmure, Kingston, and Stormount; the lords Rollo, Duffus, Drummond, Strathallan, Ogilvie, and Nairn; with a good many gentlemen of interest in

the Highlands, amongst whom were the two generals Hamilton and Gordon, Glenderule, Auldbair, Auchterhouse, Glengary, and others from the clans."

SONG LXXIII.

Down among the Dead Men,

Is a song and air with which I am quite unacquainted. I got it among the songs sent me by young Dalguise.

SONG LXXIV.

Robin John Clark,

I GOT in the same collection. It is a good song, with an appropriate tune. But though I found them in an old Highland MS. neither of them have any thing characteristic of Scotland. I am disposed to think both are English.

SONG LXXV.

Both Sides the Tweed,

Is a beautiful song, to the old Scottish air of *Tweedside*. I have been unable to find any key to the names of the authors of these songs, but hope at the end of the work to add a list of a part of them.

SONG LXXVI.

The Fifth of November.

THIS song is improperly named from the first line. It should have been called THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY, as it is mani-

festly a festival song in honour of the Restoration. It likewise mentions the birth-day of the Chevalier, and the horrid iniquity of keeping from him his rights. One of the songs in the Beggar's Opera was made to this old air.

SONG LXXVII.

The Bonny Moorhen.

I TOOK this beautiful little song from the same source with *The Cuckoo's a bonny Bird,* namely, from Willie Dodds's preaching. The allegory is, like the former, perfectly inapplicable, but there can be no doubt who is meant. Had it been a moorcock, the likeness would have been much better. The colours are supposed to allude to those in the tartans of the Clan-Stuart. The route that the poet wished his moorhen to take is beyond all reason, and must have been sung wrong. If any eastern glen had been taken instead of Glenduich, it might not have been far from the Chevalier's route from his place of landing to Scoon. It is visible, however, that the song is only a fragment. Whatever name the air may have undergone, the original name of it is *The Bonny Moorhen.*

SONG LXXVIII.

The Maes of Scotland.

THIS song is copied from Cromek's work, where it first appeared. I am afraid it is not very ancient, as it bears strong marks of the hand of the ingenious Allan Cunninghame, one of the brightest poetical geniuses that ever Scotland bred, yet who, in that light, has been utterly neglected. I do not, however, take it on me to say that the song is modern; but any one acquainted with Cunninghame's poetry will easily mark the strong resemblance. His manner is too peculiar ever to be mistaken for that of any other. However, under such authorities as Cromek and Cunninghame,

it would have been blamable to have left so good a song out of the collection from bare suspicion. The air has always been known by another name than *The Waes of Scotland:* it is called *The Siller Crown.*

SONG LXXIX.

Lochmaben Gate.

THIS is one of the ballads that may be traced to a particular day. It appears, by an extract given in Rae's History of the Rebellion, but from what work he does not say, that it alludes to a meeting that took place in May 1714.

"Upon Saturday the 29th of May there was a great confluence of gentlemen and country people at Lochmaben, on the occasion of a horse-race there. Two plates, which were the prizes, had peculiar devices. The one had a woman with balances in her hand, the emblem of justice; and over the head was "*Justitia,*" and at a little distance, "*Suum cuique.*" The other had several men in a tumbling posture, and one eminent person erected above the rest; with that scripture, Ezekiel xxi. 27, "*I will overturn, overturn, overturn it; and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is, and I will give it him.*"

"After the race, the Popish and Jacobite gentry, such as Francis Maxwell of Tinwald, John Maxwell his brother, Robert Johnston of Wamphray, Robert Carruthers of Ramersclales, the master of Burleigh (who was under sentence of death for murder, and had made his escape out of the tolbooth of Edinburgh a little before he was to have been executed), with several others whom I could name, went to the cross, where, in a very solemn manner, before hundreds of witnesses, with drum beating and colours displayed, they did upon their knees drink *their king's health!* The master of Burleigh began the health with "God damn him that would not drink it," &c. The year before they had another such meeting, on the same occasion, in the same place; and their plate had the king in the royal oak, with this inscription, "*God will*

restore;" and medals were produced with the Pretender's head on one side, with this motto, "*Cujus est,*" and on the reverse Britannia, or the islands of Great Britain, with this inscription, "*Reddite.*"

Mr Rae does not mention that the lords Winton and Rollo were present there at either of the meetings. I find, however, from another part of the history, that they were both in Annandale that year first mentioned; and it is most probable that they had been at this notable race, else the elated ballad-monger would not have included them.

SONG LXXX.

Hame, Hame, Hame,

Is likewise taken from Cromek; and sore do I suspect that we are obliged to the same masterly hand for it with the two preceding ones. The air, to which I have heard it sung very beautifully, seems to be a modification of the old tune of *Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow.*

SONG LXXXI.

Our ain Country.

This is a genuine old song, and has long been popular; so also is the air: but I am told that there is another very beautiful original air, which I have been unable to procure. I got very many different copies of the song; but this one is taken, I believe, solely from Mr Scott's MS. collection.

SONG LXXXII.

Marilla.

I GOT this likewise out of Mr Scott's collection, though I had several other copies that varied from this but a very little. It is like an English composition; but the air is Scottish, quite original, and belongs, for any thing I know, exclusively to the song. This song, as well as the one that follows, is among a company a few years older than themselves; but I wanted to get quit of all extraneous matters before entering upon the transactions of the year 1715.

SONG LXXXIII.

A South-Sea Ballad.

A SONG on the same project with the foregoing, and composed to the excellent old English tune of *Sally in our Alley*, which has long been naturalized here, not from having had any shares in the Bank of Scotland, but solely on account of its unadorned simplicity of character, the first excellence in music of which the Scottish ear is susceptible. At a concert lately, I asked a countryman of my own if he was not delighted with the execution of the performers. "I canna say't, man," said he; "my lugs winna tak in that confusion o' sounds. I wadna hae gi'en ae verse o' *The Flowers o' the Forest* for a' I hae heard." I am sorry that it is not a very good set of this fine old air that I have given. Mr Thomson's work contains a much better and more perfect one.

SONG LXXXIV.

O, Beautiful Britannia.

THIS is the original song of *The bonny gray-eyed Morning*. It is little wonder that it was never before published.

SONG LXXXV.

Nobody can deny.

THIS is rather a good song, with a singular original ranting tune of one measure. It is rather a song in mockery of the national tenets and character than of any particular party.

SONG LXXXVI.

James, come kiss me now.

I PRESERVED this song solely on account of the antiquity of the tune to which it is composed. There is not a more ancient one known of. In the "days o' langsyne" it was highly popular as a psalm-tune.

SONG LXXXVII.

What Murrain now has ta'en the Whigs.

THIS is a popular ballad, to an old original air; but neither have ever been published. There must have been some great original collection of Jacobite songs, from which others copied what suited or pleased them. This song, with the three preceding ones, were all in Mr W. Scott's, Mr John Steuart's, Mr J. Graham's, and Mr R. Gordon's MS. collections.

SONG LXXXVIII.

True Blue.

I GOT this from Mr Steuart's collection. It is a lively clever thing, but may perhaps have been a Whig song.

SONG LXXXIX.

Will ye go to Sheriffmuir.

For this truly original song I am indebted to my valuable correspondent Mr John Graham. It has never before been published, but the air has long been popular, and I have often heard the first verse of the song sung, perhaps the first two, I am not certain. Had I only rescued six such pieces as this from oblivion, I conceive posterity should be obliged to me; not on account of the intrinsic merit of the songs, but for the specimens left them of the music and poetry of the age, so ingeniously adapted to one another. I have no conception who "bauld John o' Innisture" was. The other four noblemen mentioned in the first verse were among the principal leaders of the Highland army. It is likely, from the second stanza, where only three of the clans are mentioned, that some verses have been lost. These registers of names, in which the north country songs abound, are apt to be left out by a Lowland singer; and if the song be preserved only traditionally, as this appears to have been, they can scarcely be retained with any degree of precision.

SONG XC.

The Chevalier's Muster-Roll.

There can be little doubt but this song, denominated *The Chevalier's Muster-Roll,* has been made and sung about the time when the earl of Mar raised the standard for King James in the north; but it is so far from being a complete list, that many of the principal chiefs are left out, as Athol, Broadalbine, Ogilvie, Keith, Stuart, &c. &c. &c. It therefore appears evident to me that it has been adapted for some festive meeting, where all the names of those present were introduced, without regard to the others; and I have not the least doubt that every name mentioned in the song

applied to some particular person, though it is impossible, at this distance of time, to trace each one with certainty. By Jock and Tam may be meant the Lowlands in general; but I find, more particularly, that there were two Lowland gentlemen with Mar at that time, both exceedingly active in the cause. These were Mr John Paterson of the secretary-office, and Mr Thomas Forrester. The former was the man who proclaimed King James at three different places, namely, Brae-Mar, Kirkmichael, and Logierait; and the other carried his standard all that way. Well might the bard begin his muster-roll with their names. Mar himself, in a letter to the earl of Broadalbine, calls the latter Tam Forrester. It is impossible to make any thing of the next four lines, containing seven christian names. It would be easy to get persons answering to them all, but the individual application could only be founded on vague conjecture.

"Borland and his men's coming."

Borland was one of the chieftains of the M'Intoshes, who raised himself two hundred men, as appears by a letter from Mar to Major-general Gordon. It was he, the brave and intrepid Brigadier M'Intosh, who led his clan into Lothian, and, after many actions of great courage, and many marches and countermarches, was at last induced to join the English forces, and by their pusillanimity was involved in the general ruin of the party at Preston.

"Cameron and M'Lean's coming."

John Cameron of Lochiel and Sir John M'Lean were the chiefs of these two clans; but owing to many obstructions from the Argyle Campbells, they were among the latest of joining.

"Gordon and M'Gregor's coming."

The marquis of Huntly, with many noblemen and gentlemen of that powerful name, were among the first to join, and, if all songs be true, among the first to run away, as will afterwards appear. Gregor M'Gregor of Glengyle, and his uncle, Rob Roy M'Gregor, led that wild clan to join Mar in Athol. They had high characters for bravery; but, from their after conduct, it is

evident that plunder was their chief motive in the part they acted. They could scarcely be supposed to be very hearty in the cause of a family, who, but a few ages before, had proscribed them as *lawless limmeris and mischief-making truantis*, and caused their name to be obliterated for ever.

"M'Gillavry and a's coming:"

In some copies, "M'Gillavry of Drumglass is coming." He was probably the celebrated Donald M'Gillavry, head of one of the Clan-Chattan, or, as the Highlanders pronounce it, the *Clan-Khattanish*; a young gentleman of great spirit, and had considerable interest in the upper parts of Nairn and Moray shires: supposed to be the same Colonel M'Gillavry who led the M'Intoshes in 1745.

The third verse gives a list of Borderers that joined the cause, of whom we shall hear more fully hereafter.

"The laird of M'Intosh is coming;"

The chief of the name, and captain of the powerful Clan-Chattan, consisting of ten clans all combined in one for their mutual defence. M'Rabie is a clan, and even a name, of which I am utterly ignorant. There are patronymics among the Highlanders which no man can understand but themselves.

"———M'Donald's coming."

This is a shabby way of passing over the M'Donalds, who brought four powerful and distinct clans to the army, all about the same time. The following letter shows their quotas.

"*Perth, the 22d of November* 1715.

"Sir,

"Please to give meal or bread to Sir John M'Lean's battalion, consisting of three hundred and fifty men, for four days; to Lochiel's, consisting of four hundred; to Appin's, of one hundred and eighty; to Sir Donald M'Donald's, of four hundred and thirty; to Glengary's, of three hundred; to Clan-

Rannald's, of four hundred; to Keppoch's, of two hundred and fifty: and this shall be your warrant.

" ALEX. GORDON.

" To Mr Colin Simpson,
commissary of provisions."

" M'Kenzie and M'Pherson's coming,
And the wild M'Craw's coming."

The M'Kenzies are a powerful but scattered clan: Lord Seaforth led them and the M'Craws. The latter is a wild rude clan, who chiefly inhabit the district of Kintail; but, what is quite an anomaly among the clans, they have no chief of the same name, nor ever had one, having always acknowledged Seaforth as their head. To his house they were ever most firmly attached, though they hated the rest of the name, and were jealous of them. The M'Phersons of Badenoch belong to the Clan-Chattan, and were the next to the M'Intoshes in power. They sometimes claimed the superiority. Cluny is their chief.

" Donald Gun and a's coming."

There are a few scattered families of this name, chiefly in Ross-shire. But this seems to be introduced here merely for its singularity; the list being thus artfully wound up by the drollest sounding name of the whole.

These two last songs bring me again back to the Highlands, to which the greater part of my future researches in this work must be confined. Many of the foregoing songs relate to the struggles of the two parties in the cabinet: those that follow relate to their struggles in the field, and the woes, destructions, and sufferings that ensued. The Highlanders are collected, and the next volume begins, of course, with the battle of Sheriffmuir.

APPENDIX.

PART I.

Jacobite Songs.

A Tory in a Whig's Coat.

TUNE—"Up wi' Ailie."

WHAT, still, ye Whigs, uneasie?
  Will nothing cool your brain,
Unless great Charles, to please ye,
  Will let ye drive his wain?
Then up wi' Prance and Oates,
  And up wi' knaves a pair,
But down wi' him that votes
  Against a lawful heir.

Your grievance is removed,
  Old Stafford's made a saint,
Though you but little proved,
  The carle away you sent.
Then up wi' a' your spight,
  And show us what you mean;
I fear me, by this light,
  You long to vent your spleen.

That peerless house of commons,
  So zealous for the Lord,
Meant piously, with some on's,
  To flesh the godly sword.
Then up wi' a' the leaven,
  Wi' each dissenting loon,
And up wi' bully Stephen,
  But Colledge is gane down.

What wad these loons hae had?
  What makes 'em still to mutter?
I think they're a' gane mad,
  They keep sae great a clutter.
Then up wi' Pilk and Shute,
  Another blessed pair;
And up wi' every brute,
  But chiefly Goatham's Mayor.

Our Salamanca priest
  Hath left his flock in haste,
And shrewdly in the mist,
  Which makes us all aghast.
Then up wi' lads o' worth,
  Wi' Baldwin, Pile, and Eare;
For these must now *hold forth*,
  And Dick shall nose a prayer.

But is our parson gane,
  And whither gane, I trow?
What, back again to Spain?
  Gude faith, e'en let him go.
Then up wi' blundering S.,
  The Tories' plague, I trow;
'Tis he our cause must bless
  With *Characters*, and so.

But scurvy Heraclitus,
  And Roger too is rude,
And Nat, wha plagues poor Titus,
  Which makes us chew the cud.
Then up wi' associations,
  Remonstrances, and libels;
'Tis these must save three nations,
  And will preserve our Bibles.

The Polish Fox does seem
  To sleep his time away,
But his pernicious dream
  Is only to betray.
Then up wi' How the mole,
  And many more that be;
But up wi' little *Pole*
  Upon the highest *tree*.

Heraclitus is a debtor
  To some within the city,

Who sent him sic a letter,
  He'll pay them in a ditty.
Then up wi' a' Dissenters,
  Up wi' them in a cart;
And up wi' him that ventures
  His majesty to thwart.

But now great York is come,
  Whom Heaven still be with;
You'll find, both all and some,
  'Twas ill to shew your teeth.
Then up wi' every Roundhead,
  And every factious brother;
Your luck is now confounded,
  You a' maun up thegither.

John Highlandman's Visit to the Quarter Session.

Her nain sel' tell te strangest story
Tat e'er was heard py Whig or Tory,
  She strange peyond expressions;
More sights pe nowhere to pe seen
In any land (Cot save te queen!)
  As pe at quarter sessions.

Te rogs she saw in tat same place,
Tem would te gibbet quite disgrace;
  What pity she should want tem!
But how te deol tey comed tere,
Her nain sel' shall in prief declare,
  And how her did recant tem.

Up stairs she went, tat were as proad,
And tirty too, as Hieland road,
  Or any street of city:
Her nain sel' to te shentles said,
His majesty keep no housemaid,
  She tink, te more te pity.

When her was up, she did discern
A shamber pigger tan a parn,
  Where many folks did stand:

Och but hersel' was frighted quite,
It was so strange and crim a sight,
  Wit long tings in him's hand.

When she comed in she made her pow:
"Coot mans," she said, "how do you do?
  "And which of you's te king?"
One nodded wi' his wozen'd pow,
One cloom'd like ony pruikit cow,
  Put answer'd her no ting.

At last comed py praw shentleman,
And she made her to understan'
  She noting to pe fear'd.
She says, "Come on, and follow me;
"She'll show her straught her majestie,
  "For tese pe put her guard."

Cot's life! not a' te Hieland fair
Could shaw more numper tan pe tere,
  Still clowring and still powing.
Fait, her might swear, and no lie tell,
Tey wearier far tan her nain sel'
  Wit treshing or wit plowing.

No ants could faster lead or trive,
Or pees cang pumming fro te hive:
  She marvel tey not tizzy.
Och! sure te nation's creat affair
Lies heavily upon teir care,
  Her look so wise and pusy.

At length her majesty comed pen,
Not taller much tan Hielandmen:
  Cot! how her nain sel' feel'd!
Wit only clowring on him's face,
She trembled like a love-sick lass,
  Just on te point to yield.

She some way look'd apove te rest,
Though not py half so finely tress'd;
  Which made her fall a-swearing,
"Cot's tamn pe on him's parliament,
"Tat will not let her pay him's rent!
  "What's cold put for him's wearing?"

A ribbon praw comed cross pefore,
Such as M'Connal's prideman wore;
  At end of her was hung
A curious ting, tat shin'd more pright
Tan Madline's e'e, or morning light,
  When cilded py him's sun.

Put now te news she tell pe cood:
Hard py him's side a lennoch stood,
  Tat look so trim and cay,
As if she pe not cuilty ting,
Nor ever wish'd to pe a king,
  Unless a king of May.

Her was te same our vicar said,
For treason should pe lose him's head;
  For which te mony pound
Py proclamation offer'd was
To any man should take her grace
  On any Kerson cround.

One Sunday morn, she might remember,
Her pe te twanty of September,
  Our parson read a ting,
How tis same spark—te vengeance on him!—
Wit forty mair, would take upon him
  To kill him's gracious king.

Put scant te silly frighted swain
Tat meets te wolf upon te plain
  Was so aghast wit fear:
"Cot! if her majesty," says she,
"Does keep no petter company,
  "She'll stay nae langer here."

Te man tat prought her in ten said,
And pull'd her py te tartan plaid,
  "Pe shentles, hear put reason:
"Her was te What-d'ye-ca't, 'tis true,
"Put's parton mak'd her free as you
  "From knavery or treason."

"Whaw! whaw!" quod she, "a pretty nick,
"To make rogue honest py a trick
  "So often try in vain!

"If pull pe core her plood and pones,
"Ne trust him dhevilish bhaist wit horns
"To core her o'er ackain.

"She'll to her Hieland hills ackain,
"Where honest men pe honest men,
"And rogue pe hung for rogue.
"Cot's plood! were she her majesty,
"Ere lennoch more should countenanc'd pe,
"She'd swing him like her tog."

Albany.

LET the cannons roar from sea to shore,
And trumpets sound triumphantly;
We'll fare in wealth, while we drink a health
To the high-born prince of Albany,
Of Albany, of Albany,
To the high-born prince of Albany:
We'll fare in wealth, while we drink a health
To the high-born prince of Albany.

He's a true son of fair Scotland,
Though his nativity be Thames;
He's from the glorious martyr sprung,
And bears the name of good King James,
Of good King James, &c.

Our princes and our nobles a'
Do not our loyalty disgrace;
Wi' him they'll stand, wi' him they'll fa',
For he's a prince of royal race,
Of royal race, &c.

Let Hagar and her birth be gone,
Her bottle on her shoulder be;
For Sarah said unto her son,
He shall not be an heir with thee,
An heir with thee, &c.

I know not why he should be king,
Unless for mustering of the Whigs;
No wonder that they act the thing,
He spar'd them well at Bothwell Brigs,
At Bothwell Brigs, &c.

Put all these fancies quite away,
  And press down the Egyptian pride:
Before he wants a seigniory,
  We'll place him king on Yarrow side,
    On Yarrow side, &c.

The Cannons now are at a Stand.

The cannons now are at a stand,
  And ever more, I hope, shall be;
For Scotland will be help at hand
  For great James, duke of Albany.
    For Scotland, &c.

A braver nation he can't have,
  For love, for truth, for loyalty:
Each man will fight into his grave
  For great James, duke of Albany.
    Each man, &c.

A soldier stout is he, and brave,
  As ever any man did see.
God bless the king and queen, and save
  Our great James, duke of Albany!
    God bless, &c.

He very wise and pious is,
  There's no man knows the contrary;
Then damn'd be he that thinks amiss
  Of great James, duke of Albany.
    Then damn'd, &c.

All loyal subjects him must love,
  The heir apparent still is he;
Next to the king, there's none above
  Our great James, duke of Albany.
    Next to the king, &c.

Then let our reason still bear sway,
  And every man upon his knee—
I do not mean to drink, but pray
  For great James, duke of Albany.
    I do not mean, &c.

There's no man is so mad as think
  That drinking can availing be:
'Tis better far to fight than drink,
  For great James, duke of Albany.
    'Tis better, &c.

Yet do not think I'll baulk his health,
  But with my cup, most moderately,
I'll drink; I'll fight, and spend my wealth,
  For great James, duke of Albany.
    I'll drink, &c.

The Removal of the Parliament from London to Oxford.

Ye London lads, be merry,
  Your parliament friends are gane,
That made us a' sae sorry,
  And wadna let us alane,
But 'peach'd us every ane,
  Baith Papist and Protestant too;
But to Oxford they are gane,
  And the deil gang wi' them, I trow.

Our gude King Charles, Heaven bless him,
  Protector of Albany's right,
Receiv'd frae the house sic a lesson,
  'T had like to have set us at strife:
But Charles he swore by his life,
  He'd have nae mair sic ado;
And he pack'd them off, by this light,
  And the deil gang wi' them, I trow.

There's Essex, and Jamie the cully,
  Were muckle to blame, I dread,
With Shaftesbury, that states bully,
  And a' the factious breed;
And wital Grey, gude deed,
  Wha kens what his wife does now,
And hauds the door for a need:
  But the deil will reward them, I trow.

Fool Thin, and half-witted M——th,
  With L——ce, and slabbering Kent,

With goggling fly-catching B——,
  That ne'er knew yet what he meant;
And St——rd follows the scent,
  And politic Armstrong, and How:
And they a' a-petitioning went,
  And the deil's gane wi' them, I trow.

May Heaven protect great Albany,
  Guide him frae pistol and gun,
And a' the plots of Anthony,
  That auld malicious baboon,
Though shamm'd on the Pope o' Rome,
  As Dugdale and Oates do avow;
But in time they'll hang the fause loon,
  And the deil gang wi' him, I trow.

Donald Cowper.

A BONNY lad came to the court,
  His name was Donald Cowper,
And he petition'd to the king,
  That he might be a trooper.
He said that he, by land and sea,
  Had fought to admiration,
And with Montrose had many blows,
  Both for his king and nation.

The king did his petition grant,
  And said he lik'd him dearly,
Which ga'e to Donald mair content
  Than twenty shillings yearly.
This honest laird rode i' the guard,
  And lov'd a strong beer barrel;
Was stout enough to fight and cuff,
  But was not given to quarrel.

But on a Saturday at e'en,
  He walked in the Park, sir,
And there he met twa burly Whigs,
  When it was almost dark, sir.
"O, blessed day! we've caught a prey;
  "We'll maul him wonder sairly.
"And wha," they said, "are ye for, blade?"
  Quo' he, "I'm for King Charlie."

"The Lord into our hand this day
"Has this our foe deliver'd;
"We'll smite him hip and thigh," quo' they,
"The Lord our cause has favour'd."
Then, in a crack, they hit a smack
On Donald's face right fairly;
But Donald lap, and wap for wap
He laid about him rarely.

He clour'd the Whigs, and crack'd their crowns,
And gart them rin awa, sir;
I wat, o' him the surly loons
Could naething mak at a', sir.
Then let us sing, Long live the king!
And, Long live every trooper!
And may each big and burly Whig
Meet wi' a Donald Cowper.

Information.

TUNE—"Conventicles are grown so brief."

1678.

INFORMING of late is a notable trade:
For he that his neighbour intends to invade,
May pack him to Tyburn, no more's to be said;
Such power hath information.
Be good, and be just, and fight for your king,
Or stand for your country's honour,
And you're sure by precise information to swing,
Such spells she hath got upon her.

To six hundred and sixty from forty-one,
She left not a bishop nor clergyman,
But compelled both church and state to run,
By the strength of the Nonconformist.
The dean and the chapter, the sceptre and crown,
(The lords and commons snarling,)
By blest information came tumbling down;
Fair fruits of an over-long parling.

'Twas this that summon'd the bodkins all,
The thimbles and spoons, to the city-hall,
When St Hugh to the babes of grace did call,
To prop up the cause that was sinking:
This made the cobbler take the sword,
The pedlar, and the weaver;
By the power of the spirit, and not by the word,
Made the tinker wear cloak and beaver.

'Tis information from Valladolid
Makes Jesuits, monks, and friars to bleed;
Decapitates lords; and what not, indeed,
Doth such damnable information?
It cities burnt, and stuck not to boast,
Without any mincing or scruple,
Of forty thousand black bills by the post
Brought in with the devil's pupil.

This imp, with her jealousies and fears,
Sets all men together by the ears,
Strikes at religion, and kingdoms tears,
By voting against the brother:
This makes abhorrers, makes lords protest,
They know not why nor wherefore:
This strikes at succession, but aims at the rest;
Pray look about you, therefore.

This raiseth armies in the air,
Imagining more than you need have to fear,
Keeps horse under ground, and armies to tear
The cities and towns in sunder.
'Twas this made the knight to Newark run,
With his *fidus Achates* behind him;
Who brought for the father one more like the son,
The devil and zeal did so blind him.

It strips, it whips, it hangs, it draws,
It pillories also without any cause,
By falsely informing the judges and laws,
By a trick from Salamanca.
This hurly-burlies all the town,
Makes Smith and Harris prattle,
Who spare neither cassock, cloak, nor gown,
In their paltry tittle-tattle.

'Tis information affrights us all,
By information we stand or fall,

Without information there's no plot at all,
And all is but information.
That Pickering stood in the park with a gun,
And Godfrey by Berry was strangled;
'Twas by information such stories began,
Which the nation so much have entangled.

The Present State of England.

TUNE—"It was in the Prime of Cucumber Time."

1678.

JACK PRESBYTER's up, and hopes at one swoop
To swallow kings, bishops, and all, O;
The mitre and crown must both tumble down,
Or the kingdom, he tells you, will fall, O.
Sure 'tis a hard fate, that to prop up the state,
We must pull down the state religion;
But the saints have a new one, more holy and true one,
Compos'd of a Fox and a Widgeon.

An engine they've got, call'd a damn'd Popish Plot,
Which will bring in a th'rough reformation;
Which, though it be fable, mads all the poor rabble,
And puts out of wits half the nation.
Thus their work's quickly done; for each mother's son
That to church or the king is loyal,
Shall straight be indicted, or else be sore frighted,
To be brought to their fiery trial.

'Tis no more but pretend he's to Popery a friend;
The brethren cry 'loud he's a traitor,
And their evidences bring against him pretences,
And all of a treasonable nature.
Th' impeachers are such, so honourable and rich,
That no bribe can to falsehood invite 'em:
Though they contradict themselves, and every body else,
A good lusty vote still can right 'em.

No matter for blood, their oaths shall stand good,
In despite of all circumstances;
The city-cabals say they cannot swear false,
And each pamphlet their honour enhances.

Who dares to deny but one single lie
  Of the many they swear on their credit,
Must down on his knees, is rebuk'd, and pays fees,
  And must cry "*Peccavi*, I did it."

If any's so bold their tricks to unfold,
  Or offers to prove them liars,
Straight up steps another, and swears for 's rogue brother,
  And flings the poor wretch in the briers.
Thus villains about ten, the worst scum of men,
  While the godly party maintain 'em,
All England do govern, and each such a sovereign,
  The king must not speak against 'em.

Old Noll and 's dad Nick have taught 'em a trick,
  To make plots and then to reveal 'em:
Thus runs round the jig of a politic Whig,
  Sure pardon if they don't conceal 'em.
Then inspir'd they bring in, for sad men of sin,
  Any one that is honest and loyal;
But if pardon's denied, all flock on Fitz' side,
  To hector the mercy royal.

Thus most men, for fears, dare not for their ears,
  But Whig and his rout to second,
Which if they refuse, they're far worse than Jews,
  And Papists and traitors are reckon'd.
And every poor ape who for changes does gape,
  And to be preferr'd by the party,
To help Good Old Cause stretches wide his lean jaws,
  With loud lies to shew himself hearty.
And those worthies three, Care, Vile, and Langley,
  Do publish as fast as they make 'em:
Their being in print signifies something in't,
  And the rabble for gospel mistake 'em.

Meanwhile Pendant laughs, and at Byter scoffs,
  And at 's hot-headed zeal does flout, O,
The coxcomb to see thus shaking the tree,
  While he's ready to gather the fruit, O.
Let Papists be hang'd, and Presbyters damn'd,
  And may goggle-eyed traitors all perish;
But let true hearts still sing, Long live Charles our king,
  The church and the state to cherish.

Titus Telltroth.

TUNE—"Hail to the Myrtle Shades."

1678.

HAIL to the Knight of the Post,
To Titus, the chief of the town;
Titus, who vainly did boast
Of the Salamanca gown;
Titus, who saw the world o'er,
From the tower of Valladolid,
Yet stood in the White-Horse door,
And swore to it like a creed.

Titus at Watton, in May,
To Titus at Islington;
And Titus, the self-same day,
Both here and there again.
Titus, who never swore truth,
His politic plots to maintain,
And never yet baulked an oath,
When call'd to the test again.

Then Titus was meekest of all,
When never a penny in 's purse,
And oft did on Pickering call,
His charity to imburse.
But when he swore damnable oaths,
And lying esteem'd no sin,
Then Titus was one of those
Whom the devil had entered in.

Then Titus, the frown of heaven,
And Titus, a plague upon earth;
Titus, who'll ne'er be forgiven,
Curs'd from his fatal birth;
Titus, the curse and the doom
Of the rich and the poor man too;
Oh! Titus, thou *shred of a loom*,
What a plague dost thou mean to do?

Titus, an orthodox beast,
And Titus, a Presbyter tall;

Titus, a Popish priest,
  And Titus, the shame of them all;
Titus, who ne'er had the skill,
  The wise with his plots to deceive;
But Titus, whose *Tongue* can kill,
  Whom nature has made a slave.

Titus, the light of the town,
  Where zealots and Whigs do resort;
Titus, the shame of the gown,
  And Titus, the scorn of the court;
Titus, who spewed out the truth,
  To swallow the Covenant,
But never yet blush'd at an oath;
  Whom lying has made a saint.

Yet Titus believed could be
  Against any Popish lord,
Whilst still against Shaftesbury
  The witness and truth's abhorr'd.
So Titus got credit and gold
  For lying, and thought it no sin;
But against Dissenters bold
  The truth is not worth a pin.

Thus Titus swore on apace
  'Gainst those whom he never did see;
Yet Titus, with brazen face,
  Would our *preserver* be.
But as Titus, the foreman in trust,
  Discover'd this mystery,
May Titus so be the first
  That leads to the triple-tree.

Ignoramus.

TUNE—"Lay by your Pleading."

1679.

SINCE reformation
  'S with Whigs in fashion,
There's neither equity nor justice i' the nation:

Against their furies
There no such cure is,
As lately hath been wrought by Ignoramus Juries.
Compaction of faction,
That breeds but distraction,
Is at the zenith point, but will not bear an action.
They sham us, and flam us,
And ram us, and damn us,
And then, in spite of law, come off with Ignoramus.

Oh! how they plotted,
Birmingham's voted,
And all the *mobile* the Holy Cause promoted;
They preach'd up treason
At every season,
And taught the multitude, rebellion was but reason;
With breaches, impeaches,
And most loyal speeches,
With royal blood again to glut the thirsty leeches.
They sham us, &c.

'Tis such a jury
Would pass no Tory,
Were he as innocent as a saint in glory;
But let a brother
Ravish his mother,
Assassinate his king, he would find no other.
They shamed and blamed,
At loyalists aimed,
But when a Whig's reprieved, the town with beacons flamed.
They sham us, &c.

This Ignoramus,
With which they sham us,
Would fain against a York raise up a Monmouthamus.
Who clears a traitor
And a king-hater,
Against his lawful prince would find sufficient matter.
They sought it, and wrought it,
Like rebels they fought it,
And with the price of royal martyr's blood they bought it.
They sham us, &c.

At the Old Bailey,
Where rogues flock daily,
A greater traitor far than Coleman, White, or Staley,

Was lately indicted,
Witnesses cited;
But then he was set free: so the king was righted.
'Gainst princes, offences
Are prov'd in all senses;
But 'gainst a Whig there's no truth in evidences.
They sham us, &c.

But wot you what, sir?
They found it not, sir;
'Twas every juror's case, and there lay all the plot, sir:
For at this season,
Should they do reason,
Which of themselves would 'scape, if they found it treason?
Compassion in fashion,
The interest of the nation,
Oh! what a godly point is self-preservation!
They sham us, &c.

Alas! what is conscience,
In Baxter's own sense?
When interest lies at stake, an oath and law is nonsense.
Now they will banter
Quaker and Ranter
To find a Royalist and clear a Covenanter:
They'll wrangle, and brangle,
Their very souls entangle,
To save the traitor's neck from the old triangle.
They sham us, &c.

Alas! for pity
Of this good city!
What will the Tories say in their drunken ditty?
When all abettors
And monarch-haters,
The Brethren damn'd their souls to save malicious traitors.
But mind it, long-winded,
With prejudice blinded,
Lest what they did reject another jury find it.
Then sham us, and flam us,
And ram us, and damn us,
When against king and law you find an Ignoramus.

The Man of Fashion.

1679.

WOULD you be a man of fashion?
  Would you lead a life divine?
Take a little dram of passion,
  In a lusty bowl of wine.
If the nymph have no compassion,
  Vain it is to sigh and groan;
Love was but put in for fashion,
  Wine will do the work alone.

Would you have at your devotion
  Gown fop Whigs, that love to prate?
Take a dram of Tony's notion,
  In a coffee-dish of state:
If the poison will not warm ye,
  Take ye tea, 'twill do the thing.
There are statesmen can inform ye
  How to rule without a king.

Would you then be thought most witty?
  Would you be a man of parts?
Aid the factious of the city,
  Till you're hang'd for your deserts.
If your virtue's not rewarded,
  For the glorious thing you aim'd,
And another saint recorded,
  Care and Curtis both be damn'd.

Would you have a new religion,
  Founded on a plot of state?
Whisper but with Prance's Pidgeon,
  In a dungeon, through a grate.
If your soul finds no impression,
  Murder'd Godfrey will appear:
Though there needs no more confession,
  Kiss the book, and all is clear.

Would you have a true narration
  How the city first was fir'd?
Let the Monument's relation
  Prove the man, and those he hir'd.

If the Phœnix was consumed,
  As they say, by Popish prigs,
All her pride was reassumed
  By the Ignoramus Whigs.

Would you have another charter,
  You that should be men of sense?
Talk no more of *Magna Charta*,
  But rely upon your prince.
If you can repent sincerely,
  Cæsar has a godlike mind;
Purge your factiousness severely,
  Cæsar will be always kind.

The Loyal Health.

1680.

SINCE plotting's a trade, like the rest of the nation,
Let 'em lie and swear on, to keep up the vocation;
Let Tinkers, and Weavers, and Joiners agree
To find work for the *Cooper*, they'll have none of me:
Let politic shams in the statesmen abound,
While we quaff off our bumpers and send the glass round:
The jolly true Toper's the best subject still,
Who drinks off his liquor, and thinks no more ill.

Then let us stand to't, and like honest men fall,
Who love king and country, duke, duchess, and all:
Not such as would blow up the nation by stealth,
And out of the flame raise a new commonwealth;
Not such as against church and bishops do rage,
To advance old Jack Presbyter on the new stage;
But to all honest Tories who'll fight for their king,
And, to crown the brave work, with the court we'll begin.

Here's a health to the king and his lawful successors,
To honest Tantivies, and loyal Addressers;
But a pox take all those that promoted petitions,
To poison the nation, and stir up seditions.
Here's a health to the queen and her ladies of honour,
And a pox take all those that put sham plots upon her.
Here's a health to the duke and the senate of Scotland,
And to all honest men, that from bishops ne'er got land.

Here's a health to L'Estrange and the boon Heraclitus,
And true Tory Thompson, who never did slight us:
And, forgetting Broom, Paulin, and Alderman Wrightus,
With Tony, and Bethel, Ignoramus, and Titus,
Here's a health to the church, and all those that are for it,
Confusion to zealots and Whigs that abhor it;
May it ever be safe from the new mode refiners,
And may justice be done upon *Coopers* and Joiners.

Here's a health to old Hall, who our joys did restore,
And a pox take each popular son of a w——e;
To the Spaniard and Dane, the brave Russian and Moor,
Who come from far nations our king to adore;
To all that do worship the God of the Vine;
And to old jolly Bowman, who draws us good wine.
And as for all traitors, whether Papist or Whig,
May they all trot to Tyburn, to dance the old jig.

Here's a health to all those who love the king and his laws,
And may they ne'er pledge it that broach'd the Old Cause.
Here's a health to the states, and a plague on the pack
Of Commonwealth-canters, and Presbyter Jack.
To the uppermost pendant that ever did play
On the highest top-gallant o' th' sovereign o' th' sea:
And he that denies to the standard to lower,
May he sink in the ocean, and never drink more!

A Narrative of the Old Plot; being a New Song.

TUNE—"Some say the Papists had a Plot."

1680.

WHEN *traitors* did at Popery rail,
Because it taught *confession;*
When *bankrupts* bawl'd for *property,*
And *bastards* for *succession;*
When Tony durst espouse the cause,
Spite of his pox and gout;
When speaking Williams purg'd the house,
By spewing members out;

When Hunt a twy-fac'd pamphlet wrote,
The emblem of his soul;

When Oates swore whom he pleas'd in's plot,
  And reign'd without control;
When L——ce too lampoon'd the court,
  And libell'd cats and dogs;
When witnesses like mushrooms sprung
  Out of the Irish bogs;—

Then Perkin thought 'twas time to prove
  His right to kingship fair;
And, faith, 'tis fit the *peerless* son
  Should be the people's heir.
So, fill'd with zeal, he and his knight
  Caress and court the rout,
And My Lord Duke goes up and down,
  To shew his *grace* about.

Though Ford Lord Grey would not engage
  Upon that idle score,
For he would have a Commonwealth,
  As well as ———,
He envied his old friend a crown,
  But why, I can't devise,
For 's *grace* had grac'd his lordship's head
  With horns of noble size.

Then Johnson wrote his patron's creed,
  A doctrine fetch'd from hell;
'Twas Christianlike to disobey,
  And gospel to rebel.
Julian his pattern and his text,
  A meaner theme he scorns;
First represents him at the desk,
  And then apostate turns.

Like his, his patron's zeal grew high
  Th' exclusion to advance;
And the right heir must be debarr'd,
  For fear of Rome and France.
The zealous commons then resolv'd,
  (And they knew what they did,)
By whomsoe'er the king should fall,
  The Papists' throats should bleed.

So murdering poniards oft are slipt
  Into a guiltless hand,
And innocence is sacrific'd,
  While malefactors stand.

By hell's assistance then they fram'd
  Their d——d association;
And worthy men, and men worthy,
  Divided all the nation.

Fools oft and madmen leave the less
  And choose the greater evil;
Thus they, for fear of Popery,
  Run headlong to the devil.
At last the loyal souls propose
  To ease their sovereign's cares,
If he'll sit down and first remove
  Their jealousies and fears:

Just the old trick and sham device
  Of Beelzebub their sire;
If he'll fall down and worship them,
  They'll grant his heart's desire:
Nay, lives and fortunes then shall be
  Entirely his own,
If he will fairly once disclaim
  A brother and a crown.

Jack Presbyter's Wish.

TUNE—"If I live to grow old."

1680.

If the Whigs shall get up, and the Tories go down,
May I have an estate in country or town,
Of crown or church lands of considerable worth,
And a sister of sixteen, to whom I'll hold forth.
  May I trample on princes with an absolute sway,
  And grow prouder, and higher, and richer than they,
  Still advancing myself as my rulers decay.

To furnish my table, I'll make my cooks dish up
For breakfast a Papist, for dinner a bishop;
At last, for my supper, no daintier a thing
Than the flesh of a duke and the blood of a king.
  May I trample, &c.

May the groans of th' afflicted be the rest of my food;
May I sport in an ocean of innocent blood;
May I stick at no mischief that hell can afford,
While I boast that I'm doing the work of the Lord.
May I trample, &c.

With Luther and Calvin, and many saints more,
I'll boast of religion, denying its power;
With count'nance distorted, and feign'd whining zeal,
I'll teach, and preach monarchy into commonweal.
May I trample, &c.

May all my plots prosper, both old ones and new ones,
No shifting of sham plots, no trusting of true ones:
May ages hereafter in history tell,
Jack Presbyter rampant has twice borne the bell.
May I trample on princes with an absolute sway,
And grow prouder, and higher, and richer than they,
Still advancing myself as my rulers decay.

The Pot-Companions.

TUNE—"Thus all the Day long we're frolic and gay."

1680.

COME, make a good toast, and stir up the fire,
And fill the great tankard with what we admire;
Then bring in a paper of excellent Fogoe,
That we may perfume the whole house with the hogoe:
And here let us sit, like honest brave fellows,
That neither are Tories nor Whigs, in an alehouse.
And here let us sit, like honest brave fellows, &c.

We'll raise no disputes of the church or the state,
To waken the plot, which has slept out its date;
Nor came we to treat of the city's great charter,
But only to drink to the sons of the Martyr:
For better it is to be honestly sotting,
Than to live to be hang'd by caballing and plotting.
For better it is, &c.

Since freedom or death is not in our power,
What have we to do with the lords in the Tower?

We'll leave them to justice, let that take its course,
And set every saddle upon the right horse.
Though the witnesses fade, and the plot's almost rotten,
Yet Presbyter Jack will ne'er be forgotten.
Though the witnesses fade, &c.

We have nothing to do with the feuds of the nation;
With old *Magna Charta*, nor the association.
Let Shaftesbury fancy himself to be crowning,
Or beg his *quietus*, and venture a drowning;
Let Titus swear on, and raise up his story;
That's nothing to us: let the saints have their glory.
Let Titus swear on, &c.

Though the Spaniards were landed, which Bedloe recounted,
And all the commissions which Oates gave were mounted,
And little Don John did lead these brave fellows,
The devil a foot would we stir from the alehouse.
When they have rais'd armies by praying and winking,
'Tis we that maintain 'em by smoking and drinking.
When they have rais'd armies, &c.

Then away to the king let the tankard go round;
May the plots and the plotters each other confound:
To his highness the duke, and his royal successors,
And every member of loyal addressers:
To the honest lord mayor, and all other good Christians:
But guard us, good Lord, from these whining Philistines!
To the honest lord mayor, &c.

The Protestant Flail.

TUNE—"Hobby Horse."

1681.

LISTEN a while, and I'll tell you a tale,
Of a new device of a Protestant Flail.
This Flail it was made of the finest wood,
Well lin'd with lead, and notable good
For splitting of brains and shedding of blood
Of all that withstood.
With a thump, &c.

This Flail was invented to thrash the brain,
And leave behind not the weight of a grain:
At the handle-end there hung a weight,
That carried with it unavoidable fate,
To take the monarch a rap on the pate,
And govern the state.
With a thump, &c.

It took its degree in Oxford town,
And with the Carpenter went down:
If any durst his might oppose,
He had you close, in spite of your nose,
To carry on clever the Good Old Cause,
And down with the laws.
With a thump, &c.

With this they threaten'd to forestall
The church, and give the bishops a maul,
If king and lords will not submit
To the Joiner's will, while the house did sit,
If this in the right place did hit,
The cause it would split.
With a thump, &c.

Two handfuls of death with a thong, hung fast
By a zealot who hang'd himself at last,
With a moving head, both stiff and stout,
Found by the Protestant Joiner out,
To have at the king and the laws t'other bout,
And turn them both out.
With a thump, &c.

Invincibly 'twould deal his blows,
All to maintain the Good Old Cause;
Would liberty and freedom bring
To every thing except the king;
At monarchy it had a fling,
And took its swing.
With a thump, &c.

This Flail was made in the newest fashion,
To heal the breaches of the nation:
If faction any difference bred,
'Twould split the cause in the head,
Till monarchy reel'd, and royalty bled,
And were both knock'd in the head.
With a thump, &c.

When any strife was in the state,
The Flail would end the whole debate,
'Gainst arbitrary power of state,
And Popery, which the zealots hate;
It would give them such a rap on the pate,
They must yield to their fate.
With a thump, &c.

It had a thousand virtues more,
And had a salve for every sore.
With this they thought to have maintain'd
The factious tribe, and royalists brain'd;
But the Joiner was hang'd, and the Flail was arraign'd,
And the conquest regain'd.
With a thump, &c.

May Tony and all our enemies
Meet with no better fate than his.
May Charles still live to rule the state,
And York, whom all Dissenters hate,
To be reveng'd upon their pate,
By timely fate.
With a thump, &c.

The Royal Litany.

TUNE—"Cavallily Man."

1681.

FROM a new-modell'd Jesuit in a Scotch bonnet,
With a mass under 's sleeve, and a covenant on it,
From Irish sedition blown out of French sonnet,
Libera nos, Domine.
From conspiring at Joe's, and caballing at Mew's,
From Sir Gut's holy tub of uncircumcis'd Jews,
From gibbet and halter which will be their dues,
Libera nos, Domine.

From a parliament-man raked out of the embers,
From knights that haunt compters, and lunatic members,
From Presbyters' Januaries, and Papists' Novembers,
Libera nos, Domine.

From the mutinous clamours of such as raise fears,
From those that would set us together by th' ears,
Who still for the shipwreck of monarchy steers,
Libera nos, Domine.

From rebellion wrapt up in an humble petition,
From the crafty intrigues of an old politician,
From a Geneva divine and a Stafford physician,
Libera nos, Domine.
From serving great Charles as his father before,
Disinheriting York without why or wherefore,
And from such as Absalom's folly adore,
Libera nos, Domine.

From denying the king that which is his right,
From cashiering of members for faults very light,
From the troublesome search of a moneyless knight,
Libera nos, Domine.
From libelling of governments and actions of kings,
From vindicating sectaries in illegal things,
From encouraging faction, which rebellion brings,
Libera nos, Domine.

From murmuring for sending the parliament home,
From choosing fanatics to sit in their room,
That the actions of Forty may not be outdone,
Libera nos, Domine.
From Irish massacres, by Papists done,
From seditious cut-throats, which thing is all one,
From murdering father and banishing son,
Libera nos, Domine.

From shrouding all villanies under *The Cause,*
From making us happy by giving sword-laws,
From trampling on th' mitre and crown with applause,
Libera nos, Domine.
From hunting the king and abjuring his race,
From cleansers of bung-holes usurping his place,
From preachers in tubs, that are void of all grace,
Libera nos, Domine.

From Vulcan's treasons, late forg'd by the fan,
From starving of mice to be parliament-men,
From his copper face that outface all things can,
Libera nos, Domine.

From voting lords useless and dangerously ill,
From hanging of bishops for dropping the bill,
From fanatics that have too much of their will,
Libera nos, Domine.

From purging the house to obstruct our free choice,
From resolving the king to oppose with one voice,
From such as at mischief do daily rejoice,
Libera nos, Domine.
From all the seditious that love not the king,
From such as a civil war once more would bring,
From repenting with Colledge at last in a string,
Libera nos, Domine.

The Loyal Conquest.

TUNE—"Lay by your Pleading."

1683.

Now loyal Tories
May triumph in glories,
The fatal plot is now betray'd, the rest were shams and stories.
Now against treason
We have law and reason,
And every bloody Whig must go to pot in time and season.
No shamming nor flamming,
No ramming nor damning,
No Ignoramus Juries now for Whigs, but only hanging.

Look a little further,
Place things in order;
Those that seek to kill the king, Godfrey might murder.
Now they're detected,
By Heaven neglected,
In black despair they cut their throats: thus Pluto's work's effected.
No shamming, &c.

Catch grows in passion,
And fears this new fashion,
Lest every traitor hang himself, and spoil his best profession.

Though four in the morning
Are Tyburn adorning,
He cries out for a score a-time, to get his men their learning.
No shamming, &c.

Now we have sounded
The bottom which confounded
Our plotting parliament of late, who had our king surrounded.
Hamden and others,
And Trenchard, were brothers,
Who were to kill the king and duke, and hang us for their murders.
No shamming, &c.

Surprising the Tower
And the court in an hour,
And enter in at the traitor's gate, but 'twas not in their power.
Our guards now are doubled,
Ere long they will be trebled;
The harmony of gun and drum make guilty conscience troubled.
No shamming, &c.

If Gray is retaken,
The root o' th' plot is shaken;
Russel lately lost his head, the bleeding cause to weaken:
Monmouth's in town still,
With Armstrong his council;
The Lady Gray may find him out under some smock or gown still.
No shamming, &c.

Give 'em no quarter,
They aim at crown and garter,
They're of that bloody regiment that made their king a martyr:
Leave none to breed on,
They'd make us to bleed on,
They are the bloodiest cannibals that ever man did read on.
No shamming nor flamming,
No ramming nor damning,
No Ignoramus Juries now for Whigs, but only hanging.

Whig upon Whig; or, A pleasant dismal Song upon the Old Plotters newly found out.

1683.

Beloved, hearken all,
O hone! O hone!
To my sad rhymes, that shall
O hone! O hone!
Be found in ditty sad;
Which makes me almost mad,
But Tories' hearts full glad.
O hone! O hone!

Essex has cut his throat,
O hone! O hone!
Russel is gone to pot,
O hone! O hone!
Walcot being of the crew,
And Hone the joiner too,
Must give the deil his due.
O hone! O hone!

Rumsey swears heartily,
O hone! O hone!
West swears he does not lie;
O hone! O hone!
Lord Howard vows by's troth
That they are good men both,
And take the self-same oath.
O hone! O hone!

I heard some people say,
O hone! O hone!
Monmouth is fled away:
O hone! O hone!
And some do not stick to say,
If he falls in their way,
He will have d——d fair play.
O hone! O hone!

Armstrong and Grey, God wot,
O hone! O hone!
And Ferguson the Scot,
O hone! O hone!

Are all run deil knows where,
'Cause stay they dare not here,
To fix the grand affair.
O hone! O hone!

Juries, alas! are thus,
O hone! O hone!
There's no Ignoramus,
O hone! O hone!
But you'll have justice done
To every mother's son,
And be hang'd one by one,
O hone! O hone!

Now how like fools we look!
O hone! O hone!
Had we not better took
O hone! O hone!
Unto our trades and wives,
And have kept in our hives,
Which might have sav'd our lives?
O hone! O hone!

The king he says that all
O hone! O hone!
That are found guilty shall
O hone! O hone!
Die by the ax or rope,
As some died for the Pope.
Brethren, there is no hope.
O hone! O hone!

The Tories now will drink
O hone! O hone!
The king's health with our clink,
O hone! O hone!
Queen, duke, and duchess too,
And all the loyal crew.
Brethren, adieu! adieu!
O hone! O hone!

Eustace Comines, the Irish Evidence, his Farewell to England.

1683.

Be me shoul and shalvation,
O hone! O hone!
I'll go to my own nation.
O hone! O hone!
Old Tony hence is fled,
And Russel's lost his head:
I starve for want of bread.
O hone! O hone!

This saucy English plot
O hone! O hone!
Did make ours go to pot.
O hone! O hone!
What shall I do to go?
Let me see: O ho! O ho!
Pox take me if I know.
O hone! O hone!

My face does red wid shame,
O hone! O hone!
That ever here I came.
O hone! O hone!
Ten, twenty curse upon
Sham Justice Hedrington,
That made me first leave home!
O hone! O hone!

"Agra, Eustace," he did say,
O hone! O hone!
"You moyle for groat a-day.
O hone! O hone!
"A Plot-office now is ope,
"I will advance your hope,
"If you'll swear against the Pope."
O hone! O hone!

"Be Chreest, I will," said I,
O hone! O hone!
"Tell you ten hundred lie:
O hone! O hone!

" I'll swear dem in and out,
" We'll have a merry bout,
" And make a rabble rout."
O hone! O hone!

We came to Westminster;
O hone! O hone!
Den he call'd me Maishter.
O hone! O hone!
I swore by faite and trote,
And by me Bible-oate,
(What we'd agreed on bote.)
O hone! O hone!

Den I was put in pay,
O hone! O hone!
Had five, six groat a-day;
O hone! O hone!
Which did fine cloads afford,
Instead of spade a sword:
I knew not meshelf, good Lord!
O hone! O hone!

But soon my maishter-rogue,
O hone! O hone!
Was, in spite of his brogue,
O hone! O hone!
For the sauce of his tongue,
To prison dragg'd along,
'Cause he did what was wrong.
O hone! O hone!

Then was prepar'd a drench,
O hone! O hone!
Oates himself to retrench.
O hone! O hone!
The meaner swearers den
To tremble did begin,
As I've a shoul widin,
O hone! O hone!

By this book, I did faint,
O hone! O hone!
Till St Patrick, me fwite saint,
O hone! O hone!

Bid me leave off me cries,
And swear no more plot-lies;
Then straight away me hies.
O hone! O hone!

Deil take this swearing trade!
O hone! O hone!
I'll go home to me spade,
O hone! O hone!
I'll fence th' potatoes round,
And keep me maishter's ground:
I am too long hell-hound.
O hone! O hone!

Me book-bussing tribe, adieu!
O hone! O hone!
It is now bad wid you;
O hone! O hone!
And if I 'scape the hang,
I've outdone all me gang;
So I leave you here t' swing swang,
O hone! O hone!

Dagon's Fall.

TUNE—"Philander."

1683.

AH! cruel bloody fate,
What canst thou now do more?
Alas! 'tis now too late,
Poor Tony to restore!
Why should the flattering fates persuade
That Tony still should live
In England here, or in Holland there,
Yet all our hopes deceive?

A noble peer he was,
And of notorious fame;
But now he's gone, alas!
A pilgrim o'er the main:

The prop and pillar of our hope,
  The patron of our cause,
The scorn and hate of church and state,
  The urchin of the laws.

Of matchless policy
  Was this renowned peer;
The bane of monarchy,
  The people's hope and fear;
The joy of all true Protestants,
  The Tories' scorn and dread:
But now he's gone who curs'd the throne;
  Alas! poor Tony's dead!

For Commonwealth he stood,
  Pretending liberty;
And, for the public good,
  Would pull down monarchy.
The church and state he would divorce,
  The holy cause to wed,
And in time did hope to confound the Pope,
  And be himself the head.

A tap in 's side did bore,
  To broach all sorts of ill,
For which seditious store
  The crowd ador'd him still.
He spit his venom through the town,
  With which the saints possest,
Would preach and prate 'gainst church and state,
  While he perform'd the rest.

When any change of state,
  Or mischief was at hand,
He had a working pate
  And devil at command.
He forg'd a plot, for which the heads
  Of faction gave their votes;
But now the plot is gone to pot:
  What will become of Oates?

Under the fair pretence
  Of right, religion, law,
Excluding the true prince,
  The church he'd overthrow.
With such religious shams he brought
  The rabble to his side;

And, for his sport, the town and court
  In parties he'd divide.

Now what's become of all
  His squinting policy,
Which wrought your Dagon's fall,
  From justice forc'd to flee?
Old and decrepid, full of pains,
  As he of guilt was full,
He fell to fate, and now too late
  He leaves us to condole.

Now learn, ye Whigs, in time,
  By his deserved fall,
To expiate his crime,
  Ere fate revenge you all:
For rights, religion, liberty,
  Are but the sham pretence
To anarchy; but loyalty
  Obeys the lawful prince.

Lament for the Apprehending of Sir Thomas Armstrong.

TUNE—"Philander."

1683.

AH! cruel bloody Tom,
  What couldst thou hope for more,
Than to receive the doom
  Of all thy crimes before?
For all thy bold conspiracies,
  Thy head must pay the score;
Thy cheats and lies, thy box and dice,
  Will serve thy turn no more.

Ungrateful thankless wretch!
  How couldst thou hope in vain,
Without the reach of Ketch,
  Thy treasons to maintain?
For murders long since done and past,
  Thou pardons hast had store,
And yet wouldst still stab on, and kill,
  As if thou hop'dst for more,

But Tom, ere he would starve,
  More blood resolv'd t'have spilt;
Thy flight did only serve
  To justify thy guilt:
Whilst they, whose harmless innocence
  Submit to chains at home,
Are each day freed; while traitors bleed,
  And suffer in their room.

When Whigs a plot did vote,
  What peer from justice fled?
In the Fanatic Plot
  Tom durst not shew his head.
Now sacred justice rules above,
  The guiltless are set free,
And the napper's napt, and the clapper's clapt,
  In his conspiracy.

Like Cain, thou hadst a mark
  Of murder on thy brow;
Remote, and in the dark,
  Guilt thou didst still pursue:
Nor England, Holland, France, nor Spain,
  The traitor can defend;
He will be found in fetters bound,
  To pay for't, in the end.

Tom might about the town
  Have bullied, huff'd, and roar'd;
By every Venus known,
  Been for a Mars ador'd:
By friendly pimping and false dice
  Thou might'st have longer liv'd;
Hector'd, and shamm'd, and swore, and gam'd,
  Hadst thou not plots contriv'd.

Tom once was cock-a-hoop
  Of all the huffs in town,
But now his pride must stoop,
  His courage is pull'd down.
So long his spurs are grown, poor Tom
  Can neither flee nor fight.
Ah, cruel fate! that at this rate
  The squire should foil the knight.

But there's no remedy,
  It being his just reward;

In his own trap, you see,
  The tiger is ensnar'd.
So may all traitors fare, till all
  Who for their guilt did flie
With bully Tom, by timely doom,
  Like him unpitied die.

Pluto, the Prince of Darkness, his Entertainment of Algernon Sydney, upon his Arrival at the Infernal Palace.

TUNE—"Hail to the Myrtle Shades."

1683.

PLUTO.

Room, room for great Algernon,
  You Furies that stand in his way!
Let an officer unto me come,
  Who served me every day,
Promoting sedition and ill,
  To alter the church and the state:
He deserves an employment in hell;
  He has done great service of late.

He is one of the damned old crew
  Who voted the death of the king;
At Oxford again he did sue
  To be at the self-same thing.
All mischiefs on earth he devis'd,
  All hazards he also did run,
To render my name solemniz'd,
  With the rabble of London town.

To monarchy he was always a foe,
  Religion he always disdain'd;
'Gainst government and the laws too,
  Damn'd anarchy he maintain'd.
I'll give thee preferment here,
  Since England has banish'd thee thence;
Brave Sydney, thou needst not fear,
  Thou shalt have great recompence.

SHAFTSBURY.

Now monarchy has prevail'd,
  Our fanatic plots to defeat;
On whom is the Cause entail'd?
  Who'll stand it in spite of fate?
We that maintain'd it so long,
  From justice were forc'd to fly;
If you then had come along,
  You needed not there to die.

ESSEX.

The factious are quite undone,
  For loss of the fanatic peers;
Now Shaftsbury and I are gone,
  Poor Titus will lose his ears.
For Monmouth our shams and intrigues
  To th' world has plainly declar'd,
And Howard our solemn leagues,
  In the plot a long time prepar'd.

RUSSEL.

I'm glad you are safely arriv'd,
  Tho' I doubt you met Jack by the way;
Now Monmouth is reconcil'd,
  What a plague is become of Gray?
Rebellion could ne'er disallow
  Conspiring against the prince,
Though I, by a sham dying vow,
  Protested my innocence.

The Whigs exposed.

TUNE—"Old Sir Simon the King."

1683.

Now the plotters and plots are confounded,
  And all their designs are made known,
Which smelt so strong of the Roundhead,
  And treason of forty-one:
And all the pious intentions,
  For property, liberty, laws,
Are found to be only inventions
  To bring in their Good Old Cause.
    And all the pious intentions, &c.

By their delicate bill of exclusion,
So hotly pursued by the rabble,
They hop'd to have made such confusion
As never was seen at old Babel:
Then Shaftsbury's brave city boys,
And Monmouth's country relations,
Were ready to second the noise,
And send it throughout the three nations.
Then Shaftsbury's, &c.

No more of the fifth of November,
That dangerous desperate plot;
But ever with horror remember
Old Tony, Armstrong, and Scot.
For Tony will ne'er be forgotten,
Nor Ferguson's popular rules,
Nor Monmouth, nor Grey, when they're rotten,
For wrong-headed politic fools.
For Tony, &c.

The murder of father and king,
And extinguishing all the right line,
Was a good and a godly thing,
And worthy the Whigs' design.
The hanging of prelate and peer,
And putting the guards to the sword,
And fleying and slashing lord-mayors,
Was to do the work of the Lord.
The hanging, &c.

But I hope they will have their desert,
And the gallows will have its due,
And Jack Ketch will be more expert,
And in time be as rich as a Jew;
Whilst now in the tavern we sing,
All joy to great York and his right,
A glorious long reign to our king;
And when they've occasion we'll fight.
Whilst now in the tavern, &c.

The name of a Whig and a Tory
No more shall distract the nation;
We'll fight for the church and her glory,
And pray for this reformation;
That every factious professor,
And every zealous pretender,

May humble 'em to the successor
Of Charles, our nation's defender.
That every factious professor, &c.

An Excellent New Song, sung before the Loyal Livery-Men in Westminster-Hall, July the 19th 1684.

HARK, how Noll and Bradshaw's heads above us
Cry, "Come, come, ye Whigs that love us,
"Come, ye faithful sons, fall down, and adore ye
"Your fathers, whose glory
"Was to kill kings before ye:
"From treason and plots let your grave heads adjourn,
"And our glorious pinnacle adorn!"
What though the scaffolds all are down here,
To entertain the friends of the crown here?
We, whose fortunes and lives great Charles will maintain,
For monarchy-haters,
Damn'd associators,
Whigs, bastards, and traitors,
We'll build 'em, we'll build 'em again.
Let the infamous cut-throats of princes be shamm'd all,
Their black souls be damn'd all,
Their blunderbuss ramm'd all
With brimstone and fire infernal.
The Gods that look o'er him
Did by wonders restore him;
Their angels sat round him
That hour they crown'd him,
And were listed his guards eternal.

How, like Jove, the monarch of Great Britain
Drives the giant-sons of Titan!
Down, ye rebel crew! Ye slaves, lie under!
See, James, with his thunder,
Has dash'd 'em all asunder!
Down from his bright heaven the aspirers are hurl'd,
Lost in the common rubbish of the world.
See how the God returns victorious!
And, to make his triumph still more glorious,
See the whole hosts of heaven the proud conqueror greet!

The stars burn all brighter,
The sun mounts uprighter,
The steeds gallop lighter,
To see their Jove made so great.
With the brands and the stings of a conscience disloyal,
From the fiery trial
Let the cow'rdly slaves fly all,
Leave vengeance and justice behind 'em;
Whilst the great desperadoes,
All turn'd renegadoes,
With their old friends took napping:
In some coal-hole at Wapping
Shall James and his justice find 'em.

Let the malice of fanatic Roundhead,
Hatch'd in hell, be still confounded;
The royal couple no storm ever sever,
But new wonders deliver,
And their heirs reign for ever,
On England's bright throne sit till time's last sand runs,
And stop their glorious chariot with the sun's.
Then for James the Second's restoration,
Snatch'd from the jaws of the imps of damnation,
We with feasting and revels will cheer up our souls,
For the safety to Cæsar,
In joys and in pleasure,
Our usual measure,
Till our hearts shall o'erflow like our bowls.
For a health to great James let the goblets be crown'd there,
The huzza go round there,
To the skies let it sound there,
Up to the throne of great James's Protector;
Till the pleas'd Gods that see, boys,
Grow as merry as we, boys,
Join their voices in chorus,
Make their whole heaven out-roar us,
And pledge us in bumpers of nectar.

The Royal Admiral.

TUNE—"State and Ambition."

1684.

FACTION and folly, alas! will deceive you,
The loyal man still the best subject does prove;
Treason of reason, poor Whig, will bereave you,
You cannot be bless'd till this curse you remove.
Charles, our great monarch, when Heaven did restore him,
With his royal brother, safe on our shore,
Ordain'd us that we next our king should adore him:
Then, Johnson, play the apostate no more.

Clayton may fret, and bring vows of obedience
To Ferguson, Baxter, or Curtis, or Care;
Patience approach with pretended allegiance
To his sovereign lord, yet oppose the right heir.
Can he pretend to be honest or loyal,
Nay, though he late at Westminster swore,
And yet the next day will, like Perkin, deny all,
Whatever he said or swore to before?

Let Trenchard and Hamden stir up a commotion,
Their plotting and voting shall prosper no more;
Now gallant old Jemmy commands on the ocean,
And mighty Charles keeps them in awe on the shore.
Let Lobb and Ferguson preach up sedition
At conventicle, coffeehouse, or at cabal;
Now Jeffreys is justice, and York's in commission,
Their scandal and plots shall pay for 'em all.

Jemmy the valiant, the champion-royal,
His own and the monarchy's rival withstood;
The bane and the terror of all the disloyal,
Who spilt the late Martyr's, and sought for his, blood.
Jemmy, who quell'd the proud foe on the ocean,
And reign'd the sole conqueror over the main.
To this gallant hero let's all pay devotion,
Since now he is England's adm'ral again.

York, our great admiral, th' ocean's defender,
The joy of his friends and the dread of his foes,

The lawful successor; what bastard pretender
  Whom Heaven has ordain'd the true heir dare oppose?
Jemmy, who taught the Scots rebel allegiance,
  And made the high Dutch to his standard to lower,
In time will reduce the proud cit to obedience,
  And make the false Whig to fall down and adore.

Let Bethel and Hamden lie shopt for their treason,
  And for the new factions express their old zeal;
Let false Sir Samuel rail on without reason,
  And every night dream of a new commonweal;
Let plotters be brought with their plots to confusion,
  While Charles sways the shore, and York the vast main,
Till all are confounded who sought the exclusion,
  Then England will be Old England again.

Come then, to our monarch let's quaff off a bumper,
  And, next to our sovereign, the prince of the blood;
The ax and the gibbet crown every Rumper
  Who York in the lawful succession withstood.
May Rumbold, Grey, Armstrong, and Sydney, be sainted,
  And Titus' long *Tongue*, so often forsworn;
May his short neck stretch for't when Oates is attainted,
  May he wish, when he dies, that he ne'er had been born.

The Happy Return of the Old Dutch Miller.

1685.

Good people of England, I hope you have had
Experience of my art in my trade;
For I am the miller that was here before,
That ground women young, of four or five score.
  Then make haste, customers, bring in your tribes,
  I'll quickly despatch 'em without any bribes;
  For I am so zealous for Whiglanders' crew,
  I'll cure their distempers with one turn or two.

And now, for your comfort, I am come again,
To cure the defection in all your men,
Whether they be factious, stupid, or lame:
Let's see e'er a chemist that can do the same.
  Then make haste, &c.

If any pretending Whig sheriff yet dare,
In the year of his office, arrest the lord-mayor,
Let them come to my mill if their insolence must
Be ta'en a peg lower, I'll grind them to dust.
Then make haste, &c.

If any grave alderman perjures and swears,
Till he run the great hazard of losing his ears,
Let him bring but his toll, and, to cover his shame,
I'll hide him i' th' hopper, and dip him i' th' dam.
Then make haste, &c.

If any hot zealots, or turbulent cits,
With tumults and riots run out of their wits,
For the toll I'll so tame 'em that they shall be all
Like flower of *Patience*, I'll grind 'em so small.
Then make haste, &c.

If you have e'er a fop that's proud of a string,
And fain would aspire to the throne of a king,
Bring him to my mill, I will presently show
If he's qualified for a monarch or no.
Then make haste, &c.

If you have e'er a slabbering lord that's a fool,
And sits in cabals three kingdoms to rule,
And stands for a statesman, I'll make him as able
As ever a helper in all his own stable.
Then make haste, &c.

If you have e'er a lord that used to preach
I' the top of a crab-tree, above all your reach,
And still the Lord's supper expos'd in lamb's wool,
Send him to my mill, I'll reform his skull.
Then make haste, &c.

If you have e'er a knight that's a knave and threadbare,
That deals in necklaces and such sort of ware,
And stole the best plot, now hides it in Bristol,
Bring him to my mill, I'll make him confess 't all.
Then make haste, &c.

If you have, or had, any shrieves that are Whigs,
That have cut off some heads, and are cutting off legs,
Bring them and their perjured juries together,
I'll turn 'em all round in my mill with the weather.
Then make haste, &c.

If you have any plots, either sham ones or true ones,
Bring out the contrivers, both black ones and blue ones;
I'll either refine 'em from all their past ill,
Or else I will strangle 'em all in my mill.
Then make haste, &c.

There's none so happy as we.

1685.

Come, let us be joyful and sing,
Great Britain will soon be at rest.
Here's a health to all those love the king,
Confusion to all the rest.
The rebels now crouch to our sway,
If any remaining there be;
Then let us be merry and gay,
Since none are so happy as we.

Then what cause have we to repine,
Since our nation is settled and strong?
Let every man drink off his wine,
Whilst rebels must hold their tongue.
Great Britain the world shall command,
Rest in love, peace, and unity;
Foreign nations amazed shall stand,
To see none so happy as we.

Then let us be merry, fill wine,
Let's drink while our money doth last;
The zealots have cause to repine,
Whilst we think not on dangers past.
Let each man discharge a full bumper;
Here's a health unto loyalty:
D———n shall light on each Rumper,
To see none so happy as we.

The damnable Whigs they do grumble
To see us so happy and great;
But they dare not speak plain, but do mumble,
Each Presbyter fears his just fate;
Whilst Tories quaff bumpers amain,
And under no nation they be:

We care not for France or for Spain,
  For none are so happy as we.

Now Tories may walk in the street,
  None to the contrary do say;
And if that a Whig we do meet,
  The Whig goes another way.
But, as is an usual thing,
  If one Tory another do see,
They go straight to the tavern and sing
  There's none so happy as we.

Such strange alterations we've seen
  In Britain within these few years;
There late such a tumult hath been,
  Caus'd loyalists shed many tears:
But now it is past and quite gone,
  I hope no more riots to see;
We've no cause ourselves to bemoan,
  For none are so happy as we.

Great Britain's blest monarch shall reign,
  Not fearing for to be supprest
By the fury of Spaniard or Dane,
  But undoubtedly now shall be blest.
If domestic tumults all cease,
  And plots discover'd all be,
Brave Englishmen may then sing in peace,
  There's none so happy as we.

Great York was despis'd by the rabble,
  Though he's a matchless brave prince,
While all did praise Perkin, that bauble,
  That puny in common sense:
But now they are quell'd, and do say,
  "We'll practice no disloyalty;"
And now the Whigs hang themselves may,
  Whilst none live so happy as we.

Some rebels were still left behind,
  Who fear'd neither justice nor laws,
But strove themselves to entwine
  In the d——d pernicious Old Cause:
But now they are all fled away,
  And they most unhappy now be;
Then surely we've great cause to say
  There's none so happy as we.

Then let this suffice, we have power,
All nations unto us shall bow.
Was England so happy before,
Or ever so glorious as now?
Now we have a most gracious prince,
By none this denied can be;
Then surely we're all blest, since
There's none so happy as we.

Patience Ward.

TUNE—"Hail to the Myrtle Shades."

ALL hail to London fair town!
Hail to the mayor and the shrieves!
Hail to the scarlet gown,
Whose sentence our *Patience* grieves!
Justice and law have prevail'd,
With *Patience* a verdict to find
'Gainst *Patience*, whose conscience fail'd.
Oh, *Patience!* why art so blind?

Patience, the joy of the town,
The comfort and hope of the crowd;
Patience, who got great renown
By perjury, lies, and fraud;
Patience, who ne'er had the heart
His sovereign's rights to maintain;
But *Patience* he had the art
To swear, and forswear again.

Patience for church and for state,
And *Patience* for meetings by stealth;
Patience, who would translate
The state to a commonwealth;
Whose zeal has his *Patience* betray'd,
To lie for the saints in distress;
Nay, though he's forsworn, 'tis said,
He swore he could do no less.

Patience, whose zeal did contrive
The Monument, figures, and spire,
That, while there's a Papist alive,
We may not forget the Fire.

The pillory now is his lot;
  He has rais'd such a flame with his crew,
That London is now too hot.
  Oh, *Patience!* where art thou now?

Patience, for zeal to the Cause,
  Did preach to the captives in jail;
Patience, with great applause,
  Gave large to an hospital:
To use now his money may lend,
  For Pomfret he'll never more stand,
Nor warrants for Thompson send,
  T' please Titus o' th' perjur'd band.

Patience, with collar of brass,
  To woful disasters did fall;
Patience, with copper face,
  And a conscience worse than all:
To Holland, to Holland he goes,
  For plainly now it appears,
That, in spite of all Whiggish laws,
  Ignoramus can't save his ears.

Some say that the saints may not swear,
  But lie ev'n as much as they can;
Yet *Patience,* in spite on 's ears,
  Will swear and forswear again.
That *Patience* should be so far lost,
  Alas! who with *Patience* can bear?
That a *saint* should be *knight o' th' post,*
  And an *elder* without an *ear.*

Let every good subject, with me,
  Who *Patience* a virtue doth praise,
Lest he fall into perjury,
  With *Patience* pray for more grace.
But now I with *Patience* have done,
  Lest with *Patience* I keep such a rout,
That astray more with *Patience* run,
  And weary your *Patience* out.

Hail to the Prince of the Plot.

TUNE—"Hail to the Myrtle Shades."

1685.

HAIL to the Prince of the Plot!
  All hail to the Knight of the Post!
Poor Titus! 'tis now thy lot
  To pay for all the roast.
From wine and six dishes a-day,
  'Tis sure a deplorable fate
To fall to the basket, and pray
  For an alms through an iron grate.

Did Titus swear true for the king,
  And is the good doctor forsworn?
Did Titus our freedom bring,
  And Oates in Newgate mourn?
Was Titus the light of the town,
  The saviour and guardian proclaim'd,
And now the poor doctor is thrown
  To a dungeon, in darkness damn'd?

But now to declare the cause,
  I'll tell you as brief as I can:
The doctor can't, in the close,
  Prove Titus an honest man.
Can Titus be true to the king,
  From treason and treachery set free,
When the doctor hangs in a string,
  For plotting and perjury?

For damage the doctor has done,
  Poor Titus has got in the poind,
Till the doctor produce the sum
  Of full thirty thousand pounds.
If you knew on what damnable score
  Such perilous words he brought forth,
You'd say his false *Tongue* cost more
  Than ever his head was worth.

The doctor an evidence
  Against our great duke came in;

Nay, such was his insolence,
  He impeach'd our gracious queen:
For which such indictments are brought,
  Such actions of scandal crowd in,
That Titus could wish, it is thought,
  He were out of the doctor's skin.

Nay, further, while Titus swore
  For the safety and life of the king,
The doctor began to roar,
  And he belch'd out his poisonous sting.
The doctor for Titus may stretch,
  H' has so brought his business about,
That, without the kind help of Ketch,
  It's fear'd he will scarcely get out.

Through sixteen close keyholes, 'tis plain,
  Invisible Titus did pass;
And the doctor got back again,
  To catch a great Don at mass:
But now they are both in the trap;
  'Tis a wager but Jack in the fields,
Though Titus may chance to escape,
  Has the doctor fast by the heels.

Honest Redcoat.

TUNE—"Tom of Bedlam."

1685.

"MAKE room for an honest Redcoat,
  "And that, you'll say, is wonder;
"The gun and the blade are his tools, and his trade
  "Is for pay to kill and plunder.
    "Then away with the laws and the Good Old Cause!
      "Ne'er talk o' th' Rump or the Charter:
    "'Tis cash that does the feat, all the rest's but a cheat;
      "Without that there's no faith nor quarter.

"'Tis the mark of our coin, *God with us*,
  "And the grace of God goes along wi't:
"When the Georges are flown, then the cause goes down,
  "For the Lord is departed from it.
      "Then away with the laws," &c.

For Rome or for Geneva,
  For the table or the altar,
This spawn of a vote he cares not a groat:
  For the pence he's yours in a halter.
    Then away with the laws, &c.

Though the *name* of *lord* or *bishop*
  To nostrils pure may be loathsome,
Yet many there are that agree with the mayor,
  That their *lands* are wondrous toothsome.
    Then away with the laws, &c.

"When our masters are poor, we leave 'em;
  "'Tis the golden calf we bow to:
"We kill and we slay, not for conscience, but pay;
  "Give us that, we'll fight for you too.
    "Then away with the laws, &c.

"Drunken Dick was a lame Protector,
  "And Fleetwood a backslider:
"These we serv'd as the rest; but the city's the beast
  "That will never cast her rider.
    "Then away with the laws," &c.

Then the mayor holds the stirrup,
  And the shrieves cry, "God save your honours!"
Then 'tis but a jump, and up goes the Rump,
  That will spur to the devil upon us.
    Then away with the laws, &c.

When your plate is gone, and your jewels,
  You next must be entreated
To part with your bags, and strip you to rags,
  And yet not think you're cheated.
    Then away with the laws, &c.

The truth is, the town deserves it;
  'Tis a brainless heartless monster:
At a club they may bawl, and declare at the hall,
  And yet, at a push, not one stir.
    Then away with the laws, &c.

Sir Arthur vows he'll treat 'em
  Far worse than the men at Chester:
He's bold, now they're cow'd, but was nothing so loud,
  When he lay in the ditch at Leicester.
    Then away with the laws, &c.

"The Lord hath left John Lambert,
"And the Spirit Feak's anointed;
"But why, O Lord, hast thou sheath'd thy sword?
"Lo, thy saints are disappointed!
"Then away with the laws, &c.

"Though Sir Henry be departed,
"Sir John makes good the place now;
"And to help out the work of the glorious Kirk,
"Our brethren march apace now.
"Then away with the laws, &c.

"While divines and statesmen wrangle,
"Let the Rump-ridden nation bite on't:
"There are none but we that are sure to go free,
"For the soldier's still in the right on't.
"Then away with the laws, &c.

"Your masters won't supply us
"With money, food, and clothing:
"Let the state look to't, we'll find one that will do't;
"We will not damn for nothing.
"Then away with the laws and the Good Old Cause!
"Ne'er talk of the Rump or the Charter:
"'Tis the cash that does the feat, all the rest's but a cheat;
"Without that there's no faith nor quarter."

The Western Rebel.

TUNE—"Packington's Pound."

1685.

SEE, the vizor's pull'd off, and the zealots are arming,
For our old Egypt plagues, the Whig locusts, are swarming;
The true Protestant Perkin in lightning has spoke,
And already begins to evanish in smoke.
Little Jemmy's launch'd o'er
From the old Holland shore,
Where Shaftsbury march'd to the devil before.
The old game's a-beginning; for high shoes and clowns
Are turning state-tinkers for mending of crowns.

Let his desperate frenzy to ruin spur on;
The rebel too late, and madam too soon:

But politic noddles, without wit or reason,
When empty of brains, have the more room for treason.
Ambition bewitches
Through bogs and through ditches,
Like a Will-with-a-wisp; for the bastard blood itches,
And the bully sets up, with high shoes and clowns,
A true Protestant tinker for mending of crowns.

Let him banter religion, that old stale pretence
For traitors to mount on the neck of their prince;
But clamour and nonsense no longer shall fright us,
Our wits are restor'd by the flogging of Titus.
Their canting delusion,
And bills of exclusion,
No longer shall sham the mad world to confusion:
The old cheat's too gross; and no more bores and clowns,
For perching on thrones and profaning of crowns.

So the great murder'd Charles, our church, freedom, and laws,
Were all martyrs of old to the sanctified Cause:
Whilst gospel and heaven were the popular name,
The firebrands of hell were all light from that flame.
Reformation once tun'd,
Let religion but sound;
When that kirk-bagpipe plays, all the devils dance round.
But the whining tub-cheat shall no longer go down;
No more kings on scaffolds, and knaves on a throne.

Let his hot-brain'd ambition, with his renegade loons,
Mount the son of the people for lord of three crowns;
The impostor on one hand, and traitor on t'other,
Set up his false title, as crack'd as his mother:
But whilst, peacock proud,
He struts and talks loud,
The head of the rabble and idol o' th' crowd,
From his false borrow'd plumes and his hopes of a crown,
To his black feet below let th' aspirer look down.

Then let him march on with his politic poll,
To perch up his head by old Bradshaw and Noll,
Whilst the desperate Jehu is driving headlong
To visit the relics of Tommy Armstrong:
For there's vengeance a-working,
To give him a jerking,
And humble the pride of poor little Perkin.
Great James his dread thunder shall th' idol pull down,
Whilst our hands, hearts, and swords, are all true to the crown.

The Loyal Irishman.

TUNE—"Irish Trot, or Fingal Jig."

1685.

My bonny dear Shony, my crony, my honey,
  Why dost thou grumble, and keep in thy words so?
Sighing and crying, and groaning and frowning,
  Ah! why dost thou still lay thy hand on thy sword so?
What if the traitors will talk of state matters,
  And rail at the king without cause or reason?
We'll love on, and let business alone,
  For billing and kissing can ne'er be found treason.

Plotting and sotting, and railing and fooling,
  God's nouns! with the rabble is now all the fashion;
Swearing and tearing, caballing and brawling,
  By Chreest and St Patrick, 'twill ruin the nation!
He's but a Widgeon that talks of religion,
  Since rebels are now the reformers and teachers.
Sodom's disciple debauches the people:
  Good Heaven, defend us from more of such preachers!

Visions, seditions, and railing petitions,
  The rabble receive, and are wondrous merry;
All can remember the fifth of November,
  But no man the thirtieth of January.
Talking of treason without any reason,
  Will lose the poor city its bountiful charter;
The commons haranguing will bring them to hanging,
  Though each puppy hopes to be knight of the garter.

Clayton and Payton, Papillion that villain,
  With Cornish and Ward, are the monarchy-hunters;
These rascals too low are to lodge in the Tower,
  And scarcely are fitting to fill up the Compter.
Bethel is fled too, and Tony is dead too:
  Our fate, to befriend us, made bold to strike, sir;
Routed the bigot, and pull'd out the spigot.
  His fame and his body now stink all alike, sir.

The Plot is rent and torn.

TUNE—"Joan's Placket."

1685.

HAVE you not heard of knaves
  That ne'er will be forgot,
Who, for to make us slaves,
  Did hatch a Pagan plot?
But now 'tis rent, the parliament
  Hath rent the plot in twain;
For the plot is rent and torn,
  And will never be mended again.
'Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent,
  'Tis rent and torn in twain;
The plot is rent and torn,
  And will never be mended again.

Fitz-Harris, Hetherington,
  With Bedloe, Smith, and Prance,
The doctor, in his gown,
  Did gravely lead the dance;
But now the prig another jig
  To dance, alas! is fain,
For the plot is rent and torn,
  And will never be mended again.
    'Tis rent and torn, &c.

Then Dugdale was a saint,
  Till he the cause forsook,
And Dangerfield did rant,
  In person of a duke.
With Cummins, too, a perjur'd crew
  Came swearing o'er the main,
Who the plot so rent and tore,
  That will never be mended again.
    'Tis rent and torn, &c.

But now the doctor's flogg'd,
  And 's grac'd the pill'ry twice,
With chains and fetters clogg'd,
  For his curs'd perjuries;
And Dangerfield, for all his skill,
  Is caught in the same chain;

For the plot is rent and torn,
  And will never be mended again.
    'Tis rent and torn, &c.

The joiner, for his zeal,
  Did penance in a string;
To save the commonweal,
  The doctor next will swing,
And all the gang in order hang,
  That would their plots maintain;
For the plot is rent and torn,
  And will never be mended again.
    'Tis rent and torn, &c.

Argyle, the rebel Scot,
  With all the factious crew,
Their bloody arms had got,
  But see what did ensue:
For all his hope, he found a rope
  Did quickly end his reign;
For the plot's so rent and torn,
  That 'twill never be mended again.
    'Tis rent and torn, &c.

Now royal James is plac'd
  Upon his father's throne,
With ev'ry virtue grac'd
  That can adorn the crown:
His foes shall fly, the Whigs shall cry,
  "Our hopes are all in vain;
"For the plot is rent and torn,
  "And will never be mended again.
    "'Tis rent and torn," &c.

To him kind Heaven has sent
  (Heaven's bounteous gift alone)
A royal parliament,
  To fix him on the throne;
Who shall our king in every thing,
  And his due rights maintain;
For the plot is rent and torn,
  But will never be mended again.
    'Tis rent and torn, &c.

This parliament did vote
  The king a royal sum,

Which shall his name promote
  Above all Christendom,
And overcome his foes at home,
  Who shew their teeth in vain;
For the plot is rent and torn,
  And will never be mended again.
    'Tis rent and torn, &c.

May such a parliament
  Support the royal cause,
To give its friends content,
  And to subdue its foes.
Since all the plot is gone to pot,
  The king in peace shall reign;
For the plot is rent and torn,
  And will never be mended again.
    'Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent,
      'Tis rent and torn in twain;
    The plot is rent and torn,
      And will never be mended again.

A New Litany.

TUNE—"Cavalilly Man."

1685.

FROM the tap the guts of the honourable stump,
From which runs rebellion that stinks like the Rump,
On purpose to leaven the whole factious lump,
  Libera nos, Domine.
From him that aspires as high as the crown,
And vows to pull popes and cathedrals down,
Fit only to govern the world in the moon,
  Libera nos, Domine.

From the prick-ear'd Levite, that can, without pain,
Swear *black* into *white*, then unswear it again,
Whose name did design him a villain in grain,
  Libera nos, Domine.
From his Black-bills and Pilgrims, with sickles in hand,
That came over to make a religious band,
Then ravish our wives and inhabit our land,
  Libera nos, Domine.

From the *cent. per cent.* scrivener and all his queer tricks,
That cries out *Intemperance,* and yet will not stick
To clear a young spendthrift's estate at a lick,
Libera nos, Domine.
From the force and the fire of the insolent rabble,
That would hurl the government into a Babel,
And from the nice fare of the mouse-starver's table,
Libera nos, Domine.

From Jenkins's homilies drawn through the nose,
From Langley, Dick, Baldwin, and all such as those,
From brawny Settle's *poems* in *prose,*
Libera nos, Domine.
From a surfeit occasion'd by Protestant feasts,
From sedition for sauce, and republican guests,
With treason for grace-cup, or faction at least,
Libera nos, Domine.

From all the blind zeal of democrat tools,
From Whigland and all its anarchical rules,
Devised by knaves, and imposed on fools,
Libera nos, Domine.
From the late times reviv'd, when religion was gain,
And church-plate was seiz'd for relics profane,
Since practis'd by searching Sir William again,
Libera nos, Domine.

From such reformation where zealots begun
To preach heaven must by firm bulwark be won,
From *Te Deum* sung from the mouth of a gun,
Libera nos, Domine.
From saucy petitions that serve to inflame us,
From all who for the Association are famous,
From the devil, the doctor, and damn'd Ignoramus,
Libera nos, Domine.

The Constitution restored, in 1711.

TUNE—"Mortimer's Hole."

LET's joy in the medal with James the Third's face,
And the advocates that pleaded for him:
Though the nation renounces the whole Popish race,
Great Lewis of France will restore him.

Health to the new colonels and captains so pretty,
  With S——lk, and the rest of the train, sir,
Who play'd through the city the High-churchmen's ditty,
  "The king shall his own have again, sir."

What though we did swear to the Protestant heir,
  And roundly abjur'd the Pretender?
Our oaths must give place to the true royal race,
  Or our high faith will want a defender.
Who would not rejoice at the turn of the state,
  Which rescued our old constitution?
From that happy period we joyfully date
  The fall of the curs'd Revolution.

To begin with resistance, Sacheverel did say,
  'Tis the doctrine of devils and hell, sir;
But passive obedience does now bear the sway,
  As the wise Irish bishops can tell, sir.
Hereditary right, which sav'd James the Just
  From the damnable bill of exclusion,
Will bring in his son, as High-churchmen do trust,
  To the Hanover house's confusion.

And to shew that the Jacobite interest rises,
  To High-churchmen's great consolation,
The Pretender's medals do bear double prizes,
  And his friends are in high reputation.
While thus our brave priesthood, with vigilant care,
  Our factions and ferments do nourish,
Old Lewis is sure to succeed in the war,
  And his grandson's sceptre must flourish.

The Dutch shall be ruin'd, the Whigs shall be damn'd,
  And Austria's house be confounded;
The Gauls shall rejoice, while our allies are shamm'd,
  And our quarrels with France are compounded.
Now Prior and M——r, with pistoles in great store,
  From France are arrived at Dover;
And Abel may roar till his lungs are quite sore,
  That there can be no need of Hanover.

Great treaties like ours must infallibly bear,
  Since the persons employ'd are so able;
Though one was a drawer, and t'other, some swear,
  Was the politic groom of a stable:
Yet they're guided by one who is very well known,
  And a thorough-pac'd statesman is reckon'd.

In the Rad—r address the Whigs he knock'd down
  With the 12th of King Charles the Second.

Thus bravely he fights their lewd bill of rights,
  And baffles their damn'd Revolution:
By statutes repeal'd, non-resistance he heal'd,
  And to High-church he gave absolution.
Wide open to all a subscription-book stands,
  With some advocates at Edinburgh,
Where Perkin's true friends do set to their hands;
  If he'll come, they'll receive him to-morrow.

Good Mr Dundas has given him a pass,
  The kingdom of Scotland to enter;
And the duchess of Gordon, that brave Popish lass,
  Does swear by the mass he may venture.
By such great examples all people will find
  That the Jacobites are in no peril
For the prince at St Germains to speak out their mind,
  Or to drink a full bumper to Sorrel.

Thus Lesley and Hicks, with their politic tricks,
  Have gain'd on the sense of the nation.
The Dissenters are troubled to find themselves troubled,
  For *indulgence* is no *toleration*.
Their barns are burnt down, and their teachers are damn'd,
  For preaching in tubs without orders:
The silly Low-church will be left in the lurch,
  And the Scotch Kirk drove out of our borders.

Let schismatics pine, let republicans whine,
  And henceforth abandon these nations;
While Tories rejoice, and cry with one voice,
  Obedience without limitations.
Let our trade go to wreck, and all our stocks sink,
  While our High-church rides safe from all danger;
Since land's above money, we've reason to think,
  The queen's brother will conquer the stranger.

Let the Whigs that love trade the South-Sea invade,
  And there we will give 'em debentures,
For the money they've lent, till the whole sum be spent,
  And a spunge wipe out all their adventures.
They shall have for director their German elector,
  Who certainly will not play booty:
He's too much in the stock the project to shock.
  Good Princess Sophia, adieu t'ye.

APPENDIX.

PART II.

Whig Songs.

Fifth of November.

TUNE—"Lillibulero."

THIS is the blest'd day which a plot did betray,
To blow up our king and our parliament too;
When Papists and Atheists did scamper away,
And durst not perform what they swore they would do.
The Gunpowder Plot shall ne'er be forgot,
Nor James's intriguing with France and with Rome:
Let's always remember the fifth of November,
When Papists and tyrants did twice meet their doom.

Faux, with his dark lanthorn, was caught by the neck,
As he was preparing to blow up the train,
That so both our church and our state he might wreck,
And bring us to Popery and slavery again.
The Gunpowder Plot, &c.

Faux, Piercy, and Rockwood, with Rome's other saints,
Her Stanleys, her Garnets, her Digbys, her Wrights,
Her Owens, her Winters, her Catesbys, and Grants,
They revell'd by day, and they plotted a-nights.
The Gunpowder Plot, &c.

Her Gerards, her Tesmunds, her Halls, and her Kays,
Her Baldwins, her Bates, and her Trehams, combin'd,
The power of the Pope and the Spaniards to raise,
That they might restore the High-church to their mind.
The Gunpowder Plot, &c.

Some did themselves murder, and others were shot;
Some were burnt with powder, for others prepar'd;
Some couples were hang'd for this damnable plot:
Great pity it was that any were spar'd.
The Gunpowder Plot, &c.

What Rome thus had lost in James the First's reign,
In that of the Second she hop'd to retrieve,
'Cause France was more strong to support her than Spain;
But once more the fates did the harlot deceive.
The Gunpowder Plot, &c.

For William from Holland with forces came o'er,
And this blessed day in Great Britain did land,
To save us from France and from Rome's bloody whore,
And James ran for shelter to *Lewis le Grand*.
The Gunpowder Plot, &c.

Thus, though we were almost undone by the dad,
As millions still living do well understand,
French Tories and Papists a thing call'd his lad
Would fain have govern and rule o'er this land.
But the Gunpowder Plot shall ne'er be forgot,
Nor James's intriguing with France and with Rome:
Let's ever remember the fifth of November,
And may all our Perkinites have their just doom.

Song on the Thirtieth of January 1696.

TUNE—"The Quaker's Wife."

THERE was a king of Scottish race,
A man of muckle might, O,
Was never seen in battles great,
But greatly he would —— O.
This king begot another king,
Which made the nation sad, O,
Was of the same religion,
An Atheist like his dad, O.

This monarch wore a picked beard,
And seem'd a doughty hero,
As Dioclesian innocent,
And merciful as Nero:

The church's darling instrument,
  But scourge of all the people;
He swore he'd make each mother's son
  Adore their idol steeple.

But they, perceiving his designs,
  Grew plaguy shy and jealous,
And timely chopt his calf's head off,
  And sent him to his fellows.
Old Rowley did succeed his dad;
  Such a king was never seen, O:
He'd mell with every dirty drab,
  But never with his queen, O.

His dogs at council-board would sit,
  Like judges in their furs, O;
'Twas hard to say which had most wit,
  The monarch or his curs, O.
At last he died, we know not how,
  But most think by his brother:
His soul to royal Tophet went,
  To see his dad and mother.

The furious James usurp'd the throne,
  To pull religion down, O;
But by his wife and priest undone,
  He quickly lost his crown, O.
To France the wandering monarch trudg'd,
  In hopes relief to find, O,
Which he is like to have from thence,
  Even when the devil's blind, O.

O! how should we rejoice and pray,
  And never cease to sing, O,
If bishops too were chas'd away,
  And banish'd with their king, O!
Then peace and plenty would ensue,
  Our bellies would be full, O,
Th' enliven'd isle would laugh and smile,
  As in the days of Noll, O.

A Health.

TUNE—"The Mug, the Mug."

WHEN Tories and parsons do cant and pray,
And spit their dull malice on us, on us,
Let's remember the cause that occasion'd the day,
And drink a good health to old Puss, old Puss.*
When priests of rebellion and treason do prate,
And wail for their monarch's ill luck, ill luck,
Confront 'em with vagabond James's fate,
And put 'em in mind of the stroke they struck.

When oppression increases, and hopes grow less,
When tyrants unbridled their subjects vex,
Let's cheer up ourselves with the happy success
That once did attend on the ax, the ax.
Then freedom and peace did in triumph appear,
As soon as the glorious deed was done
Our fathers perform'd; and why should we fear
To follow what they have so well begun?

Moses of old, when the Jews despair'd
How they should threatening dangers shun,
Buoy'd up their faith by the wonders they'd heard
Had by their fathers been done, been done.
But we have better examples in store:
When power with liberty won't accord,
We'll follow the pattern they set us before,
And deliver ourselves from the sword, the sword.

Then fill up the glass to the daring hand
Which bravely finish'd the just design,
And stain'd with tyrannical blood the sand,
While murmuring Scots repine, repine.
About with 't again to the hand and cause
That gave us occasion to revel thus.
Confusion to those who shall dare to refuse
To drink a good health to old Puss, old Puss.

* Alias *the Good Old Cause.*

King William's Birth-Day.

TUNE—"Lillibulero."

LET's sing the brave hero whom Heaven did ordain
To quell wicked tyrants, and nations set free;
Who humbled proud Lewis, and cut through the chain
That he made for the people of every degree.
Hero, hero, sing the brave hero,
William the glorious, the gallant Nassau,
The hero who sav'd us when James had enslav'd us,
The hero who sav'd our religion and law.

French Lewis did league with Popish King James,
The Protestants all over the world to destroy;
The Tyber did threaten to swallow the Thames,
That Papists our posts and estates might enjoy.
Hero, hero, &c.

King James did us threaten with his Irish host,
And Papist on church, state, and armies obtrude;
The Jesuits, and Rome's other leeches, did boast
That they should be glutted with heretic blood.
Hero, hero, &c.

King James sent our Protestant bishops to th' Tower,
And all our good clergy had Smithfield in view;
Great swarms of Rome's locusts did hope to devour
Those who to religion prov'd stedfast and true.
Hero, hero, &c.

King James, for advancing his Catholic cause,
Our colleges, benches, and pulpits did fill
With Papists, that so our religion and laws
Might both be new-modell'd and tun'd to his will.
Hero, hero, &c.

King James seis'd our charters and garbled our towns,
That he might have parliament at his command;
Our lords and our gentry, by bribes and by frowns,
He would have persuaded for Popery to stand.
Hero, hero, &c.

James cut-throats made judges, and juries did pack,
  That he might dispose of estates and of lives;
And that all might be ready the nation to wreck,
  His priests were to bill with our daughters and wives.
    Hero, hero, &c.

By whippings and tortures, exorbitant fines,
  Knives, axes, and halters, and wresting of law,
James murder'd our laymen and lash'd our divines,
  And swore he would keep us for ever in awe.
    Hero, hero, &c.

The nation no longer the tyrant could bear,
  But bravely resolv'd for great Orange to call:
Even those who to passive obedience did swear,
  Sent for him to rescue the nation from thrall.
    Hero, hero, &c.

The tyrant, alarm'd, like a coward did quake,
  As soon as he heard that brave William would come;
He cring'd and he flatter'd, he own'd his mistake,
  And promis'd our rights to restore, all and some.
    Hero, hero, &c.

But James, when he heard that a tempest dispers'd
  Part of the Dutch fleet, did alter his mind.
His promises all, old and new, were revers'd;
  For oaths made to heretics never can bind.
    Hero, hero, &c.

The gallant Nassau, when the wind turn'd about,
  Pursued his design, and in Britain did land;
When James march'd against him with his Popish rout,
  And at Salisbury Plain he did threaten a stand.
    Hero, hero, &c.

When our Protestant troops and commanders then saw
  That James at the nation's destruction did aim,
Abandon'd by daughters and both sons-in-law,
  To stand by him longer they thought it a shame.
    Hero, hero, &c.

The tyrant's heart ach'd, and his nose it did bleed,
  So James thought it proper his flight to begin;
Then back he did gallop, with horse at full speed,
  And soon was pull'd down from the throne for his sin.
    Hero, hero, &c.

Thus Orange, like Cæsar, came, saw, and did conquer:
His foes were dispers'd like a mist by the wind,
And James went to France with his warming-pan younker.
Oh! that he had ne'er left a Tory behind!
Hero, hero, &c.

Let's sing the brave prince who Great Britain did save,
And rescued her darling, the glorious Queen Anne,
Whom Papists and Tories would send to her grave,
And adopt dada's brat from the French warming-pan.
Hero, hero, &c.

Let's sound William's fame, and his memory advance,
In songs of high triumph, again and again;
The hero who lower'd the ambition of France,
And neither allow'd her the Indies nor Spain.
Hero, hero, &c.

May Hanover prosper, whom great William chose
To finish what he and brave Anne had begun:
As we drove out King James, spite of Lewis's nose,
Let's keep the true daughter and hang the false son.
Hero, hero, &c.

For the youngster, to prove himself of the right line,
King James in whatever is bad will exceed;
And then it is easy for us to divine,
Hanover's protection we sadly shall need.
Hero, hero, &c.

Then curs'd be those priests, and those laymen to boot,
That with this succession so gladly would part!
May our laws them pursue, and cut off branch and root,
While Hanover's nearest her majesty's heart.
Hero, hero, sing the brave hero,
William the glorious, the gallant Nassau;
Who, that he might save us from those who'd enslave us,
Hanover's succession establish'd by law.

Haste over, Hanover, fast as you can over.

TUNE—"Lillibulero."

A PLOT's now on foot, look about, English boys,
  Blow up the plotters as soon as you can;
A plot which our Hanover's title destroys,
  And shakes the high throne of our glorious Queen Anne.
    Over, over, Hanover, over,
      Haste, and assist our queen and our state;
    Haste over, Hanover, fast as you can over,
      And put in your claim before 'tis too late.

A bargain our queen made with her good friends
  The States, to uphold the Protestant line:
If the plot does succeed, that bargain then ends,
  As well as her majesty's gallant design.
    Over, over, &c.

A creature there is that goes by more names
  Than ever an honest man could, should, or would;
And I wish we don't find him an arrant King James,
  Whenever he peeps out from under his hood.
    Over, over, &c.

A certain great lord to a monastery went,
  To visit the mother of him aforesaid:
He wish'd her much joy, and he left her content,
  With a dainty fine plot about to be laid.
    Over, over, &c.

What kind of a plot I think we may guess,
  So welcome must be to her and her lad;
And let any man say it, if we can do less
  Than be very sorry, when they're very glad.
    Over, over, &c.

Whoe'er is in place, I care not a fig,
  Nor will I decide 'twixt High-church and Low:
'Tis now no dispute between Tory and Whig,
  But, whether a Popish successor or no?
    Over, over, &c.

Our honest allies this plot do explain,
  Of which our French foes so loudly do boast;
But I hope, though they reckon Great Britain to gain,
  They reckon without consulting their host;
        Over, over, &c.

Or else we must bid farewell to our trade,
  Whatever fine tales some people have told:
For if they succeed in the plot they have laid,
  We shall send out no wool, and bring home no gold.
        Over, over, &c.

Let's fill up a bumper with brave racy wine,
  To Princess Sophia, th' elector, and all
The Protestant princes of that noble line:
  Before 'em may Popery and tyranny fall.
    Over, over, Hanover, over,
      Haste, and assist our queen and our state;
    Haste over, Hanover, fast as you can over,
      And put in your claim before 'tis too late.

Loyalty Displayed; or, An Answer to that Rebellious Song called The Constitution Restored in 1711.

TUNE—"Mortimer's Hole."

CONFOUND all the medals with James the Third's face,
  And rebels that pleaded his cause!
In England we value no spurious race,
  As being against all our laws.

The colonels you prate, they don't do their duty;
  S—lk cannot tell Velvet from Bays:
And your captain in battle will never get booty,
  Nor merit a soldier's true praise.

We'll ever be true to the Protestant heir,
  And ever abjure the Pretender;
For the thoughts of a bastard we cannot now bear,
  Since Anne is our glorious defender.

We all do rejoice at the turn of the state,
  Which rescued our old constitution,

Or else we had felt again Forty-eight,
  That damnable curs'd revolution.

Denying resistance Sacheverel disown'd,
  When he by his judges was tried;
And passive obedience he own'd to this crown,
  Which made it so well on his side.

Hereditary right in Anne is her due;
  The parliament all knows the same:
So Perkin be curs'd, with all his damn'd crew;
  Hanover shall flourish with fame.

For the Jacobites' favour we do not care,
  Whilst High-church does manage the nation;
So the medals of Perkin no price here shall bear,
  Nor his friends be in high reputation.

Our priesthood true doctrine the people will teach,
  The people will Lewis pull down;
So the allies sha'n't perish whilst they do beseech
  Both succour and aid from our crown.

No pistoles can tempt us t' exclude the right line
  Of Hanover from his just right;
Both Drawers and Grooms shall nobly combine
  Against the Pretender to fight.

We have statutes enough to vindicate us
  And the Eighty-eight Revolution,
Whilst Edinburgh people all take it too thus,
  And praise their blest constitution.

There's Moore, and also that noble peer
  Who gave in the Radnor address,
Will tumble down Low-church in less than a year,
  To Great Britain's full happiness.

There's Mr Dundas for the medal will pay,
  The duchess of Gordon also.
The Pretender's a son of a ——— I do say,
  And Sorrel to the devil may go.

Nay, Lesley and Hicks are both in the right,
  For writing against toleration:
So High-church shall flourish in the Whigs' spite,
  Yet the Scotch shall have Kirk in their nation.

Indeed the republican party we'll tame,
  And keep you within limitation.
Our trade it shall flourish, to Great Britain's fame,
  And happiness of the whole nation.

The trading at South-Sea will credit restore,
  Debentures will be ready coin.
The Princess Sophia we all will adore,
  And against all our enemies join.

The French King's Thanks and Advice to the Tory Members and Ministers.

TUNE—"Lillibulero."

WELL play'd, my dear friends, for the Catholic cause;
You manage it bravely by learning my laws.
What should Whigs do with power to oppose such as you?
To the right line and Lewis be faithful and true.
  Hang law and liberty! Damn law and liberty!
    Make law and liberty truckle to you:
  'Tis your Tory privilege, my French prerogative,
    All law and liberty quite to subdue.

You must seize their old rights, without shadow of wrong,
Who of his have deprived your Jemmy so long.
Your electors would be your kings, if you'd let 'em;
But our wooden shoes will far better fit 'em.
  Hang law, &c.

Always tell the people 'tis for them and the church;
But when you are chosen, then leave 'em i' th' lurch.
Learn 'em this, and they swallow transubstantiation;
Then mount their blind faith, and ride the tame nation.
  Hang law, &c.

You must stick at no lying or swearing whatever;
You need not want money to treat 'em, as never.
As you've flatter'd and brib'd to the height for their votes,
You then fell at their feet, now fly at their throats.
  Hang law, &c.

Here's my purse, to answer your charges and pains,
And to bind your elector in French golden chains:
As now they are bound, so make them obey,
Or shew 'em to Newgate or Tyburn the way.
Hang law, &c.

Tell the sheepish Dissenters, they, without any care,
May depend for their safety on God and their prayer;
Or if thrown out of places, and thrown into jails,
'Twill but speed 'em to heaven with forwarder gales.
Hang law, &c.

For the Whigs that refus'd ye, remember their poll,
And my Frenchified friends who shall dare to control?
But if some will to law, like the Aylesbury men,
You must lay 'em in jail, and their counsel gain.
Hang law, &c.

If you get the petitions once happily ended,
The queen and the laws will be thereby befriended;
Then model the rights of the voters, and then
Always you or your friends will be parliament-men.
Hang law, &c.

But what if you make this to be your last choice?
Should brutes in their carriage and sense have a voice?
Why not set up at once for eternal dictators,
And put into practice what is in your natures?
Hang law, &c.

Now you've paid for their votes, you may honestly seize 'em,
So of trouble and care in their choosing you'll ease 'em.
Their own money tack'd to a well-framed bill
Will soon make all truckle and bow to your will.
Hang law, &c.

Then Rome and High-church will entirely unite,
For Laud and L'Estrange make the difference slight.
Should abbey-lands go, we'll make their estates
To pay for't who will not drive on at our rates.
Hang law, &c.

We'll bring in young Jemmy, and raise his arrears
By plunder and taxes on all mutineers.
Low-church and Dissenter that will not comply,
Shall be fin'd, whipp'd, imprison'd, starv'd, banish'd, and die.
Hang law, &c.

French, Scots, Irish arms shall together combine
With brave English Jack, to restore the right line;
In a new triple league, France, Britain, and Spain,
O'er all the known world shall absolute reign.
Hang law, &c.

Your Jemmy shall places and honours bestow,
Which to my fast friends for his throne he shall owe,
And shall make them descend, as the crown which he wears,
In despite of all claim, to you and your heirs.
Hang law and liberty! Damn law and liberty!
Make law and liberty truckle to you:
'Tis your Tory privilege, my French prerogative,
All law and liberty quite to subdue.

The Age of Wonders.

TUNE—"Chevy Chace."

THE year of wonders is arriv'd,
The devil has learn'd to dance,
The church from danger just retriev'd
By help brought in from France.

Nature's run mad, and madmen rule;
The world's turn'd upside down;
Tumult puts in to keep the peace,
And Popery the crown.

In all the ages of the world,
Such wonders ne'er were seen;
Papists cry out for th' English church,
And rabbles for the queen.

The pulpit thunders death and war,
To heal the bleeding nation,
And sends Dissenters to the de'il,
To keep the toleration.

The High-church clergy, mounted high,
Like sons of Jehu drive,
And over true religion ride,
To keep the church alive.

The furiosos of the church
  Come foremost like the wind,
And moderation, out of breath,
  Comes trotting on behind.

The realm from danger to secure,
  To foreign aid we cry;
With Papists and Nonjurors join,
  To keep out Popery.

King William on our knees we curse,
  And damn the Revolution;
And to preserve the nation's peace,
  We study its confusion.

With treacherous heart and double tongue,
  Both parties we adhere to;
Pray for the side we swear against,
  And curse the side we swear to.

To heaven we for our sovereign pray,
  And take the abjuration,
But take it hocus-pocus way,
  With juggling reservation.

Sachev'rel-like, with double face,
  We pray for our defender;
To good Queen Anne make vile grimace,
  But drink to the Pretender.

With Presbyterians we unite,
  And Protestant succession;
And if the devil came for both,
  We'd give him free possession.

Our scheme of politics is wise;
  Good Lord! that you'd but read it!
'T pulls Marlbro' down to beat the French,
  And th' bank to keep our credit.

Because our treasurer was just,
  And house of commons hearty,
And neither would betray their trust,
  Or sell us to a party;

Our business is, that neither may
  Their places long abide in,

But get some chosen in their room,
  Whom no man can confide in;

Who shall deserve your mighty praise,
  For fund, and eke for loan,
And may the nation's credit raise,
  But never can their own.

Because declaring rights to reign,
  Our parliaments have part in,
We'll have the queen that claim disown,
  For one's that's more uncertain.

The restoration to make plain,
  That Perkin mayn't miscarry,
We've wisely wheedled up the queen
  To right hereditary.

The dignity of parliaments
  The stronger to imprint in's,
We hug the priest whom we condemn,
  And ridicule their sentence.

In order to discourage mobs,
  And keep the people quiet,
The rabblers we condemn for form,
  But not a rogue shall die yet.

The duke of Marlborough to requite
  For retrieving English honour,
His duchess shall have all the spite
  That fools can put upon her.

For battles fought, and towns reduc'd,
  And Popish armies broken,
And that our English gratitude
  May t' future times be spoken;

While fighting for the nation, he
  Looks danger in the face,
We strive t' insult his family,
  And load him with disgrace.

Because he's crown'd with victory,
  And all the people love him,
We hate the man for the success,
  And therefore will remove him.

And now we're stirring up the mob
  Against a new election,
That High-church members may be chose
  By our most wise direction.

That queens may parliaments dissolve,
  No doubt 'tis right and just;
But we have found it out, that now,
  Because she may, she must.

The bankrupt nation to restore,
  And pay the millions lent,
We'll at one dash wipe out the score
  With spunge of parliament.

Then we may carry on the war
  With neither fund nor *debet;*
And banks shall eat us up no more,
  Upon pretence of credit.

If not, we'll close with terms of peace
  Prescrib'd by France and Rome,
That war, being huddled up abroad,
  May then break out at home.

Tantivy Tory.

TUNE—"Lillibulero."

THERE are some of our high-flying gentlemen seem
  To be riding a full post-gallop to France;
Nor do they stop there, but jog on towards Rome,
  And riding tantivy, fast thither advance.
    "Tory, Tory, Tantivy Tory,
      "Who among men can drive faster than we?
    "With what we've begun we resolve to go on,
      "Our scheme, so well laid, ne'er abandon'd shall be."

By the steps which they take, they would let all men know
  That the Protestant line is nearest their heart;
And, whether the Whigs will believe them or no,
  They fear not to gull the blind mob by their art.
    "Tory, Tory," &c.

That these are true sons of the church does appear
By their actions, which all throughout Europe may view;
But whether of England or Rome? Some do fear,
To the former they're false, to the latter they're true.
" Tory, Tory, &c.

" To please our good master we shall not refuse
" To slander the Dutch and late ministry too;
" Their so much fam'd general we'll likewise abuse,
" But so order matters, that all shall seem true.
" Wonder, wonder, if e'er we knock under,
" Having such a kind master as *Louis le Grand*,
" Who will highly regard us and greatly reward us,
" If accomplish we can what we've taken in hand.

" Our policy's great, outdo us who can?
" We know how to bubble a nation that's wise.
" Though the Whigs us oppose, yet there is not a man
" Who can tell what we drive at when under disguise.
" Wonder, wonder, if e'er we knock under,
" Having such a kind master as Lewis the Great,
" Who will highly regard us and greatly reward us,
" If what we've begun we can fully complete.

" We'll forfeit our heads, but accomplish our ends,
" And bring in the Chevalier, whom we design.
" Great Lewis and he, being both our good friends,
"Will protect us from those who against us combine.
" Over, over, Chevalier, over,
" The schismatic Whigs against us combine:
" Haste over to Dover and baffle Hanover,
" With all that stand fast to the Protestant line."

Whether bribes or true love to the Catholic cause
Have these men induc'd to drive on at this rate,
Is hard to determine; but certain our laws
They treat like an almanack quite out of date.
Wonder, wonder, there's reason to wonder
That such men have 'scap'd the halter so long,
Who the cause have betray'd, and are not afraid
To do the good queen and the nation such wrong.

All true Englishmen who love their good queen
And their country, must needs be much griev'd
To see both abus'd as the like has ne'er been,
And such honour lost as can scarce be retriev'd.

Wonder, wonder, there's reason to wonder
  That such men as these 'scape the halter so long,
Who the cause have betray'd, and are not afraid
  To do their good queen and the nation such wrong.

Nothing but Truth.

TUNE—"A-begging we will go."

THERE was once a glorious queen
  That fill'd Great Britain's throne;
She fought for all her good allies,
  And to preserve her own,
    When a-fighting we did go, &c.

She had a certain general,
  That almost conquer'd France,
Both lov'd at home and fear'd abroad,
  Where'er he did advance:
    Then a-conquering we did go, &c.

At Blenheim, on the Danube,
  He did the empire save;
At Ramillies each Briton
  From being made a slave,
    When to Paris we did go, &c.

This queen, when she had sav'd thus
  All Europe from its fate,
She thought she must save France too,
  And thought it not too late,
    When to Utrecht we did go, &c.

We still had beat the French so,
  The queen most wisely thought
They were not worth the conquering,
  If they were not worth a groat;
    For to Utrecht we did go, &c.

To raise then a new conquest,
  Fit for her arms and fame,
Whate'er she'd won of France,
  She gave them up the same,
    When to Utrecht we did go, &c.

Let no one e'er reproach her
  That honour or that gain
Invited her to battle,
  For there she gave up Spain,
    When to Utrecht we did go, &c.

She gave up all in Europe
  For castles in the air;
Great Britain for the South Sea,
  And we may all go there,
    If a-trading we will go, &c.

She gave up all her honour,
  Her treaties, and her word,
In quitting of her allies;
  And Charles for James the Third:
    And to Lorrain we may go, &c.

What wondrous contradictions
  We of late times have seen!
A conquering, and a glorious,
  And yet a losing queen,
    When to Utrecht she did go, &c.

King Jemmy fights for England,
  Queen Anne did fight for France;
And he that at St James's
  His interest would advance,
    To Paris straight must go, &c.

Now who can sing her praises,
  For all her pity shown?
If Charles should lose the empire,
  And James should have his own,
    Then a-whistling we may go, &c.

If France should take away our trade,
  And James should take our crown,
And Popery come in to pull
  Our Church of England down,
    Then to Paris we may go, &c.

But these are all but follies
  Devis'd by Whiggish men;
For when our trade and all is gone,
  We a'n't worth taking then;
    For a-begging we shall go, &c.

Then God bless our wise ministers,
  Who give up all our trade,
That of France and the Pretender
  We may not be afraid;
    Since a-starving we may go, &c.

To keep out Rome and Popery
  Is easy, if we will;
But acting for its interest,
  We may be churchmen still;
    And with Tories we may go, &c.

Then God bless our wise ministers,
  Who have found out the art
Of cheating them with fancies,
  But hate them in their heart.
    Then with Tories we may go, &c.

Go on then with your fine plans,
  You men of British isle:
To save your sinking church and state,
  Make neither worth your while.
    'Tis no matter where we go, &c.

God prosper long this freeborn Isle.

TUNE—"Chevy Chace."

God prosper long this freeborn isle,
  And make to Britons known,
To talk of peace is scarce worth while,
  Unless 'tis good or none.

Though taxes may by peace abate,
  Yet what man gains a tester,
If skin be patch'd o'er broken pate,
  Before we cure the fester?

We have abjur'd, then rest assur'd,
  Ye clergy and ye laymen,
That noble act must be secur'd,
  Or else, Lord help us! Amen.

With each heart's vein dread Europe's chain,
  Since there no thing more true is,
Than that, if Spain must appertain
  To Anjou, he is Lewis.

God save the queen, if thus they mean,
  And from old Lew. defend her!
Since five and five are no more ten,
  Than he is our Pretender.

He own'd King Will, and so would still,
  To gain a breathing truce,
Then keep his royal word until
  To break it was of use.

So faithless winds decoy the ship,
  With promise to persist,
Then into some cross corner slip,
  And drive her as they list.

Who first a mouse-trap did invent,
  And baited it with bacon;
This mythologic warning meant,
  Be not by fair words taken.

In vain poor souls have flock'd in shoals,
  If peace should slaves decree 'em,
To offer up at quire of Paul's
  Their needless psalm, *Te Deum.*

It was not thus in days of old,
  As hist'ries do repeat;
For men did then a diff'rence hold
  'Twixt vict'ry and defeat.

Nor was the secret often known
  Through course of ages past,
The conquering side to be undone,
  The conquer'd gain at last.

A gamester, at a hazard-bet,
  Would think 't a bubble case,
When main is thrown and stake is set,
  To lose it at *deux-ace.*

Thus smitten hearts feel cruel darts
  From a receding eye,

Which, Parthian-like, as love asserts,
  At once can kill and fly.

When injur'd Greeks beleaguer'd Troy,
  And liv'd in boots ten years,
They let the place no rest enjoy,
  Till burnt about their ears.

Sly proffers of a wish'd-for peace
  With sword in hand they heard,
But scorn'd hostilities should cease
  Till wrongs were first repair'd.

No less than madness it was thought,
  At that wise time o' day,
To gain the prize for which they fought,
  And then to give 't away.

Kind vict'ry thus were like the cow,
  Which crumps her back and tail,
And, after yielding milk enough,
  Frisks round and spills the pail.

Then this dispute to reconcile,
  Let's end where we began,
Nor talk of peace as worth our while,
  Unless 'tis good or none.

And so God bless our gracious queen!
  And may our prayers ne'er cease,
That His great hand may intervene,
  Be it a war or peace.

The Truth at last.

TUNE—"Nobody can deny."

COME, all ye brave boys and High-churchmen, draw near,
I'll tell you a story 'twill delight you to hear;
'Tis of Minister Change, trade, peace, and war,
Which nobody can deny, deny; which nobody can deny.

Some two years ago, the poor church, sick at heart,
Look'd as wan as if she and her friends were to part,
Till a pulpit-physician gave a cast of his art,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

"My brethren," said he, "I think 'tis no wonder
"The church is in such a sad case—blood and thunder!
"The Whigs are triumphant, and we are kept under,
"Which nobody can deny, &c.

"Now I do affirm t'ye, these men do design
"To unking the queen, and keep out the right line,
"Damn passive obedience and our right divine,
"Which nobody can deny, &c.

"Should their damnable doctrines be once understood,
"That princes and priests are but mere flesh and blood,
"You'll be apt to obey 'em, but just while they're good,
"Which nobody can deny, &c.

"Whereas a good subject and Christian, you know,
"The more he's abus'd, the more loving should grow,
"As the cuff and cloak text most fully does show,
"Which nobody can deny, &c.

"Let us therefore all join with heart and with voice,
"To cry down these rogues, and cry up a new choice:
"So we shall have all the fat places, brave boys,
"Which nobody can deny," &c.

When the people had heard this doctrine so sound,
Which the doctor on proofs and good profit did found,
They resolv'd, one and all, the Whigs to confound,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

How this doctor was baited, and how he got clear,
What feats he did since, and were done elsewhere,
No mortal that had ears that could, but did hear;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Now as soon as the true sons of the church got ground,
You can't think how much better all things were found;
For mother and sons look'd fresh, brisk, plump, and sound,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Now to prove our dear mother is out of all pain,
To miracle-working she's taken again;

She never wrought such in the late Whiggish reign,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

You must know, with a debt of ten millions at least
They found the poor nation most sadly opprest;
And if they could pay without money 'twas best;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

For this end they gave them a rich South-Sea trade,
And told them by that twice as much might be paid;
For who could e'er doubt but 'twas there to be had?
Which nobody can deny, &c.

This coming from one ne'er thought a deceiver,
Made the faithful all think the project was clever;
And surely 'twas payment to every *believer*,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

In another point, too, we all settled have been;
That by passive obedience and right divine,
King James was turn'd out, and King William brought in;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

That a certain great duke, we have reason to fear,
Has a devilish design to prolong the war,
As by beating our foes does most plainly appear,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

For this very reason brave Hill and Argyle
Have done nothing yet, though abroad a great while;
Since projects of peace all fighting does spoil,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

However, if any more conquests we need,
Each hero, no doubt, to Quebec and Madrid,
With equal despatch and success will proceed;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

But now, God be thanked, the war's near an end,
If on what great ones say little ones may depend;
For old Lewis himself is grown our fast friend,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

For whatever notions some people maintain,
King Charles and his allies are gainers, 'tis plain;
For we give poor Phil nought but th' Indies and Spain;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

May quarrels at home and abroad then cease,
May the High-church flourish and Low-church decrease,
For the Abbot has brought a good Protestant peace,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

May we all wish the queen would enliven our hearts,
By giving our friends their proper deserts:
We know who'd enjoy axes, halters, and carts;
Which nobody can deny, deny; which nobody can deny.

If now at last we must give up Spain.

TUNE—"Green Sleeves."

THE news from abroad does a secret reveal,
Which late was confirm'd both at Dover and Deal,
That one Mr Matthews, once called plain Mat,
Has been doing at Paris the devil knows what.
But sure what they talk of this negotiation
Is only intended to banter the nation;
For why have we spent so much treasure in vain,
If now at the last we must give up Spain,
If now we must give up Spain?

Why so many battles did Marlborough win?
So many strong towns why did he take in?
Why did he his army to Germany lead,
The crown to preserve on the emperor's head?
Why does he the honour of England advance?
Why has he humbled the tyrant of France,
By passing the lines and taking Bouchain,
If now at the last we must give up Spain,
If now we must give up Spain?

Our stocks were so high, and our credit so good,
(I mean all the while our late ministry stood)
That foreigners hither their money did send,
And bankers abroad took a pleasure to lend.
But though all the service was duly supplied,
And nought was embezzled or yet misapplied,
Yet by their good management what shall we gain,
If now at the last we must give up Spain,
If now we must give up Spain?

We made this alliance, as well it is known,
That Austria's great house might recover their own:
King Charles is of part of his kingdom possest,
And Bouchain would quickly fright France from the rest;
For sure the whole nation by this time must know,
That the way to Madrid is by Paris to go.
But why have we made such a glorious campaign,
If now at the last we must give up Spain,
If now we must give up Spain?

All treaties with France may be sung or be said,
To-morrow they'll break what to-day they have made;
And therefore our senate did wisely address,
That none might be made whilst she Spain did possess:
The queen too to them did last sessions declare,
That Spain ought to be their particular care.
But speeches, addresses, and senates are vain,
Since now at the last we must give up Spain,
Since now we must give up Spain.

By giving up Spain we give up our trade.
In vain would they tell us a treaty is made
For yielding us forts in the distant South-Seas,
To manage our traffic with safety and ease.
No lies are too gross for such impudent fellows:
Of forts in the moon as well they might tell us,
Since France at her pleasure may take them again,
If now at the last we must give up Spain,
If now we must give up Spain.

Some lords were impeach'd for a famous partition,
Which kept the allies in far better condition;
For then of *raw silk* we were only bereft,
But now neither *silver* nor *gold* will be left.
If that treaty then did impeachment require,
Sure this calls at least for the rope or the fire,
Since Britain had never such cause to complain,
If now at the last we must give up Spain,
If now we must give up Spain.

When Pett'cum to Paris did openly go,
What doubts and what jealousies did we not show?
How loudly did we against Holland exclaim?
Yet surely our statesmen are now more to blame:
For how can they think our allies will not fire
At privately sending that Machiavel Prior?

Who richly deserv'd to be whipt for his pain,
If now at the last we must give up Spain,
If now we must give up Spain.

Since matters stand thus, I am sorely afraid,
Whenever this scandalous peace shall be made,
Our senate for Cato will quickly decree
Some punishment worse than the sting of a bee.
Poor Mat in the pillory soon will be seen:
For *Mortimer* too, oh! well had it been
That he had been pleas'd in his *Hole* to remain,
If now at the last we must give up Spain,
If now we must give up Spain.

George at last shall wear the Crown.

TUNE—"The King shall enjoy his own again."

THOUGH Britain on to ruin runs,
And all that's faithful to her shuns,
Yet Providence, that's ever kind,
Has still a blessing left behind.
Then, friends, hearken well
To what I shall tell;
I'll do't although superiors frown:
Before many years do end,
The times will amend,
And George at last shall wear the crown.

Let Jacks and Tories rave and rant
About the church, and such like cant,
Their kings and queens may idolize,
And teach them how to tyrannize:
But we our property
Will maintain, and liberty,
And all shall still enjoy their own;
So you may plainly see
How happy we shall be,
When George at last does wear the crown.

Although addresses up were brought,
And all were well receiv'd at court,
In their hereditary right
They assert with all their force and might;

Yet never despair,
The time's drawing near,
That all such assertions will disown:
Though the court runs so high,
Yet their ruin is nigh,
For George at last shall wear the crown.

'Tis true, our general's disgrac'd,
And all our ministry displac'd,
Our friends forsook, and credit lost,
And Spain, though millions it has cost.
But our great house of lords
Some hope still affords,
They'll Tory measures tumble down;
And prophecies of old
Have always foretold
That George at last shall wear the crown.

Now Robin rules without control,
And makes the commons but his tool;
Yet his attempts shall be in vain,
For James the Third shall never reign.
The nation he betrays,
For which France pays,
But we his treachery disown,
And shall live to see the day
When his head shall for it pay,
When George comes o'er to wear the crown.

Though fighting's grown quite out of date,
And peace is got at any rate,
And France's become our high ally,
Which once was fam'd for treachery;
Oh! whither can it tend,
To trust to such a friend?
'Tis proof they all are frantic grown:
They certainly mistake,
Wrong treaties now they make,
But George at last shall wear the crown.

Then let us all united be,
Firm faithful friends to liberty;
A cheerful glass will glad the soul,
To George's health fill up the bowl;
And may he ever be
Blest with prosperity,
May fortune on him never frown;

And let us ever pray
For that glorious day,
When George the Great shall wear the crown.

The Merchant a-la-Mode.

TUNE—"Nobody can deny."

ATTEND and prepare for a cargo from Dover,
Wine, silk, turnips, onions, with the peace are come over,
Which Duke D'Aumont has brought, to make room for a Rover,
Which nobody can deny, deny; which nobody can deny.

A swaggering crew rode a-horseback before him,
He threw out his cash, that the mob might adore him;
So tag-rag and bob-tail made up the decorum,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Our great men they bought with pensions and tattles,
Our general they hired to fight no more battles,
And the rabble they wheedle with shillings and rattles,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

The train is made up with the scum of St Germain,
Priests, porters, and fiddlers, pimps, lacqueys, and chairmen,
Who are all the great whore of Babylon's vermin,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

His house is a chapel where the Jesuits range;
'Tis a court for our statesmen; and yet, which is strange,
'Tis a tavern, a warehouse, a garden, a 'change;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

The queen had a present, we know very well,
But we must to market, as all folks can tell;
For they that can buy, they also can sell;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Here barons may talk, and squires may fuddle:
The house can provide both tobacco and bottle;
They've a seat for your bum and a pipe for your noddle;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

But these parcels of wine that go by retail
Come unluckily over to hinder the sale
Of his brother D. H——n's barrels of ale,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Here's a number of superfine onions, which shows
That the merchant who sells them has ground to suppose
His trade lay with some that are led by the nose;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Then out came the silks and the musty brocades,
That the livery of France may be laid on the maids;
A good preparation for wild Irish plaids;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

What a jumble of sounds do we hear all together,
From trumpets and fiddles to the clangs of a cleaver,
Confounded with the groans of a Spittlefield weaver?
Which nobody can deny, &c.

To raise up a mass-house they're making great haste;
But when all this raree-show-music is past,
Poor England must pay the piper at last,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

What pity 'tis now that Gregg was truss'd up!
Had he liv'd to this time, there was reason to hope,
He had come in for a *ribbon* instead of a *rope;*
Which nobody can deny, &c.

The duke that he wrote to would have given him quarter,
And so would the earl for whom he was martyr;
But he got the halter, and R——n the garter;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

O Lewis! at last thou hast play'd the best card;
Lay heroes aside, and tricksters reward.
Thou hast got by D'Aumont what thou lost by Tallard;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Remove all the war to Versailles and to Marly,
'Tis fighting more surely, though somewhat unfairly:
What a Churchill has won is restor'd by a Harley,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

May the great hand of justice now brandish itself
On 'em all in a lump, from that double-tipp'd elf

To the fag-end of peerage, the last of the twelve,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Haste, Hanover, over, and rescue our laws
From a rascally medley of cowards and foes,
W——s, cuckolds, and fools, bawds, bullies, and beaux,
Which nobody can deny, deny; which nobody can deny.

A Litany.

TUNE—"Cavalilly Man."

FROM the lawless dominion of mitre and crown,
Whose tyrannies now are absolute grown,
So that men become slaves to the altar and throne,
And can call neither bodies nor souls their own,
Libera nos, Domine.

From a reverend bawling theological professor,
From a Protestant zealous for a Popish successor,
Who for a great benefice still leaves a lesser,
And ne'er will die martyr, nor make good confessor,
Libera nos, Domine.

From deans and from chapters who live at their eases,
Whose lechery lies in renewing church-leases,
Who live in cathedrals like maggots in cheeses,
And lie like abbey-lubbers stew'd in their own greases,
Libera nos, Domine.

From Oxford and Cambridge' scholastical fry,
Whose lechery's with their laundress to lie,
Off church and state their wants to supply,
That religion and learning may never die,
Libera nos, Domine.

From a Holborn-hill parson, whose pulpit rings
With *jure divino* of bishops and kings,
And from the true Scripture false evidence brings,
That kingship and priesthood are two sacred things,
Libera nos, Domine.

From a minister of the English church breed,
Mother church's own son by Episcopal seed,

Who with Tale-Tub can burlesque both Lord's Prayer and Creed,
And can the whole Bible ridicule for a need,
Libera nos, Domine.

From a scandalous, limping, litigious vicar,
Of whom his parish grows sicker and sicker,
Who taught his dull maid to grow quicker and quicker,
And who stole the tankard when he drank out the liquor,
Libera nos, Domine.

From an altar-piece-monger who rails at Dissenters,
And damns Nonconformists in the pulpit he enters,
Yet all the week long his own soul he ventures,
By being so drunk that he cutteth indentures,
Libera nos, Domine.

From young boys ordained whose beards are not grown,
From a journeyman preacher to some dignified drone,
Who, whatever text he preaches upon,
Still talks of rebellion and Forty-one,
Libera nos, Domine.

From a Protestant church where a Papist must reign,
From a high Tory parliament, to England a stain,
Who, 'cause some honest members the plot would make plain,
Their elections make void, and them send home again,
Libera nos, Domine.

From fools, knaves, and villains, prerogative Tories,
From church that for the Babylon whore is,
From a pretended prince, like pear rotten at core is,
From a court that has millions, yet as old Job poor is,
Libera nos, Domine.

From all that would the Hanover succession bamboozle,
And those villains that honest men's mouths would up muzzle,
From those that love nothing but French wine to guzzle,
And with their knavish quirks and tricks would us puzzle,
Libera nos, Domine.

From a W——r at St James's, and another at Paris,
From the Harlequin Plot, well known to Bob Fariss,
Deliver us, Lord, from this very thing.
From the sham prince of Wales, and eke the French king,
Libera nos, Domine.

Hey, Boys, up go we.

Now, now the Whigs shall all go down,
  The Tories up and ride;
These genuine sons of church and crown
  On both shall get astride.
We'll damn these stiff republicans
  As low as low can be,
And whip and spur we'll seize the reins;
  Then hey, boys, up go we.

We'll broach our tubs and principles
  Of October passive growth,
And till our tubs and bottles fail,
  We'll stand and fall by both.
With these we'll rout their boasted cause
  Of legal liberty,
Pretend the church has broke the laws;
  Then hey, boys, up go we.

Their meeting-houses we will gut,
  And then, as we were wont,
We'll swear 'twas a Fanatic Plot,
  And the rogues themselves have done 't.
With French and Papists we will join,
  To show our loyalty;
Set Perkin up with right divine:
  Then hey, boys, up go we.

We'll send our fool the country round,
  His way for to prepare,
With trumpet, pipe, and flag, and drum,
  Like cavalcade of bear.
The church's danger to advance,
  Through such a tool as he,
Will serve till better comes from France;
  Then hey, boys, up go we.

We'll pray and curse, address and swear,
  Pro-con. the Revolution;
With Hanover condemn the heir
  Of passive institution.
The legal right to weaken thus
  Our interest it will be;

For Perkin then comes next in course,
Then hey, boys, up go we.

To bring this blessed change about,
We'll jumble and confound
Whig politics, and credit rout,
And so the wheel goes round:
Till having run our rope's full reach,
With mirth and merry glee,
We find 'twill hold, as well as stretch;
Then hey, boys, up go we.

The First Psalm.

The man is blest that hath not lent
To French pistoles his ear,
Nor rais'd himself as traitors do,
Nor sat in trickster's chair:

But in the laws of Old England
Doth set his whole delight,
And for those laws doth exercise
Himself both day and night.

He shall be like the tree that grows
Fast by the river's side,
Which bears the fiercest storm that blows,
And scorns the roughest tide:

Whose leaf shall never fade nor fall,
But flourish still and stand.
E'en so the cause shall prosper well,
This patriot takes in hand.

So shall not the Pretender's crew;
They shall be nothing so,
But as the dust which from the earth
The wind drives to and fro.

Therefore shall not the Jacobites
In judgment stand upright,
Nor Papishes with Protestants
Come into place and sight.

For why? the friends of Hanover
At Westminster are known;
And eke the schemes at Bar-le-duc
Shall quite be overthrown.

Advice to Britons.

What a bustle is made about High-church and Low-church,
By a pack of lewd knaves that in truth are of no church!
What a knocking of pates have we seen by the mob,
Who fight High or Low as they're paid for the job!
What a zeal have some shown a poor meeting to batter,
Who cry out for the church, though they never come at her!
Brave Britons, be wise, know your friends from your foes,
And be not so stupidly led by the nose.
Tell the doctor how well may *false brethren* deride us,
When such knavish distinctions are coin'd to divide us.
Bid his gravity clearly this riddle explain,
A Low-church that's *devout*, and a High that's *profane*.
Let him tell ye how railing and mobbing agree
With his passive obedience to sovereign decree,
Or an *oath to the king* with a *health to Pretender*,
Or the *Protestant faith* with a *Popish defender*.
Let him tell you when kingdoms were flourishing made
By encouraging *priestcraft*, discouraging *trade*:
When a king that was wise us'd a conduct so strange,
As to build up a *steeple* with th' *stones of th' Exchange*:
When zealots by fines and prisons were frighted,
Or the fire of devotion in Smithfield was lighted.
View the company well among whom you engage:
On his side are all the lewd names of the stage.
Bully Huff swears like thunder, and swaggers, and draws;
Let who will go to prayers, he'll go fight for the cause.
Harry-stippus swears high by his brandy and bottle,
He could *stand* for High-church, though he swallow'd a pottle.
Robin Hood from High-way and High-church ne'er will start,
And he'll visit St Andrews, though 'twere in a cart.
But to make up the wonder, see Teague O'Divelly,
Swears by his own shoul he loves Shursh as his belly.
And isn't this now a most bless'd reformation,
Which the reverend doctor has wrought in the nation?
That ruffians, and robbers, and drunkards, and drones,
Prove as true to his cause as bullies to crones:

That High-church and the Playhouse love as daughter and mother,
And what's a *hero* in *one* is a *saint* in the *other*.
Then give him at parting some ghostly advice,
Close to stick to his text, as to beggars do lice;
Not to dabble in politics, lest he besot him,
For whoe'er was his sire, Mazarine ne'er begot him;
Not unmindful to be of rash Icarus' fate,
Who, once *flying* too *high*, repented too late.

The High-Church Alarm.

DAME High-church out aloud does call,
Arm, arm, Jacks, Teagues, and Tories all!
For our St Germains friends must fall,
Except you haste to save them.
The Whigs, upon Sophia's day,
Did round their bonfires gambols play,
Did rant and sing, and who but they?
Fall on, and let's outbrave them.

What though lords, colonels, knights, and squires,
Captains, and guards, did grace these fires?
I'll ne'er let Whigs have their desires,
I mean, bring in Hanover;
For whom though Anna bids me pray,
I only do't the backward way,
As they shall know another day,
When my dear James comes over.

Brave Abel, and the braver Swift,
Will help me still at a dead lift,
And Tory priests will make a shift
On Whigs to rail and rave, sirs:
But French and Irish Papists must
Be the chief objects of my trust,
To lay the Low-church in the dust,
And the High-church to save, sirs.

Thousands of these, enroll'd and paid,
Are in their proper quarters laid,
When I call to the murdering trade,
As Charles the Ninth at Paris.

If this be n't quickly done, I fear,
Though I am now so rampant here,
I scarce shall stand another year,
And so my plot miscarries.

Lewis prevails by sea and land,
Squadrons and legions has at hand,
And bids us to our tackling stand;
Then why should we be fearful?
He likewise orders Rome's high-priests
To consecrate our backs and breasts,
With swords and daggers for our fists:
Come on, boys, then be cheerful.

The Raree Show.

Here be de var pretty show just come from Parie,
Me show you, shentlemans, to make you merrye.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de great spring dat dance de mashien,
On which de lo'-dores be most plainly seen.
O raree show, &c.

Here first me present you with a dismal disaster;
De sarvant be hanged for saving his master.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de great Marlbro', who, all de world knows,
Was banish'd for saucily beating his foes.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de great Ormond, made general in season,
Prohibited fighting to bring France to reason.
O raree show, &c.

Here Britain, with sacred regard to alliance,
Breaks treaties to strengthen de bond of affiance.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de var vine politicians despatched
To Paris, to treat of a peace da dar hatched.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de congrase at Utrick, var noting is brouded;
De plenipoes meet to do vat is concluded.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de no dar more pretty transaction,
To give Lewis all, gives allies satisfaction.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de politique Harlinquine, mind him;
You never shall twice in de same posture find him.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de addressors to de trone of Great Britain,
Say, Here-da-tory rite will make Hanover sit on.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de good Protestante dat loves no priest jerkin,
To save his religion looks to Lewis or Perkin.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de wise politicians dat sed it,
Dat sinking of debts was restoring of credit.
O raree show, &c.

Here, to presarve de consultation of Britain,
A whole dozen of lords was made at one sitting.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de cabal of Whigs dat are brought on,
A-hatching of plots dat no soul ever thought on.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de fifty pounds vor one of Paul's screws;
Which, had da been all gone, had ne'er hurt de pews.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de vive hundred pounds vor de taking Macartney:
Dis must be anodar plot, de rewards bid so hearty.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de bandbox and inkhorns: since de good man surviv'd it,
Dis not vort one brass vardin to know who contriv'd it.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de Duc D'Aumont's whole cellar of claret,
Burnt by de plot laid as high as de garret.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de vive hundred pounds vor de letter dat told it;
Do his straw garriteers can most likely unfold it.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de Skelton, do no more dan his licence intended,
By advertisements and swearing is nobly defended.
O raree show, &c.

Here be also de good folk dat on no plot did tink,
Until Skelton and Lewis thus stirr'd up a stink.
O raree show, &c.

Now give a laarjon, and when we have got 'em,
Me show you de Shevaler de St George at de bottom.
O raree show, &c.

Raree Show.

Since, shentlemans, my raree show hit so pat,
Me brought you anodar more pretty dan dat.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de great spring dat dance de mashien,
Is vorced by de spirit enclosed vidin.
O raree show, &c.

Here first me present you peace-makers vor hire,
Who make de peace set all de nashon on vire.
O raree show, &c.

Here Hermodactyl looks vid visage uncoute,
Acause he laughs bot on von side of his moute.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de gold goblet sent to de old vox,
Var more plagues containing dan Pandora's box.
O raree show, &c.

Here Codicil sets down his hand vor de king,
Ven von week before he tought on no such ting.
O raree show, &c.

Here he vid convulshons does matter impart,
And speaks vid his moute vat he damns vid his heart.
O raree show, &c.

Here Gambol shows a var strange revormation,
Vid papers at door, ven he'd bullied de nashon.
O raree show, &c.

Here Wildfire and he all deir fury retrench,
Cool'd more dan at Greenwich bevore my dear vench.
O raree show, &c.

Here Plenipo Rummer, who dash'd wine of late,
Is arriv'd to de art of dashing de state.
O raree show, &c.

And here, having run round de ring, Atty Brogue
Returns to his primitive essence, a rogue.
O raree show, &c.

Siere, says de monarch to de son of a ———,
Since me can no more help you, me'll help you no more.
O raree show, &c.

Here Perkin, since no vom his title espouses,
Ascends from de trone to de tiling of houses.
O raree show, &c.

Here be de bishop vor Bungey contrives a new speech,
To vard off vat t'oder prepar'd vor his breech.
O raree show, &c.

Here Bungey does Britain vor her choice commend her,
In da vary sarmon made vor de Pretender.
O raree show, &c.

Here Tories to Vrance gives de trade, and to Spain,
And vill grow vary rich ven dey give 't back again.
O raree show, &c.

And here dey all join vid von heart and von voice,
Vor vat, had it miss'd, dey vould var more rejoice.
O raree show, &c.

See here deir old vriend de diable appears,
And bids dem to bravely dismiss all deir fears.
O raree show, &c.

Bot dat de poltrone may have no more to brag on,
Here be brave St George a-slaying de dragon.
O rarce show, &c.

Tories' Lamentation.

TUNE—"Guiscard."

Oh! all true Jacks and Tories, hear!
Poor Abel begs you'll drop a tear,
For we have lost our peace, we fear,
And eke our bold Pretender.
Old Lewis sends him to Lorrain,
From whence he'll ne'er return again,
Neither by France, nor yet by Spain,
But round about by Bender.

From thence, by help of Turk and Pope,
He'll save poor Abel from the rope,
And greater men than he, we hope,
Or else we're all undone, sirs.
Alas! alas! for our High-church!
If Lewis leaves her in the lurch,
Our penance must be hemp, not birch,
Our sins for to atone, sirs.

What! bilk'd o' feast at Oxford Arms!
The thought each Tory's soul alarms,
Because it bodes us further harms
Than halter to poor Abel:
For without Indies, without Spain
In Lewis' hands, it is in vain
For us to think our cause to gain,
And to rebuild our Babel.

Help, B——ke! Help, T——r!
Help, P——r, Gautier, Messager!
Help, Ma——m! Help from everywhere,
To save our High-church heir, sirs!
St Patrick Teagues in France's pay,
Ye chattering Monsieurs, come away,
And make the Whigs a bloody day,
Or else we shall despair, sirs.

Keep out, keep out Hanover's line,
'Tis only James has right divine,
As High-church parsons cant and whine,
And sure we must believe 'em.
But if they cannot have their peace,
Their stock will every day decrease,
And they will ne'er see Perkin's face,
So their false hopes deceive 'em.

Curs'd be the head, curs'd be the hand,
Made France insist on Codfish Land,
On Breton's Cape the Prince to strand!
Oh! Montserrat, Antego!
Oh! Nevis, and St Christopher's,
For you we must keep on the wars,
And lose both ingots and gold bars
Beyond Ter del Fuego!

First of August.

TUNE—"Draw, Cupid, draw."

WHILST slavish Jacks their sorrows boast,
And strive to eclipse the day
That gave us George, retriev'd us lost,
And doom'd to France a prey;
Let all who value freedom's cause,
And slavery despise,
Rejoice for him that sav'd our laws,
And learn the gift to prize.

In vain they say 'tis Anna dead
That claims a pious tear;
'Tis Britain by our monarch freed,
And Perkin's sad despair.
The Popish rebels thus declar'd
The church their only care,
And bumpkins were with danger scar'd,
Till time shew'd what they were.

Can any man that's just or brave
Join ever in that cause
Which will the conquerors enslave,
And put an end to laws,

With wretches void of sense or shame,
  Who sacred oaths despise,
Barter salvation's self for gain,
  And interest only prize?

'Tis true the Jacks have cause to mourn
  And curse the happy day
That gave their cause so bad a turn,
  And drove our fears away:
But men of honour all must join
  In blessings on our king,
And none but Popish slaves repine,
  While we his praises sing.

First of August.

TUNE—"Let Burgundy flow."

FOR George our great king
Let's true valour shew, let's true valour shew, boys;
  To his glory we'll sing,
Crown your mugs all with joys:
  To our monarch now drink,
Now be loyal all, now be loyal all, boys.
  See, the Jacobites sink,
See, they tremble at our noise:
  Like Perkin they run
  At the sight of a gun;
Like him they are crying, when just upon dying.
  We'll slash, wound, and slay,
  By night and by day,
Those villains that will not our sovereign obey.

  Let this day be blest,
Hymns of gladness sing, hymns of gladness sing, boys;
  Let our king be caress'd,
In the midst of our joys.
  See this mug to his health;
His foes next confound, his foes next confound, boys.
  George, live long in wealth,
Secure the church and our laws:
  In spite of all fiends,
  The Whigs are thy friends,
And if once we thunder, they're all struck with wonder;

Our wrath they all dread,
By which they are bled,
When foolishly into rebellion they're led.

Heavens send our king back!
Huzza aloud, huzza aloud, boys;
His presence we lack.
All his foes let's destroy,
No impostor shall reign;
Keep the coward out, keep the coward out, boys;
That bastard disdain,
None but fools he decoys.
All Papists defy,
For for George we will die:
To no base Pretender will we ever surrender,
But stand by our king,
To whose glory we sing,
For the blessings which he to this kingdom does bring.

In no danger's the church,
'Tis a lie all, 'tis a lie all, sirs;
She's left in no lurch;
But villains loving stirs,
Such stories do tell,
To keep up faction, to keep up faction here.
But if they rebel,
Their rebellion don't fear:
To justice we'll bring 'em,
And at Tyburn we'll string 'em,
Where Paul the Nonjuror, a rogue never purer,
Nonjuring church did own.
But England's church and crown
We Whigs will all stand by, and Rome shall tumble down.

First of August.

Let loyal boys, with joy unfeign'd,
Commemorate this happy day,
That sav'd our isle, by rogues enchain'd,
From Popish arbitrary sway.

Let Tory rogues their grief express,
With rosemary and black most sad;
This day renews their torments fresh,
But makes all loyal souls more glad.

Whilst they, in huggermugger whining,
  Drink to the memory of their queen,
To George our monarch, godly shining,
  We fearless drinking, blest are seen.

Long may he live, and make them tremble,
  That mobbish rage against him shew;
Whilst greater villains must dissemble,
  Or to the Tower or Tyburn go.

Drink about then, and be merry,
  Naught but loyalty be heard;
Never of such healths be weary,
  A Tory's not worth our regard.

First of August.

Let those that detest all Popish priests
  Remember the First of August,
And those who abhor to be yok'd like beasts
  Give thanks for the First of August:
For George proclaim'd, dissolv'd the spell
Contriv'd by the Pope, the French, and hell,
And ever since their projects fail.
  Now give thanks for the First of August.

There was old Sir Lewis, he held it out,
  Many a First of August,
Tho' plagued with a fistula, pox, and gout,
  Many a First of August:
But the unexpected news this day
Struck to his heart, and wore it away;
Which leaves all Europe bound to pray
  For the glorious First of August.

Great George hath given us cause to bless
  The glorious First of August;
Let us drink to his health, we can do no less,
  When we think of the First of August:
And him that won't pledge it, may he be
From chains and slavery never free,
And there tormented live to see
  Many a First of August.

Vile Tricksters and Greggsters.

TUNE—"Hang Money, Plague on you."

VILE tricksters and greggsters late hurried and worried the
Whigs of Great Britain,
State drivellers, such whifflers in story sure never were writ on.
The Tower, blest hour! such holidays soon will provide us,
That Simon, Hall, Scammony, Bungey, and Bob, more sha'n't
ride us.

Great prince, have a care, and beware how you trust such rogues
future;
They love the Pretender, though now they pretend to stand
neuter,
They'll rally and sally, betray you whenever they can, sir.
Monoculus rates of his hounds, but is still the same man, sir.

Bright Halifax, Cowper, and Somers, in bumpers we always
begin, sir,
With Churchill and Russel, all heroes for bringing you in, sir.
Knees bent and swords drawn, kind Heaven we pray to preserve
you.
We are jolly, d——n folly, drink church, in spite of the clergy.

No Popery here shall thrive.

LET every true soul in the room
With unanimous duty combine
To pronounce the vile Jacobites' doom,
By supporting the Protestant line.
With resolute loyalty now unite,
And stand by King George with all your might;
So the rebels we'll rout,
And the Jacks we'll turn out,
For no Popery here shall thrive.

The rise of this vapouring party,
Compos'd of rogues, Papists, and fools,
For pretty young Jemmy so hearty,
And for pay the damn'd Jesuits' tools.

A crew all broken and beggar'd of late,
Who, 'cause they'd lost all claim, run their estate,
To regain 'em rebel;
But their courage we'll quell,
For no Popery here shall thrive.

"The queen was an honest good woman,
"And had honest good ministers too:
"Poor souls! they meant mischief to no man;
"If they lov'd French wine, what's that to you?
"So they wanted a peace, and a peace they had,
"Yet the Whigs in return cried, "They're drunk or mad!"
"Damn'd quarrelsome rogues,
"And unmannerly dogs,
"For our projects they always thwart.

"When King George came at first from Hanover,
"We thought he'd have kept us in still,
"For Tories at first brought him over,
"But who say 'twas against their will.
"But 'cause we were churchmen he knew full well,
"As that France, and the Pope, and young Jemmy can tell,
"He left us i' the lurch,
"And so pull'd down the church.
"Who says we don't justly rebel?"

Thus silly weak people they gain,
And wiser ones proffer preferment,
Their Cause, as they call 't, to maintain:
Where there's profit, there can be no harm in't;
For since their estates are mortgaged or sold,
They've nothing to lose, but may get the Pope's gold.
Now they're in, they don't care,
For with rage and despair
They'll swing, or be made for ever.

But hear, ye mad folks of the nation,
Who think you're so much in the right;
We've made loyal associations,
Will surely demolish you quite.
For George our true king then stand up, brave boys,
And the blest royal branches, with heart and voice:
For we'll Perkin pull down,
Since King George wears the crown,
And no Popery here shall thrive.

Advice to the Tories.

To you, ye Tories, I address
  This charitable ditty,
Intending not, in your distress,
  To aim at being witty:
For surely it was wondrous hard,
  When things were near completed,
To have your schemes untimely marr'd,
  And every hope defeated.

I only would advise you now
  Sincerely to repent,
And, if you please, instruct you how
  You may disgrace prevent.
First, Hermodactyl, of high fame,
  Must freely be giv'n up
To that which has the fairest claim,
  The scaffold or the rope;

For by the peace which he advis'd,
  For sake of *louis-dores*,
Abroad he made us be despis'd,
  At home stark mad and poor.
Let Codicil his fate too share;
  For, without much divining,
One need not scruple to declare
  He had a hand in signing.

He favour'd here the Popish fry;
  Wherefore, to make scores even,
Some Jesuit may, when he's to die,
  Give him a pass to heaven.
And that the stage may ne'er again
  With quackery be perplex'd,
Lewd Gambol in the jug'lar vein
  Should bleed a little next:

Or since this, as severe, I know,
  By some will be oppos'd,
Let him in his seraglio
  At Greenwich be enclos'd.

Without delay to Tyburn send
  Hibernian Atty Brogue,
For there's no other way to mend
  Th' incorrigible rogue:

But lest these treaties be forgot
  Which to his skill we owe,
Their history had best be wrote
  By his trusty scribe De Foe.
Mat Rummer must proceed no more
  On foreign negotiations,
But serve hereafter as a drawer
  In wine adulterations.

Sir Con. from Dublin may repair
  To's native town of Reading,
And seek for shelter at the Bear,
  The house which he was bred in:
For soon the commons of that isle
  Impeachments will determine;
So very happy is the soil,
  It kills all baneful vermin.

Sage C——n, Sh——n, and their friend,
  The loyal Windsor squire,
May, since their hopes are at an end,
  To Bar-le-duc retire.
When these things happen, Britons true
  Will praise the glorious times,
Which to desert give what's its due,
  And punishment to crimes.

The Jackish crew shall then deplore
  These champions in disgrace,
Who, when in power, strove to bring o'er
  The knight of spurious race.
Bungey, the towering High-church Pope,
  Shall in his pulpit rant,
Good Peter Brickdust hobnails grope,
  And Zachariah cant.

King George's Birth-Day.

TUNE—"Now, now comes on the glorious Year."

Now, true hearts, let's celebrate
The birth of a mighty potentate,
George the wise, the just, the great,
Our king and faith's defender.
Happy day, that born was he,
An instrument to set us free
From Romish yoke and slavery,
Design'd by the Pretender.

Let us this day drown all our cares,
Our joys surmount our former fears,
And now return the golden years
That Britain long has wanted.
Though angry creditors may frown,
Who aim'd to keep our courage down,
Yet we'll be true to George's crown,
With loyalty undaunted.

Our foes may rail, and call us knaves,
Yet they sha'n't say we're fools and slaves,
Nor shall they write upon our graves,
That we betray'd the nation.
To all the world we do profess,
(Though in misfortune and distress)
Our country's good and happiness
We'll fight for, if occasion.

May good King George sit on the throne,
Belov'd by all, disturb'd by none,
Till late he shall exchange his crown
For one of endless glory.
May his bright issue never fail
To rule our land with royal male.
May Popery never more prevail,
Nor power arbitrary.

Now, now is come the glorious Year.

Now, now is come the glorious year,
When state-betrayers only fear,
And Britain's sons in smiles appear,
    While boundless blessings wait her:
For royal George is on the throne,
Before the nation's quite undone;
Then, lads, where'er you see a frown,
    Be sure you see a traitor.

Not that a smiling aspect can
For certain prove an honest man,
Since those have looks at most command
    Who act the vilest part still.
Did not Lord Oxford smooth his face,
And smile as if in no disgrace?
Yet believe me, friend, 'tis all grimace,
    To keep the foe in heart still.

Nay, with design to play this game,
The baffled wretch to Greenwich came
(As if out of place, so free from blame);
    But let no Briton wonder:
For fate its orders thus has laid,
Whom it destroys it first makes mad,
Or a vile blasphemer never had
    Thus fac'd the rolling thunder.

His friends indeed believ'd the cheat,
And fancied still to keep their state,
As if a king would make them great,
    Who wish'd him never able:
Or was it satyr-like design'd
To intimate the monarch blind,
Not wisely knowing foe from friend,
    Like Doctor Bungey's rabble?

But he has ta'en away the doubt,
For Townshend's in and Gambol's out,
And th' whole French party's put to rout
    By a hand that right dispenses.
Nor past in silence let it be,
That justice now once more can see,

And in conclusion happily
We all may find five senses.

Now let all honest Britons join,
And drink with grateful hearts as mine,
To him who form'd the great design,
And sav'd us by his merit.
But who's this mighty, mighty he?
Name Halifax, and I'll agree,
Who favour has found with our Deity,
And been our guardian spirit.

A health to all whom, of his grace,
The king has chose to put in place,
To save Britannia and her race
From dangers that beset her.
Those that were in did act so ill,
To change for worse required skill;
But George has made it harder still
To change these for the better.

Brunswick Mum.

TUNE—"Chevy Chace."

Now, Britain, now hold up your head,
Thy foes are in disgrace,
And Harry, who not long since said
No Whig should keep his place,
May sigh and sob, and follow Bob,
Well dreading what's to come.
French wine he lov'd, but always mov'd
Against good Brunswick mum.

But we're convinc'd by our late peace,
There's poison in French wine;
We saw ourselves in desperate case,
And all our strength decline:
But Heaven sent for to prevent
Those ills that were to come,
And show'd our cure was only sure
In good right Brunswick mum.

Now this spruce liquor will revive
  Our merchants' drooping hearts,
And make our manufactures thrive
  Abroad in foreign parts.
The parliament, with one consent,
  Shall every trickster doom;
For Bourbon's pay no more can sway,
  Since we drink Brunswick mum.

The Popish priests *Te Deum* sing
  For the young Chevalier:
Though Lewis should proclaim him king,
  Yet we need nothing fear.
His friends are out, then who can doubt
  Of happy times to come?
For conquering John, to France well known,
  Drinks deep of Brunswick mum.

The Catalans will be reliev'd,
  Who fight for liberty;
Their fate long honest men has griev'd,
  But could not set them free.
Bob and Harry made all miscarry,
  Who for relief did come;
For French pistoles had brib'd their souls
  To banish Brunswick mum.

The Jacobite poor scribbling crew,
  Who wrote for the Pretender,
The Monitor, and Abel too,
  Their pensions must surrender.
Th' Examiner's care no more shall dare
  To threaten what's to come;
For to assuage their Popish rage,
  We'll give them Brunswick mum.

Now, now, true Protestants, rejoice,
  Stand by your laws and king;
Now you've proclaim'd the nation's choice,
  Let traitorous rebels swing.
Let royal George, the Papists' scourge,
  To England quickly come:
His health, till then, let honest men
  Drink all in Brunswick mum.

That Protestants with Protestants.

THAT Protestants with Protestants
  Should jar and disagree,
That some with their own consciences
  At variance should be,
Astonishes: yet mischiefs dire,
  And discords will arise,
As long as we've such cursed shoals
  Of Jesuits in disguise.

Long have these wretched vermin
  Been striving to obtain
Our glorious isle of Britain,
  And spar'd no cost or pain,
Our abbey-lands in hopes to gain,
  And freeborn subjects ride;
Then might they beauteous nuns enjoy,
  With luxury and pride.

Their last most politic attempt
  Was hiring men of parts,
Who might, with cant most plausible,
  Corrupt the people's hearts;
And those who their estates had spent,
  And stuck at nought for more,
They gain'd, their country to betray
  For bags of worthless ore.

Then may those wretched parricides,
  Who were such rascals' tools,
And those who now would vindicate
  Such mercenary fools,
Be scorn'd, despis'd, and look'd upon
  As Pagan, Turk, or Jew,
And cheated too by Romish priests,
  Of faith and money too.

But all those noble gentlemen
  Who bravely constant stood,
In spite of all their gilded baits,
  Firm to their country's good,

Like stars do now refulgent shine,
Brave safeguards of our king.
Then with these patriots' loyal health
Let's make our mug-house ring.

On His Majesty's Coronation.

"Hubba hubba boo!" quoth the Irish dear joy,
"You must not by fighting our triumphs annoy;
"For if you should cut a man in three or four halves,
"By my shoul, you'll ne'er cure him by balsam nor salves.

"Therefore, my dear joy, put your sheath in your sword,
"For the cor'nation-day will much pleasure afford;
"For with lords and ladies of every degree,
"His majesty's grace, faith, I'm willing to see.

"And because I'll be ready at that glorious sight,
"I'll go in the morning by nine over-night,
"And get to the abbey before I come there,
"And see them all walking by five in a pair.

"The late duke of Ormond, the joy of poor Teague,
"As sure as e'er Peggy and I were in league,
"Will walk with an air becoming his grace,
"And I shall be glad not to see his sweet face.

"I swear by the shole of St Patrick's brogues,
"He was once kind to good men, and a terror to rogues.
"I shall be glad to see him, with the rest of the träin,
"Drest in his blue ribbon of scarlet in grain.

"Ahue! my dear honey, and cosen agrau,
"Macdonald, my dear joy, and brother-in-law;
"We'll beat on the trumpets, and drums sound a charge,
"As they walk'd it on foot through the streets in a barge.

"Betimes in the morning, by six afternoon,
"Rich wine full of glasses we'll tipple off soon,
"With Irish potatoes, good mustard, and honey,
"Which I myself will buy without any money."

Here's a Health to the King.

TUNE—"If I live to grow old."

HERE's a health to the king,
  Sound the trumpet and the drum,
And let Perkin with all
  His runagades come.
Let the devil and the Pope
  Advance in his train,
We'll soon send him back
  To sup in Lorrain.
    Then to George fill your bowls,
      Till they overflow;
    Let's have no more wrangling
      Of High-church and Low;
    The Pope and Pretender
      Alone is our foe.

Next drink to the prince
  And his consort divine,
And the beautiful offspring
  That round him do shine.
In them we foresee
  The downfall of Rome,
And the Jacobite faction
  Expiring at home.
      Then to George, &c.

Then, British lads, boldly
  Stand fast by your laws,
The king, and the church,
  And the Protestant cause.
While Marlborough leads on, boys,
  The warming-pan knight
And the Monsieurs of France
  Won't venture to fight.
    Then to George fill your bowls,
      Till they overflow;
    Let's have no more wrangling
      Of High-church and Low;
    The Pope and Pretender
      Alone is our foe.

No more the Danger of the Church.

No more the danger of the church
Shall leave religion in the lurch,
To serve a Popish cause,
To undermine the nation's friends,
And bring about your scoundrel ends,
To overturn our laws.

In spite of necessary peers,
Created in those four black years,
To save that traitor Harley,
The major part were firm and true,
And, Britain's interest to pursue,
Did pass the bill most rarely:

And, maugre all the Tories' hopes
Of L——'s turn and Sh——n's tropes,
'Tis pass'd the lower house.
And now a fig for High-church daws;
For their king Perkin and his cause
We need not care one souse.

Townshend and Stanhope sit at helm,
And Heaven, to bless the king and realm,
Has lengthen'd Walpole's span:
Three glorious patriots, yet more true
Than Rome or Sparta ever knew,
Since first those states began.

For Walpole's death the Popish herd,
As constant as the day appear'd,
Sent up their prayers to Mary;
For to her Son they never pray,
Since taught by Rome, the other way,
They never can miscarry.

But now they utter loud complaints,
And curse all male and female saints:
Walpole still lives, their curb;
And four long years at least must come,
Ere French pistoles and friends to Rome
Our liberties disturb.

Rue and Tyme.

TUNE—"Vicar of Taunton Dean."

As I walked along fair London town,
The rascally Tories flock'd up and down:
Though a thanksgiving-day, they look'd wretchedly blue,
Stuck up with the rosemary, tyme, and rue.

The first that I met was an Irishman bold,
'Kin to Ormond, who betray'd his country for gold:
"By St Patrick," said he, "'tis most certainly true,
"That more of my friends smell of *hemp* than of rue."

Then an Oxford student came next in the throng,
Swears he'll bring in Perkin before it be long;
He'll stand for the High-church and Chevalier too.
But if Tyburn should catch him, the *time* he would *rue*.

Then a nonjuring parson came jogging by,
Look'd much on the *quear*, but plaguy sly;
Said, "Friends, I can't now rejoice with you,
"For the *time* is come that I sadly must *rue*."

Some of Bolingbroke's ———, on the seventh of June,
Came dancing along to a High-church tune,
Dress'd up with their tyme and their rosemary too;
But the saucy jades had forgot their *rue*.

For Jacks to wear rosemary was certainly right,
Because they would hang before they would fight.
As for those that are fled with the Perkinite crew,
They have left all their friends to wear tyme and rue.

The High-Church shall never make Perkin a King.

TUNE—"Lillibulero."

LET High-churchmen and Papists meet lurking in holes,
To curse and hatch lies, their cause to maintain,
Plot mischief in secret like underground moles,
And wish for their master young Perkin again:
'Tis George, King George, for him we'll all stand,
His health we will drink, his praise we will sing,
Who retrieved our glories when lost by the Tories.
The High-church shall never make Perkin a king.

Shall the Whigs meet like them, a few, and in stealth,
Or must they ask leave of the Papist and Tory,
In numbers to drink to his majesty's health?
Won't that be, what think ye, a very fine story?
'Tis George, &c.

We'll meet when and where, in what numbers we please,
Nor will we ask leave of a perjured brood:
We'll be merry and sing at such houses as these;*
We can't be too public, our cause is so good.
'Tis George, &c.

For this the Jacks say they are greatly displeas'd;
But I'll tell you, the only reason is this:
King George they don't love, and so they are teaz'd
When they see how loyal this company is.
'Tis George, &c.

On the Breaking out of the Rebellion.

SURE England's now grown mad, sir,
And Scotland with frenzy possest,
Thus to strive against the stream,
And, deluded by a dream,
To endeavour mighty George to molest.

* Mug-houses.

But see the vain attempt, sir,
Of a rash despairing crew,
Who, since they're all turn'd out,
'Cause they strove to bring about,
For French gold, what we all might rue,

Now with blust'ring think to fright us,
And with d——d rage and spite,
Pretend to rebel;
And, like devils broke from hell,
Would subvert our constitution quite.

A bastard for king they set up, sir,
Forsooth by hereditary right;
Though, when all is said and done,
He's but a tailor's son,
And will gain but a halter by't.

But George our king with scorn, sir,
Sits laughing to see such fools,
Who contentedly can trudge
To revenge a private grudge,
By becoming a vagabond's tools.

Yet see the church' protectors,
To bring in Popery, pulling her down;
But her prayers shall avail,
And make the rogues turn tail,
Since King George her defender is known.

Success then to his arms, sir,
And a health to the secret committee:
May blessings on 'em shower,
And the villains in the Tower
Suffer justice, and die without pity.

The Pretender's Army.

TUNE—"The Earl of Essex."

As Perkin one morning lay musing in bed,
The thoughts of three kingdoms ran much in his head.
A friend came from Britain up to his bedside:
"Great news I've to tell you, dread sovereign," he cried;
"I've brought you a list, 'tis most certainly true,
"Of many brave heroes that there are for you.
"First butchers and porters, who bravely will thwack it,
"And bold Bridewell boys, who fight in blue jacket.

"Next come the tomturdmen with shovels and poles,
"The sweepers of chimneys, and men that cry coals,
"The carmen and dustmen, in their fine array,
"With stink and black faces will fright Whigs away.
"Of strollers and beggars a regiment or two,
"Who swear what they're worth they'll spend all for you;
"Pickpockets, housebreakers, and highwaymen too,
"With bullies and sharpers, they all are for you.

"Of poor country clowns there are thousands will try
"One battle for you, though they cannot tell why;
"The poor country squires their leaders will be,
"Their mortgaged estates if you will set free.
"Though Paul they have hanged, there's many a black coat
"Of the smaller fry, though few of great note;
"They'll serve for your chaplains, there's more than enough:
"The rest range in regiments, and clothe them in buff.

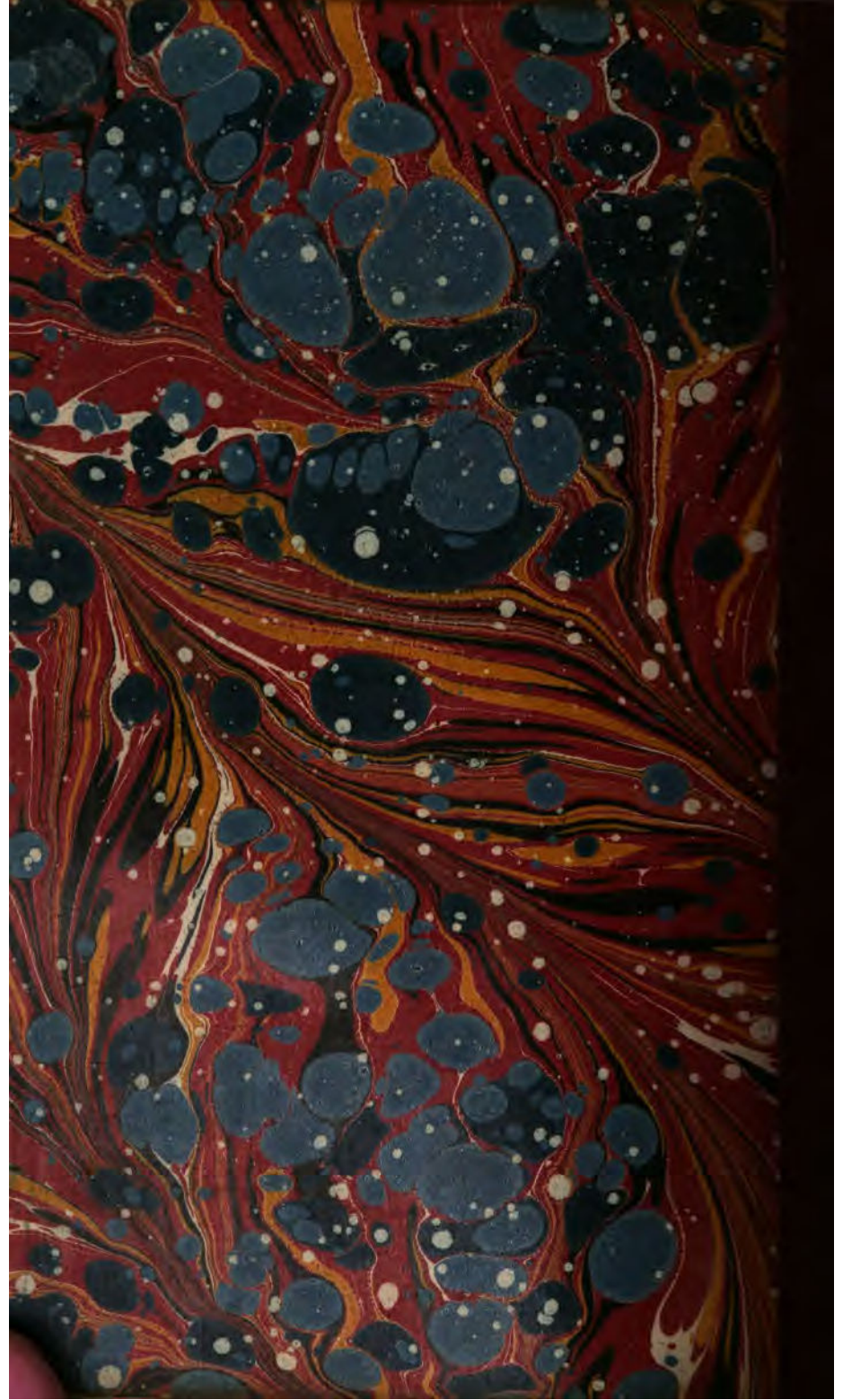
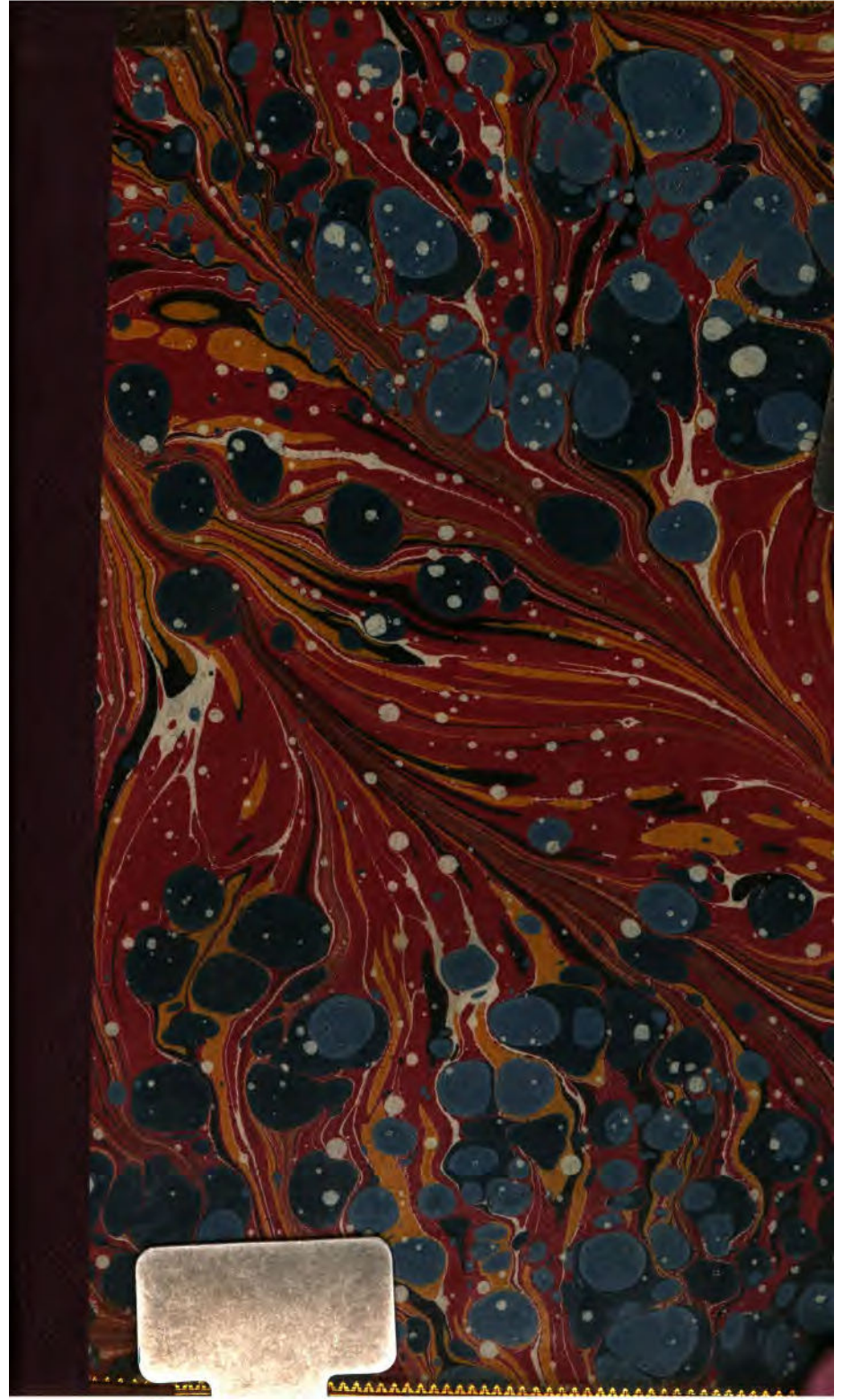
"Old basket-women, orange and oyster-wenches,
"The dust-girls and ———, that sell apples on benches;
"We can choose out of them a mistress for you,
"As your supposed uncle, when king, once did do.
"The Billingsgate-wenches and night-walking ———
"Will join this fine army in hundreds of scores;
"They'll scold all your foes quite out of the field,
"If hissing and clapping won't make them all yield.

"When all this fine army are jumbled together,
"And you, sir, to join them are safely come hither,
"Then range them in order, which no man can do,
"And they'll fight as courageous and stoutly as you.

"For if they join battle, they'll make a short stay,
"That you may have time, sir, to scour away;
"Then as fast as they can they'll all follow after,
"That they may not be kill'd, or die in a halter."

"Ah me!" then cried Perkin, "this rascally mob
"Are fit but the henroosts and orchards to rob.
"Alas, I'm undone! my cause must go down,
"For I'm sure these can never obtain me the crown.
"Surrounded by them, like a cheat I should look:
"My doom I can read, sir, without any book.
"Such an army as this, 'tis a thousand to one,
"Will bring me to Tyburn instead of a throne."

THE END.

EDINBURGH:
Oliver & Boyd, Printers.

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